WEEK ENDING DEC. 24, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Beginning **THINGS WE REMEMBER** *an autobiography by* **IRENE CASTLE**

Also stories by **P.G. WODEHOUSE** *and* **ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS**

LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing

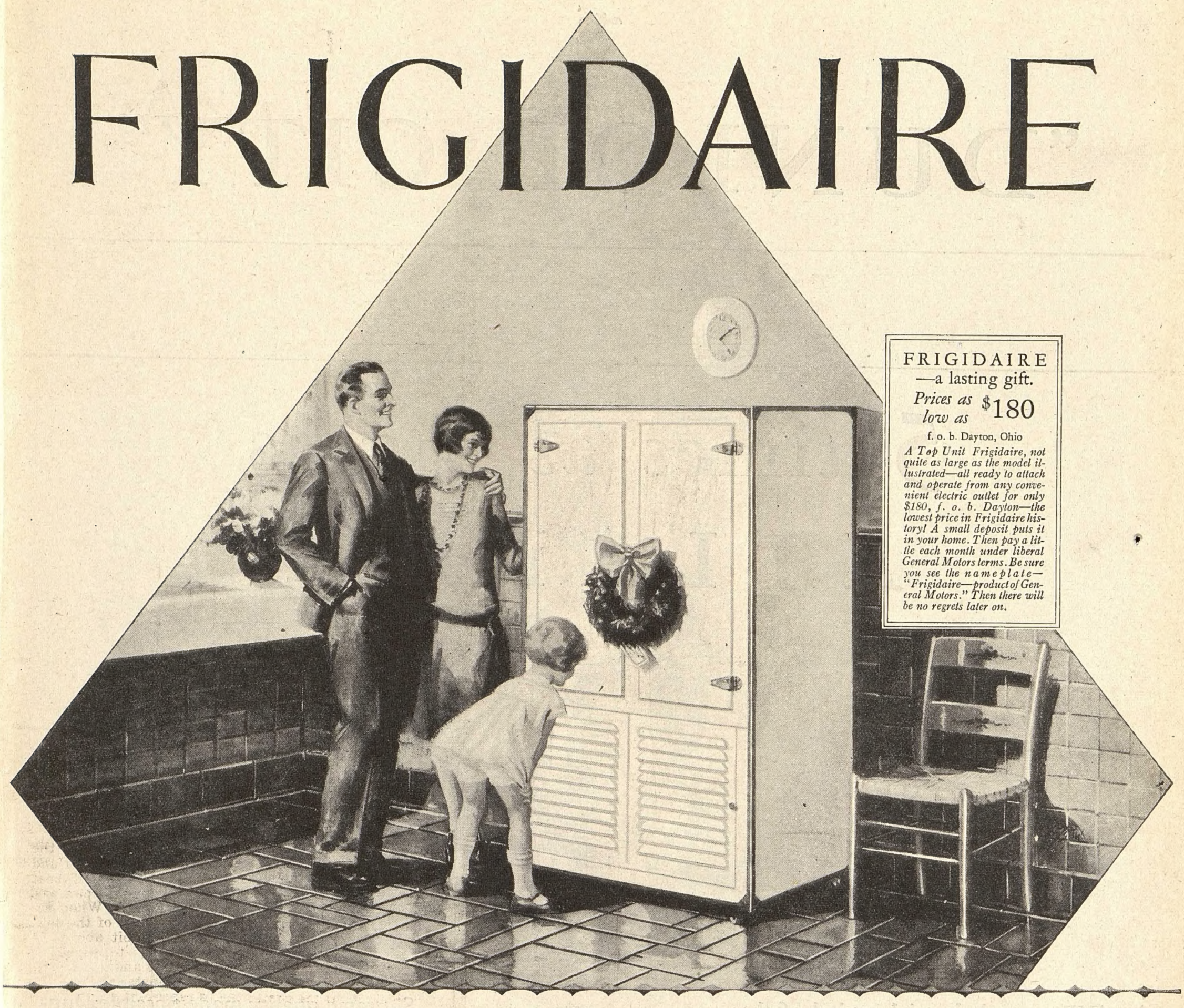
Attracts Nickels to the "National Mint"

ADVERTISERS who say it with LIBERTY'S four-color printing can spare their vocabularies. The reality of that package of Life Savers says for itself, "Have one! They're *good!*" And association with the background suggests one of the many times when Life Savers are both good and smartly appropriate. Life Savers are so life-like in LIBERTY'S four-color printing that readers respond over the counter with their nickels.

For this specimen of LIBERTY'S sincerity in four-color reproduction, the advertiser's original plates from the Life Saver ad in the November 12th LIBERTY were used. The paper is identical. LIBERTY uses *58-pound cover stock* for all four-color advertising—11 pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper does make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

FRIGIDAIRE



FRIGIDAIRE
—a lasting gift.
Prices as low as $180
f. o. b. Dayton, Ohio

A Top Unit Frigidaire, not quite as large as the model illustrated—all ready to attach and operate from any convenient electric outlet for only $180, f. o. b. Dayton—the lowest price in Frigidaire history! A small deposit puts it in your home. Then pay a little each month under liberal General Motors terms. Be sure you see the nameplate—"Frigidaire—product of General Motors." Then there will be no regrets later on.

Give her a *real* thrill this Christmas!

with a gift of Frigidaire

Use part of your Christmas savings to cover the first small payment!

* * *

Of course, she's a regular fellow and will like whatever you give her. But here's a chance to do something handsome and provide a *real* Christmas thrill!

It's so easy. The price of a few Christmas knick-knacks will put a Frigidaire Electric Refrigerator in your home. Think of it! A gift that lasts for many years to come. A gift that she'll use every day in the year. A gift that's a constant reminder of what a good fellow *you* are.

Frigidaire, by all standards of comparison, costs less than any other electric refrigerator nationally distributed.

Forego the usual last-minute shopping this Christmas. Avoid the hurrying crowds. Spend a few leisurely moments in a nearby Frigidaire Sales Room. When you leave, the stage will be set for a Christmas she'll remember for years.

So don't hold back at Christmas time. Do the handsome thing this year. But *do it now*—while Frigidaire Distributors can still promise Christmas deliveries.

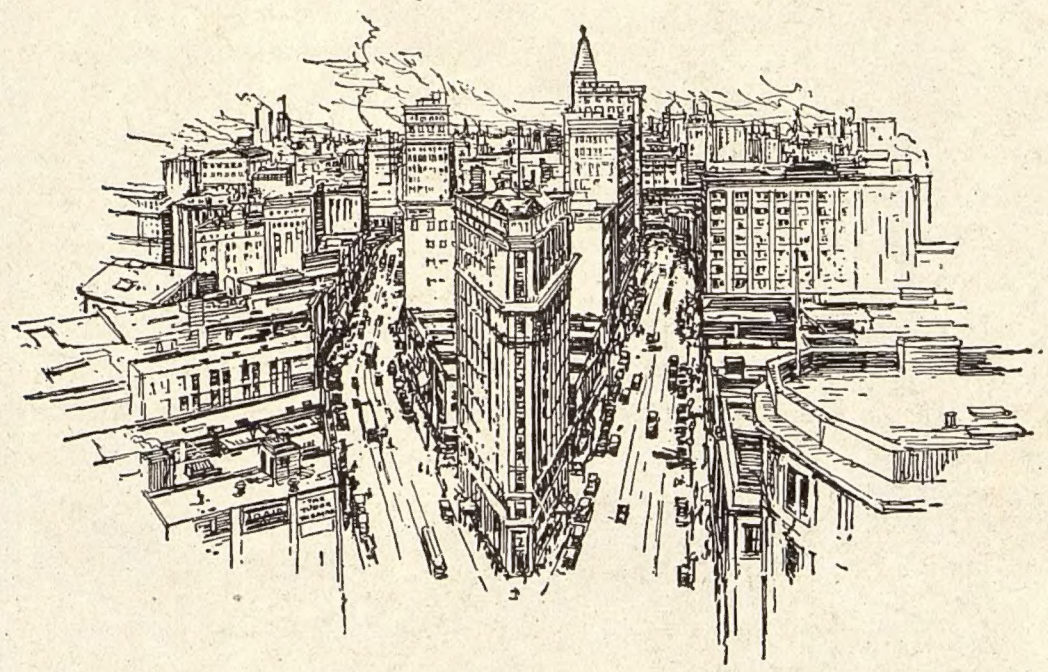
FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dept. W-600, Dayton, Ohio

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

"DUNLOP CITY"

Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres

5 times as big as ATLANTA



THE great industrial capital of the South—Atlanta, with her 19,634 acres—is but one-fifth the size of "Dunlop City."

And even greater than the size of "Dunlop City," is Dunlop's world-wide reputation for building uniformly supreme Dunlop Tires.

Supreme quality made possible Dunlop's great size. In turn, Dunlop's great size makes possible this same supreme quality, at lower prices than ever.

You can expect *more* of Dunlops.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY,
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

DEC. 24, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 4
No. 34

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE NEW MIGRATION

When Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels issued their communist manifesto, just before the French uprisings of 1848, they listed some ideas which they themselves referred to as "proposals of a purely Utopian character."

Among other things, they wanted to abolish the distinction between town and country.

"The bourgeoisie," they complained, "has subjected the country to the rule of the towns. It has created enormous cities, has greatly increased the urban population as compared with the rural. It has agglomerated population."

And so they urged, by law or revolution, "a more equable distribution of the population over the country."

Of all their pronouncements this is the most surely achieving itself. Not by votes or mobs or street barricades, but by economic action—just as the emancipation of the working class is coming about.

Working people now live on a scale which was impossible for kings in 1848. With radio, automobiles, modern plumbing, and other everyday miracles, our wage-earners enjoy what would have seemed enchantment to the aristocrats of Marx's time.

Working girls wear silk stockings. The patrician ladies of '48 rarely could have them. Picture theaters today achieve a magnificence which makes the ballrooms of the past seem almost shabby. Times have changed for the proletariat.

So, too, without law or revolution, the tide of population is turning.

This is most noticeable, perhaps, in New York. Manhattan has long been losing in resident population. In 1925 the number of people who lived on the island was 340,000 less than in 1920.

Men and women are learning that they must go out of town to live, particularly if they are to raise families.

High buildings in the cities shut out the sunshine. The noise never stops. People travel underground, plunging pell-mell through dimly lighted subways.

New York City is becoming just a workshop. Eight hours a day, five days a week, men transact their affairs there, and they do stay in for the theater or some other diversion.

But they cannot live there. They are realizing it more and more.

Those best able to choose are the leaders of the migration. They are not building homes in New York. In the borough of Manhattan only seven plans for private dwellings have been filed during 1927.

What is true of New York is true of other cities, though in a somewhat less degree. People are putting in their working hours where they must, and spending the rest of their time in the country, where there is air and sunlight and quiet, and their children can learn that a tree is not necessarily a stunted shrub with a fence around it.

And it's a darn good thing. We do not subscribe to everything in the Marx manifesto, but we subscribe to this. It has not taken a revolution to prove that at least one of the communists' "Utopian proposals" was plain common sense.

BEG PARDON

We regret that Elliott White Springs is named among the contributors to this issue on the cover of the magazine, but because of mechanical difficulties his story had to be omitted. It will be published in an early issue.

IN THIS ISSUE

Things We Remember.....By IRENE CASTLE 7
Dancing down the road to fame—An autobiography (Part One)

Jeeves and the Yuletide Spirit.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 12
The story of a Christmas Eve that was all wet

A Fighting Face in a Comedy Hit...By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 18
Good work by Wolheim and Boyd in Two Arabian Knights

My Flight into Russia.....By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL 21
A famous soldier looks at the changing life under Soviet régime

Dirty Work at the Crossroads.....By A. ROY BROWN 27
A war bird's true story of a race with death

Washington's Gethsemane 150 Years Ago..By HUGH FULLERTON 30
Valley Forge—The story of the bravest and bitterest Christmas in American history

Remembering the President.....By LOUIS SEIBOLD 35
Every day is Christmas at the White House

Cured of an Awful Secret.....By RICHARD BALDWIN 37
A short story of psycho-a

At the Toy Shop.....By TONI, JR. 40

The Clock Strikes Two.....By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER 44
A story of love and crime in a house of mystery (Part Five)

Mermaids and Their Masters.....By L. DE B. HANDLEY 51
Proving that women haven't the right streamlines to equal men's swimming records

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 55
A foggy impression of the sights of London Town (Twelfth Spasm)

News of the World (p. 17); Vox Pop (34); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (43); Fashions (49-50); For the Love o' Lil (54); Bright Sayings of Children (54); Twenty Questions (57); Cross-Word Puzzle (57); Food (58). Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

THE LAURA LIE, a short story by VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE, tells of the adventure of a clever girl who bested two crooks and proved that honesty is only a question of purpose.

A. ROY BROWN, the man who killed Richthofen, has written a story of the true adventures of his brothers on wings called NIGHTHAWKS. This tale of the pilots who flew in the dark to drop their death-dealing bombs on enemy concentrations is packed full with thrills and laughs, and paints an entirely new side of war-bird life.

The old-fashioned melodrama has given way to shows about shows, which situation furnishes the material for PLOTS, PLAYS, AND PLAYERS, by BURNS MANTLE, a leading New York critic.

CHARLEY PADDOCK, the famous sprinter, has dipped into football and written LITTLE JOHNNY SOKILOW, a short story filled with sporting thrills and a mystery and love interest that will keep you guessing.

Of course, if you have a radio, you know QUIN A. RYAN, who mingles his witty chat with the announcement of programs over station WGN. In RADIO PUTS ON LONG PANTS he gives you the low-down on radio programs in a trip behind the broadcasting scenes.

December 24, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 34

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice-President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

© 1927

All of the Johnston favourite boxes are dressed in special holiday wrappings — gay with the Christmas spirit

Advice to a Young Man with a Christmas List

THE turmoil of last minute Christmas shopping! The frantic selection of presents—then the doubts—wonder if you selected the right thing for the right person. Not so the wise young man whose unerring judgment and good taste prompt him to send Johnston's. . . . His Christmas shopping is simple. And his is the satisfaction of knowing that each recipient, besides appreciating his gift, is impressed by his thoughtfulness in selecting candy that she prefers.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Things We REMEMBER

Dancing Down the Road to Fame

An Autobiography

By

IRENE CASTLE

(Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART ONE

MY earliest recollections of my mother are of a brilliant creature about whom there was always an odor of violets, accompanied by a soft rustle of taffeta silk. She was sparkling even in the muddy setting of New Rochelle, and when I say muddy, I mean muddy!

North Avenue, which is now a wide, paved boulevard, was only paved half a mile north of the station when I was a child. As we lived two miles from the station, a large part of the way our wheels were deep in mud.

My elder sister was away at school during the years in which my mother and I became most intimately acquainted. I was taken every evening in a buckboard, driven by my mother, to meet my father; a very proud little French bull, named Muggsie, sitting between us.

My mother drove beautifully and rode far too courageously. I remember the tales my father had to listen to on his return each evening of the performance given by a thoroughbred mare that mother persisted in riding, against everyone's advice.

I started my riding career on a fat little Shetland pony, which taught me nothing about riding, but *much* about Shetlands! My legs stuck out straight on both sides, so I had to ride entirely by balance. Like most Shetlands, Dolly was stubborn and bullheaded to the *n*th degree. My rides were generally in the direction she wanted to go, and ended when she decided she had had enough.

She had been a fine imported pony, a winner of many blue ribbons, but when turned out one winter a horse had kicked her eye out, or blinded her so badly that the eye later had to be removed. My father bought glass eyes of every size, description, and color, but we never found a way of making one stay in.

I drove her to a little English buckboard, and when jogging along merrily, if I heard a suspicious jangling on the pavement, I had to pull up and hunt for Dolly's eye, so we finally abandoned the idea of trying to conceal her infirmity. She was amazingly lazy, and having been brought up to adore animals, I had such sympathy for her that I completely spoiled her by making all of the children who rode with me get out and walk up every little hill or even the slightest grade.

WHEN little Irene Foote (above) danced the Bonita Caprice in her homemade cheesecloth costume, she little dreamed that she would be the world-famous Irene Castle shown at the left.

A life interest in horses began with Irene's ownership of her Shetland pony, Dolly, when she was nine.

After very little of this, Dolly soon learned to stop at the bottom of the tiniest incline and wait for us to unload. Then she would walk leisurely to the top and wait for us to scramble in again.

The only thing that put her in immediate flight was to have a train pass under the bridge on which she was standing. We used to delight in waiting on the North Avenue bridge in the late afternoon for an express train to thunder by underneath, so that Dolly would start off on a dead run and keep it up until we passed through our front gate.

FROM Dolly I graduated to a Western pack pony, which proved anything but easy to ride and taught me a great deal in a short space of time. Forty Western ponies were brought to New Rochelle and auctioned off. They went for from thirty to forty dollars each, and so a friend of my family, knowing how fond I was of riding, bought me one.

From then on I rivaled my mother in hair-raising equestrian feats all over the streets and our neighbors' lawns. This straggly bit of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THINGS WE REMEMBER Continued from Page Seven]

horseflesh was named Molly, a name in no way fitting her appearance or behavior.

I had no more control over her than over a bowl of goldfish, and so, when the day finally came that Molly threw me off headlong into a large tree trunk, and I had to walk home many miles with a bloody nose, my family decided that Molly must go. By this time I was ready for boarding school, and so my riding days came temporarily to a standstill.

I have said so little about my mother, and she is really the one I would like to tell you of. I owe what success I have met with to her brilliance and talents.

She was individual in everything she did. She wore her hair short for six years when I was a small child, when wearing short hair was considered indecent and fast unless excused on the basis of illness.

MY mother never knew what ill health was from the time she was married, but I can remember her telling me of her family's dreadful struggles to raise her, just one child out of six, so I presume she did not always enjoy good health. She cut her hair off with the same gesture with which she would have discarded anything which she could not conquer.

Her hair was long, straight, fine, and slippery, and I have often heard her say that she might have had a very different disposition had she been born with curly hair. After suffering the embarrassment of having strangers step up to her on the street and hand her a large shell pin and whisper apologetically, "Madam, your hair is hanging down your back," she rushed to the barber one day and told him to do away with it.

Of course, he left enough to make a few ringlets around her face, and she crowned her artificial curls with a string of gold beads. Everyone admired her lovely auburn hair. No one dared copy so bold a step, and so it was not until twenty years later that this now world-wide fashion came into being.

There have been so many inaccurate statements in the papers about my short hair, and I have had so many people interview me on the subject, that I feel it would not be inappropriate were I to pause long enough in this article to explain just exactly what did happen.

When I was about fifteen, in boarding school, I found myself with one vacant period in the morning. As there was quite a delightful tank at the school and I had been brought up on Long Island Sound, where I developed a great love of swimming and diving, I was determined to find some way in which to crowd my swim into this vacant forty minutes.

While my hair was of no great length, I found it quite impossible to get it dry in time for the next class, so I did the next best thing—cut it off! Luckily, it is naturally curly, so I had no difficulty with it and was very happy to have found so simple a solution.

To my great surprise and misfortune, within two weeks eight or ten girls had followed my example. This brought dire results; in each case, when their families learned of it, dramatic letters of protest were written to the superintendent of the school. You would have thought their teeth had been pulled out instead of a few locks shorn, which, after all, in time would have grown back—and did.

I was sent for by the principal of the school, and it was made very clear that I could no longer enjoy short hair, although *my* mother, at least, had made no protest and naturally would not have considered the matter very serious.

Years later—that is, in the spring of 1913, after I had been dancing in New York for a little over a year, wearing Dutch bonnets to keep my hair in and to keep the hairpins from flying out into the guests' supper plates—I went into the hospital to have an operation for appendicitis.

As I cannot bear to have my hair combed, brushed, or fussed with, I decided to cut it all off so that it need not be touched until I got home. Then I had expected to let it grow out while recuperating in the country. The "growing out" day is yet to come!

THE famous dancer is credited with the first fashionable bob; but note her mother's short hair as she held baby Irene.

I naturally found short hair a great convenience while swimming at our place on Long Island. Although I was very careful to hide the fact that it was short while in town, by tucking every strand of hair up under my turban hats, several of our friends who visited us went into ecstasies over my short hair and urged me to wear it exposed in town.

Finally, after being coaxed for several weeks about it, I did agree to go to the Knickerbocker Hotel one evening, where we were dining with Elsie Janis and Irving Berlin, with my hair bobbed and wearing a ribbonlike band of seed pearls that had been a necklace around my forehead.

It never occurred to me that that particular evening was going to make a really historical change in the headdress and hat size of women for many years to come.

I do not claim to be the first woman who ever wore short hair. I would hate to admit to being that old. One often sees Joan of Arc depicted with short hair, and even back as far as Cleopatra I believe we have seen pictures and statues of short-haired women.

Then, too, as a small child I remember seeing Polaire, a French vaudeville artist, over here with a shock of very fuzzy short hair, to say nothing of my mother, so you can see I could not possibly be the *first*, but it is just possible that I was the inspiration in 1913.

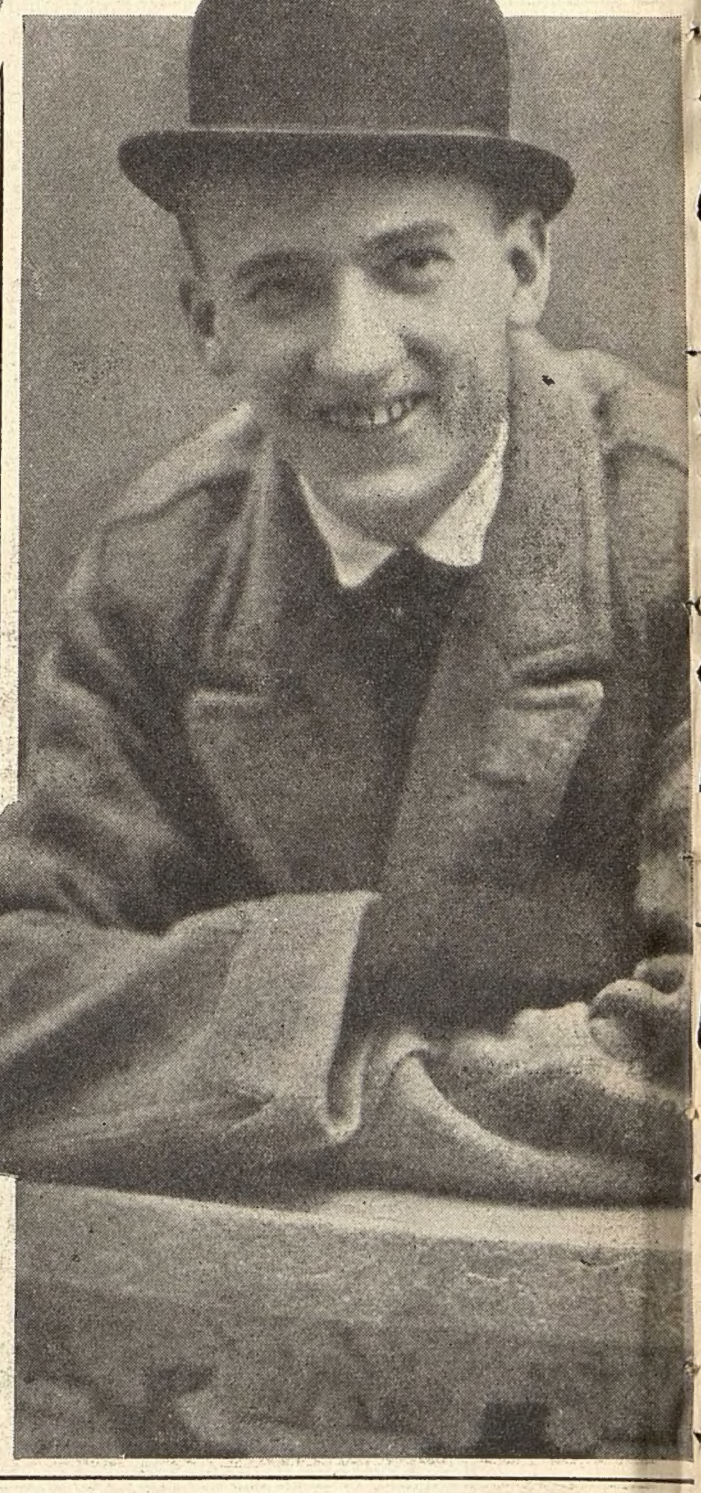
My mother could have succeeded in any walk of life. She would certainly have been a success on the stage. She had charm, magnetism, and she moved beautifully. Mother went to school in France and Germany and spoke four languages. She dressed with great chic and distinction. Whatever ability I have in wearing clothes I certainly owe to her early training.

She allowed me, as a very small child, to have a great deal to say about what I wore, and always consulted me as to the color and pattern of my dresses, most of which she made.

SHE carried herself royally. The result was that at sixty she could wear my clothes without changing a hook. How sad that the young girls of today will not appreciate the importance of carriage.

I can remember peeking through the balustrade of our stairway to catch a glimpse of my mother and father cake-walking when a party was in progress. They came home from every Yacht Club dance and Bowling Club party with a cake they had won.

I want to tell you one enchanting little story about my father. It paints a perfect portrait of his humor and good nature.



Courtship days in 1911 when Vernon Castle, the

The Footes—Dr. and Mrs.—had given a dinner party to a few friends at the old Brevoort, then so popular. My mother had felt uncomfortable because their waiter had stared

at her and paid her rather personal attention. As they left the dining-room, she remonstrated with father for having been so generous to the waiter.

She explained she had found him most impertinent, and said, "Why, when he helped me on with my coat, he called me 'Dear.'"

Father whirled and flew back into the restaurant. When he emerged smiling and seemingly victorious, my mother ventured to ask what he had done.

"Why, I gave him another dollar for his good taste," chuckled father.

THE memories that flit through one's thoughts of childhood seem too dreadfully old-fashioned and far back today. I can see my mother and father leaving every Tuesday evening for the Bowling Club with their bowling balls in monogrammed canvas bags.

I can see us starting out on Sundays in a large station wagon with the whole family for Blossom Heath Inn.

The horse was unharnessed and put in a stall so that we might stay for dinner, and I was allowed to indulge in sarsaparilla to my heart's content. After three bottles, I have often heard, I became quite hilarious and had a sort of sarsaparilla jag, which made me throw my coat away on the way home.

THE author in The Henpecks in 1911, wearing the Dutch bonnet that she later popularized.

young English actor, won the heart of Irene Foote.

But probably the most easily remembered days were the Sundays on which we bicycled across Long Island. Like a duck family, my father at the head of the line on his chainless bicycle, then my mother in an especially made bicycle costume, daringly short for the times, with enormous puffed sleeves and a fedora hat perched jauntily over her nose, came second.

Then came my sister on her medium-sized bicycle, and I on my tiny one, my feet making ten times more revolutions per minute than the rest of them.

As soon as my father got home from New York on Saturday afternoons, he went to work tuning up the bikes for Sunday's jaunt. Tires had to be blown up, much oiling and greasing of gears, and all the new appliances that he had located during the week—fancy toe clips, rubber handles for the handlebars, and new jingly bells—had to be attached.

Then, Sunday morning, we would take the ferry from New Rochelle to Sea Cliff. Sometimes a stiff wind was blowing, and always there was a long stretch of sand halfway across, which made bicycling about as easy as it would be in the Sahara Desert.

My father was always making tracks for a road house called Wheelman's Rest, in hopes of getting there early enough to snatch a couple of drinks before mother's arrival. I can see his long, lean figure disappearing over the top of a hill or rounding a curve, followed by the frantic squeals and calls of my mother, which, of course, he never could hear.

By the time we would pull up, he would be sitting serenely on the front porch, having gained his point and acting very surprised to hear that mother had yelled her head off in an effort to stop him.

Finally mother bought a little silver whistle shaped like a Horn of Plenty, which was added to the rattling chatelaine she already wore at her waist—consisting of a match box, writing pad, pencil, etc. "Nell" was inscribed on this necessary addition to our tours.

After that, when father started to make better time than we were making, the whistle was brought into play and he had to drop back sheepishly to our speed.

The tandem was short-lived in our family. There had been great excitement about its arrival, but our first Sunday crossing Long Island proved its undoing. Mother, feeling very hot and dusty, was panting and puffing up a hill when she happened to glance at their shadows and, to her horror, saw that father's feet were up on the coasters and his pedals were circling around unaided.

Without a word or even a gasp of astonishment, she tore for the top of the hill and gave him a ride down the other side and around a few hairpin turns that so thoroughly scared him that he never tried that trick again, and was only too glad to go back to his one-man bike.

Then each summer there was a trip down to Coney Island. For this we took the train to New York with our bicycles and pedaled from there to Coney Island. The road houses and cyclists' inns were all too frequent on this route, and by the time we reached Coney Island we had to go to bed at Henderson's and rest until the next day before doing the sights.

The ground having been thoroughly covered both afternoon and evening, we pedaled back on the third day, a tired but happy family.

AS a child I took the usual amount of dancing lessons. In fact, because of my interest in dancing and the possibilities I showed at an early age, I was allowed to take what were then termed "fancy dancing lessons."

These consisted of skirt dances to the tune of the Bonita Caprice, tarantellas, and the inevitable gypsy dance without which no benefit or kermis would be complete.

As I showed some promise, my teacher, Miss Rosetta O'Neill, always gave me a specialty or solo to do on the closing day of our dancing class, and when benefits for the church and hospital or the annual kermis were planned, I was generally given something fairly conspicuous to do. These were moments of tremendous pride and wild excitement for me.

The thrill of being made up by a professional who came from New York to make up the entire cast, and who changed you so completely that even your family could not recognize you, was, perhaps, the best part of the entertainment to me.

I had very light eyebrows, and so loved the inky black ones that were always painted on for these momentous occasions that I hated to take off my make-up, even to go to bed.

My mother made my costumes, generally consisting of an enormously wide accordion-plaited cheesecloth dress. But the day came when I graduated from the Bonita Caprice skirt-dance class to what I considered a very professional performance.

I had been allowed to go to a matinée of The Three Twins and had fallen madly in love with Bessie McCoy. She became my ideal and certainly the strongest factor and influence in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THINGS WE REMEMBER
Continued from Page Nine]

my dancing career. It was from her that I learned the subtle art of shrugging the shoulders, and I also copied the engaging way in which she held her hands, with fingers outspread, in the Yama Yama dance.

My mother made me a Yama Yama costume of black crinoline, and, having been endowed at birth with the same husky voice as Bessie McCoy's, I was soon giving imitations of her at every gathering in which I could fight my way on to the program.

Of course, my father thought I was even better than Bessie McCoy. He was my greatest audience and was convinced that the success of others was due only to their opportunities, but certainly not to the fact that their talent could in any way compare with mine.

Poor dear, he never lived to see me dance professionally. He died just as Vernon and I had "struck gold" in Paris. A few new and very dressy photographs of us, in the poses of our new dances, had drifted back to him from Paris, and my mother told me he would lie for hours gazing entranced at the photographs. And he would ask to hear again and again the letters describing the success we had finally met with at the Café de Paris.

Here is one more incident about my Bessie McCoy imitation of which I feel I should tell you. Quite the greatest day of my life, as I look back on it! After giving my impersonation of the *Yama Yama Man* at an outdoor benefit of some sort, Bessie McCoy's mother was brought up to be introduced to me.

When she told me she thought my performance excellent, my heart must have missed six beats. The wall of my room was papered with pictures of Bessie McCoy. I even hung around the railroad station, hoping to catch a glimpse of her leaving for New York.

Years later, when Vernon and I were dancing at Louis Martin's Café de l'Opéra, Bessie McCoy and her husband came to see us, and I had the great joy of meeting her, but that was not all.

The next day I received the most beautiful letter from her, containing such flattering praise that I have not the courage to quote from it here; but I can assure you it is still my most treasured possession.

I WAS trying desperately to get on the stage. At sixteen my mother had taken me into the offices of most of the producers in New York, hoping I might at least get into the chorus. This proved impossible because I was forced to tell them, everywhere I went, that I had had no professional experience.

Of course, offices are overcrowded by young aspirants for the stage, and those who are wise will certainly fib about whether they have had experience or not.

My parents naturally were not anxious to have me on the stage, but my father was a firm believer in every child being prepared to support himself. As he could not possibly interest me in anything else, it was agreed that I could go on the stage, so long as I could work in New York and commute back and forth to my home in New Rochelle.

About this period in my life I met Vernon. He was summering in New Rochelle and we were introduced by some mutual friends while swimming at the Rowing Club. It was a very exciting day for me. I had met my first actor, which made me feel almost a professional myself.

I invited him on one of our Sunday boating parties so that he might meet my mother and father. My mother was charmed by him. There followed several more Sundays on the Hully G, my father's little thirty-foot motor boat.

I met more professionals through Vernon, and finally he promised to introduce me to Lew Fields. Of course, I felt my future was assured. The appointment was arranged, and I left for New York to meet Vernon and Lew Fields at the Broadway Theater.

It is a pitiful scene, as I look back on it. I, in a little black cotton practice dress that my mother had made for me, and my ballet slippers. I have never done any ballet work in my life, and yet in those days anyone who took any kind of dancing lessons always wore ballet slippers.

It is funny that years later I should have found it impossible to dance except with a two-and-a-half-inch heel, and I cannot imagine why I thought ballet slippers would improve my performance then. I had taken the young lady who played for Miss O'Neill's classes, my castanets, and a tambourine.

In a cold, dark, gloomy house, with only one or two electric lights turned on the stage, my little pianist tinkering away at a Spanish dance of some sort, Lew Fields and Vernon sitting in the otherwise empty house, I stepped out for my trial performance!

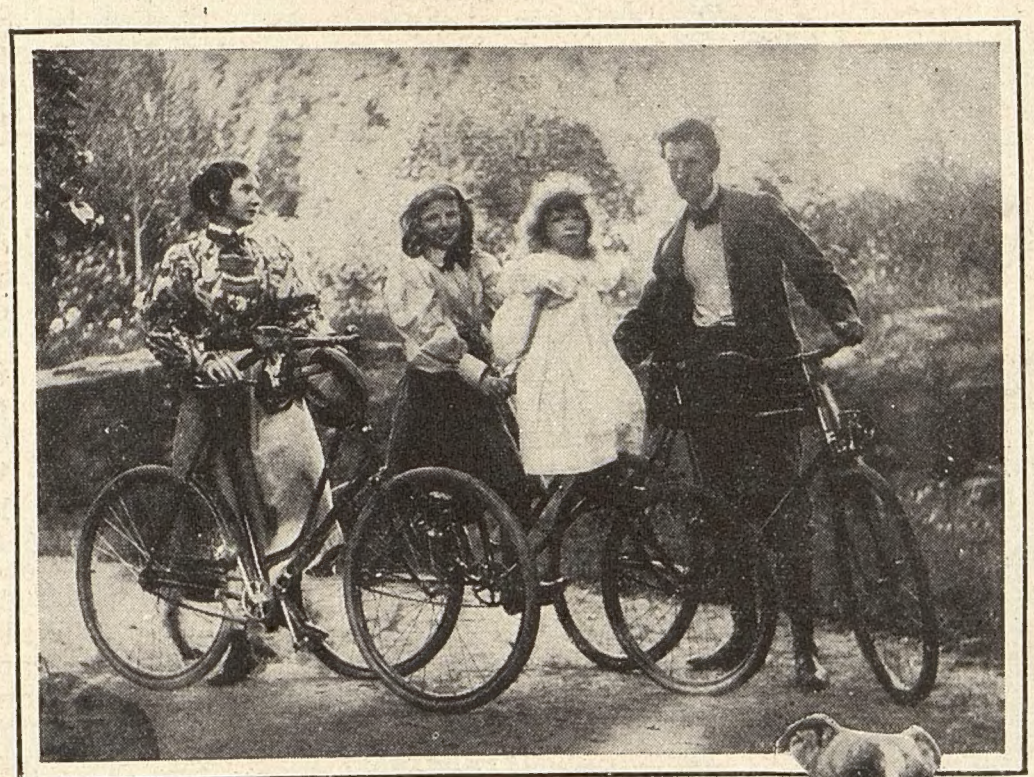
I had never seen a real Spanish dance to my knowledge, and certainly my handling of the castanets could not have impressed Mr. Fields very much, but there I was, in my small-town glory, willing to stand any test that promised even the lowliest chance on the stage.

HAVING penned this pathetic picture, I must, in all fairness to myself, say that after I had finished my repertoire of kermis material, Mr. Fields offered me Lotta Faust's part in The Girl Behind the Counter in the *second* road company.

I was flattered all out of shape by the offer, but as the second road company would probably play every town with a post office, it would mean being away from home for many months.

But I went proudly home with my offer, which, of course, was thrown into the wastebasket by my family. They had only reluctantly consented to my going on the stage in New York, and certainly would not have permitted my being so far away from home in a profession about which they knew nothing.

Finally, while my parents were in Mexico, not many months later, I got a chance to play a small speaking part for the last three weeks' run of a play called The Summer Widowers that Vernon was then playing in with Lew Fields.



IRENE'S family was enthusiastic about cycling. Here (left to right) are Mrs. Foote, Irene's mother; Elroy, her older sister; Irene; and Dr. Foote. Zowie, the bulldog, shared the Castle fortunes during their Paris début in 1912.

It was a tiny part and not in any way suited to my capabilities, but it was *the stage*, and that was just one step removed from heaven for me.

Vernon taught me how to make up. Of course, I did not have a dressing room to myself, but the mere fact that I owned a seat in the dressing room of some theater, and my own tin box of cosmetics, and that I could write "actress" after the word "Profession" on any inquiry blank, made life complete for me.

Helen Hayes was a child actress in this production, and even then showed marked signs of the great talent we now admire and enjoy so much in her work.

The following year, after we were married, I went into The Henpecks with Vernon, another Lew Fields production, in which I was given a small speaking part. I never have been able to say lines intelligently, so I was certainly wasted in this particular rôle, but as my salary was only twenty-five dollars per week, the waste was not a serious one.

I was very happy because I could wear a train, and at eighteen trains are much to be desired. Except for my wedding dress, it was, of course, my first, and I presume it has much the same effect upon girls that the first long trousers have upon our brothers. I wore my first Dutch bonnet, a real one which had been brought to me from Rotterdam by a very dear schoolmate, in this production.

Vernon was getting eighty-five dollars a week for a very important part he played in The Henpecks, and we begged Mr. Fields to let us do a dance as an encore after one of Vernon's numbers called It's Not the Trick Itself, It's Just the Tricky Way It's Done.

Mr. Fields would not hear of it, and I have often teased him about it since, because I feel sure at that time he could have signed us up for five years at $150 a week. As it was, we left The Henpecks in the winter of 1911 and 1912 and went to Paris, where we eventually met with success and jumped out of the $150-a-week class *forever*.

WE set sail on the S. S. Zeeland in January, 1912, with only $400 in the world, an old colored servant who had been with my mother since I was a child, and an English bulldog named Zowie, after the part played by Vernon in The Henpecks.

Our servant, Walter Ash, was just going for the ride and naturally received no salary. The thoughts of getting a peek at Paris more than repaid him for his position with us.

My mother and father were in Mexico traveling for my father's health, so Walter was at liberty, and just naturally felt he must go along to take care of us. He was cook, valet, maid, butler, and personal guard, all in one.

As he had to travel second class, we saw very little of him on the journey, but the days to follow in Paris were much more intimate, due to our close quarters.

Our arrival was followed by immediate tragedy. Never having been to France, we knew nothing of the laws against playing cards and cigarettes, and having both in our trunks, we were fined 600 francs.

Having landed at Antwerp, we also showed little experience by stopping off in Brussels for a week's visit. We spent every evening with Walter in the restaurants, enjoying cabarets, then quite new to us, which cost us plenty!

By the time we reached Paris our $400 had dwindled so that a South Sea Islander could have carried it in his hip pocket. Our manager, Jack Charles of the Olympia Theater, put us up in too expensive a hotel, we soon discovered, and it was necessary for us to make a hasty retreat to the attics of Montmartre.

There, on the hill leading to L'Abbaye, at 44 Rue Saint-George, we found a small apartment on the top floor, where the walls came in to

meet you halfway but the price was more befitting our pocket. Then started a tedious series of rehearsals, which went on week after week, or what seemed a lifetime to us.

We walked to and from the theater in all kinds of weather because we simply could not afford a horse cab, and in those days a horse cab started at fifty *centimes*, but this did not bother us half as much as riding in them had heretofore. The horse was meager and dilapidated-looking, and the red-faced driver wielded the whip too often to suit us.

Rehearsals dragged on, and it finally became necessary for us to borrow money. This we did too frequently. At that, we had to watch our chance to slip in and out of the apartment, so as not to be caught by madame the *concierge*, and pressed for the rent.

Whenever we found a meeting was inevitable, we dressed in our very best and went whistling out the front door in a care-free manner, to give a false impression of prosperity.

Walter had taught the building valet craps, and as no Frenchman could hope to trim a Southern darky at craps, we enjoyed many little luxuries through Walter's winnings.

Each time we borrowed 300 francs ahead, we would spend 200 of it on a blow-out; the landlady, if lucky, got the other hundred. Walter and Zowie were always taken along, and our blow-out generally consisted of a marvelous steak dinner with champagne.

Zowie received her share under the table. Then we would stroll through Montmartre, peeking in the doorways to see in which place we should spend our remaining borrowed fortune.

THE revue finally opened after countless delays, but we were both quite unhappy in it: I because the theater was so dark and evil-smelling; and Vernon because his part was such an unsatisfactory and unfunny one. We had one delightful number, however, a pantomime story of a lead soldier and a paper doll, sung offstage while we danced it together in front of a gigantic fireplace.

Then, too, I had been able to buffalo the manager into letting me sing and dance with Vernon. We led him to believe that we had always worked together in America, and so we launched forth, singing Alexander's Ragtime Band, followed by a Texas Tommy and Grizzly Bear dance to the same music.

I do not think we did a real Texas Tommy or Grizzly Bear, but the dances were our conception of what they should look like from what we had heard and read about them in the papers.

The French, of course, did not know what it was all about, but seemed quite amused and interested, which is as much as you can expect in any French theater, where wild enthusiasm has long since been discouraged by the presence of a claque.

These two numbers we enjoyed very much; but Vernon was so unhappy in the part of *Duncan*, the brother of Isadora Duncan, that we gave in our notice.

We had played, I suppose, two weeks, and, with the deductions of money borrowed ahead, had about twenty-eight francs coming to us.

Then followed lean days for us when Walter's crap playing supplied us with bare necessities instead of luxuries, and it was often a question of not having milk if we had potatoes, or vice versa.

We finally got down to using the large French coppers which had been put aside in a flannel bag during our more prosperous days because they were so uncomfortable in one's pockets.

Luckily, at that time food was very cheap in Paris, and, being young and hopeful, we expected a rich uncle to die or a gift from heaven to drop in our laps. That is just about what did happen.

We were both too proud to let either Vernon's family or mine know that we had not met with all the success they had wished us on our departure, and which we had never doubted would be ours.

Our " gift from heaven " arrived in the form of a fat and very ordinary-looking vaudeville agent. He had seen our performance during our brief stay at the Olympia Theater and now offered us a chance to try out at the Café de Paris. We had only one day in which to prepare. On the next we hurried over with our music and consulted with the orchestra leader.

Papa Louis, manager of the place, was too kind to us. In fact, I feel that he added 50 per

VERNON CASTLE designed this costume that his bride wore at the Olympia Theater in Paris.

cent to our success by offering us a small table, in a most conspicuous place, along with the guests. He told us he would supply our supper and champagne.

This was the first time that cabaret performers had not been forced to appear from backstage or the kitchen, do their turn, and disappear. It was a great compliment to our manners and appearance.

The only evening dress I owned was my wedding dress, a simple white crêpe de Chine affair made with only a slight train, which I pinned up with my one piece of jewelry, a small diamond-and-sapphire brooch—a gift from the groom. I wore my Dutch bonnet, having no rhinestone headdress or hair ornaments, and we arrived before any of the guests.

There followed a banquet for us. Not having been able to order freely for a long time, we stuffed! I have never dared do this before dancing since, but our spirits were so high and our appetites so great that it was the only course, and, as I remember, in no way did it interfere with our performance.

Perhaps it was the joy we obviously expressed at dancing together, or our youth, or the fact that we were husband and wife, or the approaching and much-heralded dance craze, or Louis' presenting us as a lady and gentleman, or that indescribable spark of magnetism which makes for success in public life, but in any case *success was ours!*

We were hugely applauded, and the head waiter brought 300 francs from a Russian prince who wished an encore. While Vernon was hesitating about accepting it, I gobbled in the 300. He could have had six encores for this, it looked so good to me at just that moment.

We were told the next day by the agent that we had been accepted and would receive fifty francs a night, on the strength of which I rushed out and bought a new dress for sixty francs, also a white crêpe de Chine with very simple lines, but short and more comfortable for dancing.

We also dashed around to buy a hat that I had been hungering for for many weeks, reposing in a shop window, priced at thirty-nine francs, and then a very dashing black-and-white silk petticoat which we had seen in the window of the Galeries La Fayette.

I have not mentioned anything that Vernon got out of this happy cloud-burst, and, as I look back, I feel sure he took nothing for himself. We were off—and what hidden treasures and adventure lay before us!

After dancing a week or ten days with continued success and for our nightly fifty francs, Papa Louis wanted to sign us up for six months. It was then that we discovered he was paying the agent 100 francs a night, and this gentleman, not content with the customary 10 per cent, was knocking down a neat 50.

Thereafter, we just forgot his address and collected the whole 100 for ourselves, but I told Louis we would not consider signing a long contract for another ten days or so, until we felt better able to judge our worth.

This was a wise step, for in ten days we signed up for three or four months at 300 francs a night. We also got 300 francs for soirées, and, as we sometimes did three in an evening, our fortune soared by leaps and bounds.

We soon learned that cabaret performers are expected to receive tips. It was embarrassing at first, but we could have done no good by refusing them, and so we found ourselves making 400 or 500 francs a night in tips alone.

We would be asked to join Grand Duke Boris' party, or someone of equal renown, and beautiful Russian women, in jewels such as I had seen only in the Tower of London, would reach into their diamond-studded mesh bags and slip me 500 francs under the table.

The guests would meet Vernon in the men's washroom, and, fearing their host had neglected to do so, would make him a like present.

People just could not believe we were Mr. and Mrs. Castle. This was a very new step in the theatrical profession, and they all insisted Vernon must be my brother trying to protect me as his wife. Before this, while many theatrical people working together were married, they always used individual stage names.

Right at the start I became the business manager, and for the three years following, before Vernon went into the war, I drew up our contracts and handled all that end of it. Vernon had a happy-go-lucky, care-free, irresponsible nature, and was not the least bit interested in this side of our profession.

He always would have much rather signed anything than read it through, and it takes you only a few weeks to learn just how impractical that is.

You learn that you can, perhaps, afford to miss the large print but never the fine print in contracts. The managers put only the most tempting side of their offer in large print, but the real stumblingblocks, the flies in the ointment, are tucked away in the very tiniest of letters.

At about this minute our first cloud appeared.

Next week, the author will tell how she and Vernon met the first test of their career and of their triumphant home-coming.

His youth, his adventures, his incredibly heroic death in France will make you glad that you are an American. The life story of a great war bird begins in an early issue of LIBERTY.

Jeeves *and the* Yuletide Spirit

The Story of a Christmas Eve that Was All Wet

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

(Reading time: 16 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE letter arrived on the morning of the sixteenth. I was pushing a bit of breakfast into the Wooster face at the moment; and, feeling fairly well fortified with coffee and kippers, I decided to break the news to Jeeves without delay. As Shakespeare says, if you're going to do a thing you might just as well pop right at it and get it over. The man would be disappointed, of course, and possibly even chagrined; but, dash it all, a spot of disappointment here and there does a fellow good. Makes him realize that life is stern and life is earnest.

"Oh, Jeeves," I said.

"Sir?"

"We have here a communication from Lady Wickham. She has written inviting me to Skeldings for the festivities. So will you see about bunging the necessaries together? We repair thither on the twenty-third. We shall be there some little time, I expect."

There was a pause. I could feel he was directing a frosty gaze at me, but I dug into the marmalade and refused to meet it.

"I thought I understood you to say, sir, that you proposed to visit Monte Carlo immediately after Christmas."

"I know. But that's all off. Plans changed."

At this point the telephone bell rang, tiding over very nicely what had threatened to be an awkward moment. Jeeves unhooked the receiver.

"Yes? . . . Yes, madam. . . . Very good, madam. Here is Mr. Wooster." He handed me the instrument. "Mrs. Spenser Gregson, sir."

You know, every now and then I can't help feeling that Jeeves is losing his grip. In his prime it would have been with him the work of a moment to have told my Aunt Agatha that I was not at home. I gave him one of those reproachful glances, and took the machine.

"Hullo?" I said. "Yes? Yes? Yes? Bertie speaking. Hullo? Hullo? Hullo?"

"Don't keep on saying Hullo," yipped the old relative, in her customary curt manner. "You're not a parrot. Sometimes I wish you were, because then you might have a little sense."

Quite the wrong sort of tone to adopt towards a fellow in the early morning, of course, but what can one do?

"Bertie, Lady Wickham tells me she has invited you to Skeldings for Christmas. Are you going?"

"Rather!"

"Well, mind you behave yourself. Lady Wickham is an old friend of mine."

"I shall naturally endeavor, Aunt Agatha," I replied stiffly, "to conduct myself in a manner befitting an English gentleman paying a visit—"

"What did you say? Speak up. I can't hear."

"I said Right-ho."

"Oh? Well, mind you do. And there's another reason why I particularly wish you to be as little of an imbecile as you can manage while at Skeldings. Sir Roderick Glossop will be there."

"What!"

"Don't bellow like that."

"Did you say Sir Roderick Glossop?"

"I did."

"You don't mean Tuppy Glossop?"

"I mean Sir Roderick Glossop. Which was my reason for saying Sir Roderick Glossop. Now, Bertie, I want you to listen to me attentively. Are you there?"

"Yes. Still here."

"Well, then, listen. I have at last succeeded, after incredible difficulty and in face of all the evidence, in almost persuading Sir Roderick that you are not actually insane. He is prepared to suspend judgment until he has seen you once more. On your behavior at Skeldings, therefore—"

Going down to Skeldings on the afternoon of the twenty-third, Jeeves was aloof and reserved.

But I had hung up the receiver. Shaken. That's what I was. S. to the core.

This Glossop was a formidable old bird with a bald head and outsize eyebrows, by profession a loony-doctor. How it happened, I couldn't tell you to this day, but I once got engaged to his daughter Honoria, a ghastly dynamic exhibit who read Nietzsche and had a laugh like waves breaking on a stern and rock-bound coast. The fixture was scratched, owing to events occurring which convinced the old boy

It seemed to me that a light and cheery laugh might help. So I had a pop at one.

that I was off my napper; and since then he has always had my name at the top of his list of Loonies I Have Lunched With.

"Jeeves," I said, all of a twitter, "do you know what? Sir Roderick Glossop is going to be at Lady Wickham's."

"Very good, sir. If you have finished breakfast, I will clear away."

Cold and haughty. No sympathy. None of the rallying-round spirit which one likes to see. As I had anticipated, Jeeves had been looking forward to a little flutter at the tables. We Woosters can wear the mask. I ignored his lack of decent feeling.

"Do so, Jeeves," I said proudly.

Going down to Skeldings in the car on the afternoon of the twenty-third, Jeeves was aloof and reserved. And before dinner on the first night of my visit he put the studs in my dress shirt in what I can only call a marked manner. The whole thing was extremely painful, and it seemed to me, as I lay in bed on the morning of the twenty-fourth, that the only step to take was to put the whole facts of the case before him and trust to his native good sense to effect an understanding.

My hostess, Lady Wickham, was a beaky female built far too closely on the lines of my Aunt Agatha for comfort; but she had seemed matey enough on my arrival. Her daughter Roberta had welcomed me with a warmth which, I'm bound to say, had set the old heart-strings fluttering a bit. And Sir Roderick, in the brief moment we had had together, had said "Ha, young man!"—not particularly chummily, but he said it; and my view was that it practically amounted to the lion lying down with the lamb.

So, all in all, life at this juncture seemed pretty well all to the mustard, and I decided to tell Jeeves exactly how matters stood.

"Jeeves," I said, as he appeared with the steaming.

"Sir?"

"I'm afraid scratching that Monte Carlo trip has been a bit of a jar for you, Jeeves."

"Not at all, sir."

"Oh, yes, it has. The heart was set on wintering in the world's good old plague spot, I know. I saw your eye light up when I said we were due for a visit there. You snorted a bit and your fingers twitched. I know, I know. And now that there has been a change of program, the iron has entered into your soul."

"Not at all, sir."

"Oh, yes, it has. I've seen it. Very well, then. What I wish to impress upon you, Jeeves, is that it was through no light and airy caprice that I accepted this invitation to Lady Wickham's. I have been angling for it for weeks, prompted by many considerations. It was imperative that I should come to Skeldings for Christmas, Jeeves, because I knew that young Tuppy Glossop was going to be here."

"Sir Roderick Glossop, sir?"

"His nephew. You may have observed hanging about the place a fellow with light hair and a Cheshire-cat grin. That is Tuppy, and I have been anxious for some time to get to grips with him. The Wooster honor is involved."

I TOOK a sip of tea, for the mere memory of my wrongs had shaken me.

"In spite of the fact that young Tuppy is the nephew of Sir Roderick Glossop, at whose hands, Jeeves, as you are aware, I have suffered much, I fraternized with him freely. I said to myself that a man is not to be blamed for his relations, and that I would hate to have my pals hold my Aunt Agatha, for instance, against me. Broad-minded, Jeeves, I think?"

"Extremely, sir."

"Well, then, as I say, I sought this Tuppy out, Jeeves, and hobnobbed; and what do you think he did?"

"I could not say, sir."

"I will tell you. One night, after dinner at the Drones Club, he bet me I wouldn't swing myself across the swimming bath by the ropes and rings. I took him on, and was buzzing along in great style until I came to the last ring. And then I found that this fiend in human shape had looped it back against the rail, thus leaving me hanging in the void with no means of getting ashore to my home and loved ones.

"There was nothing for it but to drop into the water. And what I maintain, Jeeves, is that, if I can't get back at him somehow at Skeldings—with all the vast resources which a country house affords at my disposal—I am not the man I was."

"I see, sir."

"And now, Jeeves, we come to the most important reason why I had to spend Christmas at Skeldings. Jeeves," I said, diving into the old cup once more for a moment and bringing myself out wreathed in blushes, "the fact of the matter is, I'm in love."

"Indeed, sir?"

"You've seen Miss Roberta Wickham?"

"Yes, sir."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JEEVES AND THE YULETIDE SPIRIT]
Continued from Page Thirteen

"Very well, then."

There was a pause while I let it sink in.

"During your stay here, Jeeves," I said, "you will, no doubt, be thrown a good deal together with Miss Wickham's maid. On such occasions, pitch it strong."

"Sir?"

"YOU know what I mean. Tell her I'm rather a good chap. Mention my hidden depths. These things get round. A boost is never wasted, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir. But—"

"But what?"

"Well, sir—"

"Carry on, Jeeves. We are always glad to hear from you, always."

"What I was about to remark, if you will excuse me, sir, was that I would scarcely have thought Miss Wickham a suitable—"

"Jeeves," I said coldly, "what is your kick against Miss Wickham?"

"Oh, really, sir!"

"Jeeves, I insist. This is a time for plain speaking. You have beefed about Miss Wickham. I wish to know why."

"It merely crossed my mind, sir, that for a gentleman of your description Miss Wickham is not a suitable mate."

"What do you mean by a gentleman of my description?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. The expression escaped me inadvertently. I was about to observe, sir, that, though Miss Wickham is a charming young lady—"

"There, Jeeves, you spoke an imperial quart. What eyes!"

"Yes sir."

"What hair!"

"Very true, sir."

"And what *espièglerie* — if that's the word I want."

"The exact word, sir."

"All right, then. Carry on."

"I grant Miss Wickham the possession of all these desirable qualities, sir. Nevertheless, considered as a matrimonial prospect for a gentleman of your description, I cannot look upon her as suitable. In my opinion, Miss Wickham lacks seriousness, sir. She is too volatile and frivolous. To qualify as Miss Wickham's husband, a gentleman would need to possess a commanding personality and considerable strength of character."

"Exactly!"

"I would always hesitate to recommend as a life's companion a young lady with such a vivid shade of red hair. Red hair, sir, is dangerous."

I eyed the blighter squarely.

"Jeeves," I said, "you're talking rot."

"Very good, sir."

"Absolute drivel."

"Very good, sir."

"Pure mashed potatoes."

"Very good, sir."

"Very good, sir—I mean very good, Jeeves; that will be all," I said.

And I drank a modicum of tea with a good deal of hauteur.

It isn't often that I find myself able to prove Jeeves in the wrong; but by dinnertime that night I was in a position to do so, and I did it without delay.

"Touching on that matter we were touching on, Jeeves," I said, coming in from the bath and tackling him as he studded the shirt, "I should be glad if you would give me your careful attention for a moment. I warn you that what I am about to say is going to make you look pretty silly."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, Jeeves. Pretty dashed silly it's going to make you look. This morning, if I remember rightly, you stated that Miss Wickham was volatile, frivolous, and lacking in seriousness. Am I correct?"

"Quite correct, sir."

"Then what I have to tell you may cause you to alter that opinion. I went for a walk with Miss Wickham this afternoon; and, as we walked, I told her about what young Tuppy Glossop did to me in the swimming bath at the Drones. She hung upon my words, Jeeves, and was full of sympathy."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Dripping with it. And that's not all. Almost before I had finished, she was suggesting the ripest, fruitiest, brainiest scheme for bringing young Tuppy's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave that anyone could possibly imagine."

"That is very gratifying, sir."

"GRATIFYING is the word. It appears that at the school where Miss Wickham was educated, Jeeves, it used to become necessary from time to time for the right thinking element to slip it across certain of the baser sort. Do you know what they did, Jeeves?"

"No, sir."

"They took a long stick, Jeeves, and—follow me closely here—they tied a darning needle to the end of it. Then, at dead of night, it appears, they sneaked into the party of the second part's cubicle and shoved the needle through the bedclothes and punctured her hot-water bottle.

"Girls are much subtler in these matters than boys, Jeeves. At my old school one would occasionally heave a jug of water over another bloke during the night watches, but we never thought of effecting the same result in this particularly neat and scientific manner.

"Well, Jeeves, that was the scheme which Miss Wickham suggested I should work on young Tuppy, and that is the girl you call frivolous and lacking in seriousness. Any girl who can think up a wheeze like that is my idea of a helpmate.

"I shall be glad, Jeeves, if by the time I come to bed tonight you have waiting for me in this room a stout stick with a good sharp darning needle attached."

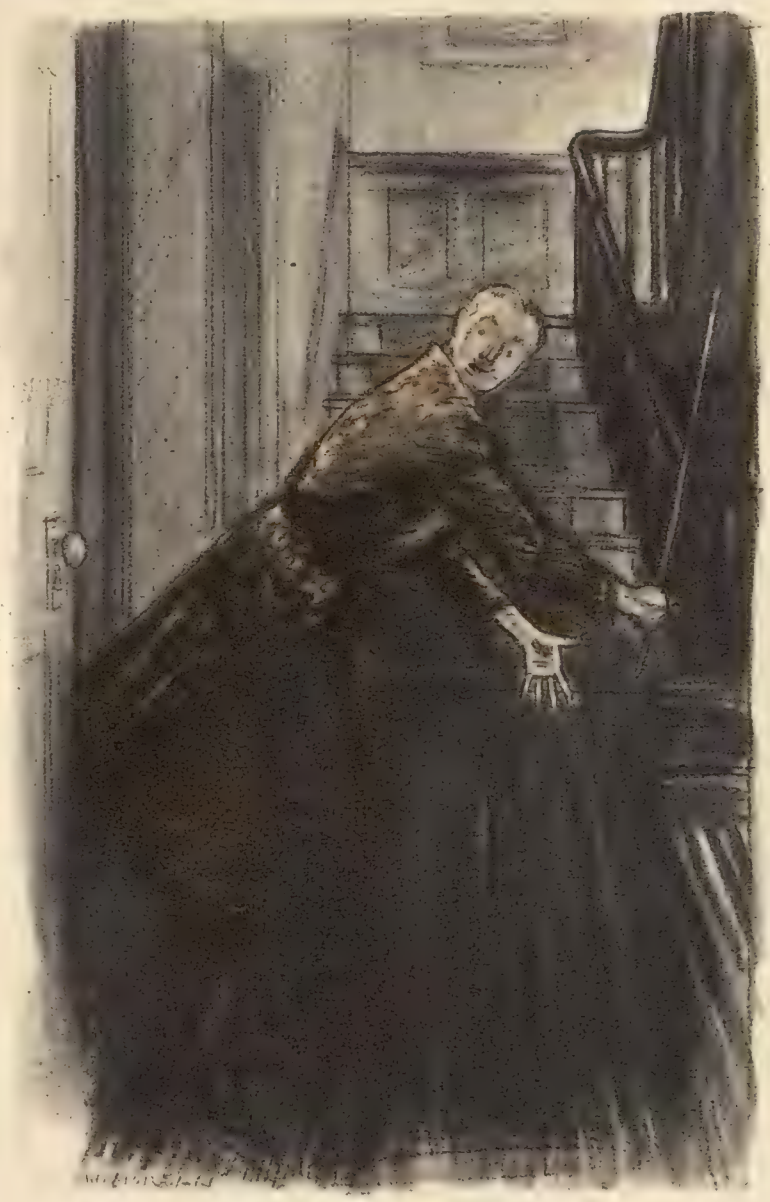
"Well, sir—"

I raised my hand.

"Jeeves," I said, "not another word. Stick, one, and needle, darning, good, sharp, one, without fail, in this room at eleven-thirty tonight."

"Very good, sir."

"Have you any idea where young Tuppy sleeps?"



An irresistible force was holding me straining at leash, as it were.

"I could ascertain, sir."

"Do so, Jeeves."

In a few minutes he was back with the necessary informash.

"Mr. Glossop is established in the Moat Room, sir."

"Where's that?"

"The second door on the floor below, sir."

"Right ho, Jeeves. Are the studs in my shirt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the links also?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then push me into it."

THE task to which I had set myself was one that involved hardship and discomfort, for it meant sitting up till well into the small hours, and then padding down a cold corridor. But I did not shrink from it. After all, there is a lot to be said for family tradition. We Woosters did our bit in the Crusades.

It being Christmas Eve, there was, as I had foreseen, a good deal of revelry and what not; so that it wasn't till past one that I got to my room. Allowing for everything, it didn't seem that it was going to be safe to start my little expedition till half-past two at the earliest; and I'm bound to say that it was only the utmost resolution that kept me from snuggling into the sheets and calling it a day. I'm not much of a lad now for late hours.

However, by half-past two everything appeared to be quiet. I shook off the mists of sleep, grabbed the good old stick and needle, and off along the corridor. And presently, pausing outside the Moat Room, I turned the handle, found the door wasn't locked, and went in.

At first, when I had beetled in, the room had seemed as black as a coal cellar; but after a bit things began to lighten. The curtains weren't quite drawn over the window, and I could see a trifle of the scenery here and there.

The bed was opposite the window, with the head against the wall and the end where the feet were, jutting out toward where I stood, thus rendering it possible, after one had sown the seed, so to speak, to make a quick get-away.

There only remained now the rather tricky problem of locating the old hot-water bottle. I mean to say, the one thing you can't do if you want to carry a job like this through with secrecy and dispatch is to stand at the end of a fellow's bed, jabbing at random.

I was a good deal cheered, at this juncture, to hear a fruity snore from the direction of the pillows. Reason told me that a bloke who could snore like that wasn't going to be awakened by a trifle. I edged forward and ran a hand in a gingerly sort of way over the coverlet. A moment later I had found the bulge. I steered the good old darning needle on to it, gripped the stick, and shoved. Then, pulling out the weapon, I sidled toward the door, and in another moment would have been outside, buzzing for home and the good night's rest, when suddenly there was a crash that sent my spine shooting up through the top of my head, and the contents of the bed sat up like a jack-in-the-box and said:

"Who's that?"

It just shows how your most careful strategic moves can be the very ones that dish your campaign. In order to facilitate the orderly retreat according to plan, I had left the door open, and the beastly thing had slammed like a bomb.

But I wasn't giving much thought to the causes of the explosion. What was disturbing me was the discovery that, whoever else the bloke in the bed might be, he was not young Tuppy. Tuppy has one of those high, squeaky voices that sound like the tenor of the village choir failing to hit a high note. This one was something in between the last trump and a tiger calling for breakfast after being on a diet for a day or two. It was the sort of nasty, rasping voice you hear shouting "Fore!" when you're one of a slow foursome on the links and are holding up a couple of retired colonels.

I did not linger. Getting swiftly off the mark, I dived for the door handle, and was off and away, banging the door behind me. I may be a chump in many ways, as my Aunt Agatha will freely attest, but I know when and when not to be among those present.

And I was just about to do the stretch of corridor leading to the stairs in a split second under the record time for the course, when something brought me up with a sudden jerk. An irresistible force was holding me straining at leash, as it were.

You know, sometimes it seems to me as if Fate were going out of its way to such an extent to snooter you that you wonder if it's worth while to struggle. The night being a trifle chillier than the dickens, I had donned for this expedition a dressing gown. It was the tail of this infernal garment that had caught in the door and pipped me at the eleventh hour.

THE next moment the door had opened, light was streaming through it, and the bloke with the voice had grabbed me by the arm.

It was Sir Roderick Glossop.

For about three and a quarter seconds, or possibly more, we just stood there, drinking each other in, so to speak, the old boy still attached with a limpetlike grip to my elbow. If I hadn't been in a dressing gown and he in pink pajamas with a blue stripe, and if he hadn't been glaring quite so much as if he were shortly going to commit a murder, the tableau would have looked rather like one of those advertisements you see in the magazines, where the experienced elder is patting the young man's arm, and saying to him: "My boy, if you subscribe to the Mutt-Jeff Correspondence School of Oswego, Kansas, as I did, you may some day, like me, become Third Assistant Vice President of the Schenectady Consolidated Nail File and Eyebrow Tweezer Corporation."

"You!" said Sir Roderick finally. And in this connection I want to state that it's all rot to say you can't hiss a word that hasn't an *s* in it. The way he pushed out that "You!" sounded like an angry cobra.

By rights, I suppose, at this point I ought to have said something. The best I could manage, however, was a faint, soft, bleating sound.

"Come in here," he said, lugging me into the room. "We don't want to wake the whole house. Now," he said, depositing me on the carpet and closing the door, and doing a bit of eyebrow work, "kindly inform me what is this latest manifestation of insanity?"

It seemed to me that a light and cheery laugh might help. So I had a pop at one.

"Don't gibber!" said my genial host. And I'm bound to admit that the light and cheery hadn't come out quite as I'd intended.

I pulled myself together with a strong effort.

"Awfully sorry about all this," I said in a hearty sort of voice. "The fact is, I thought you were Tuppy."

"Kindly refrain from inflicting your idiotic slang on me. What do you mean by the adjective tuppy?"

"It isn't so much an adjective, don't you know. More of a noun, I should think, if you examine it squarely. What I mean to say is, I thought you were your nephew."

"You thought I was my nephew? Why should I be my nephew?"

"What I'm driving at is, I thought this was his room."

"My nephew and I changed rooms. I have a great dislike for sleeping on an upper floor. I am nervous about fire."

For the first time since this interview had started, I braced up a trifle. I lost that sense of being a toad under the harrow which had been cramping my style up till now. I even went so far as to eye this pink-pajamaed poltroon with a good deal of contempt and loathing. Just because he had this craven fear of fire and this selfish preference for letting

"I warn you that what I am about to say is going to make you look pretty silly."

Tuppy be cooked instead of himself, should the emergency occur, my nicely reasoned plans had gone up the spout. I gave him a look, and I think I may even have snorted a bit.

"I should have thought that your manservant would have informed you," said Sir Roderick, "that we contemplated making this change. I met him shortly before luncheon and told him to tell you."

This extraordinary statement staggered me. That Jeeves had been aware all along that this old crumb would occupy the bed which I was proposing to prod with darning needles and had let me rush upon my doom without a word of warning, was almost beyond belief. You might say I was aghast. Yes, practically aghast.

"You told Jeeves that you were going to sleep in this room?" I gasped.

"I did. I was aware that you and my nephew were on terms of intimacy, and I wished to spare myself the possibility of a visit from you. I confess that it never occurred to me that such a visit was to be anticipated at three o'clock in the morning. What the devil do you mean," he barked, suddenly hotting up, "by prowling about the house at this hour? And what is that thing in your hand?"

I looked down, and found that I was still grasping the stick. I give you my honest word that, what with the maelstrom of emotions into which his revelation about Jeeves had cast me, the discovery came as an absolute surprise.

"This?" I said. "Oh, yes."

"What do you mean, oh, yes! What is it?"

"Well, it's a long story."

"We have the night before us."

"It's this way: I will ask you to picture me some weeks ago, perfectly peaceful and inoffensive, after dinner at the Drones, smoking a thoughtful cigarette and—"

I broke off. The man wasn't listening. He was goggling in a rapt sort of way at the end of the bed, from which there had now begun to drip on to the carpet a series of drops.

"Good heavens!"

"—thoughtful cigarette and chatting pleasantly of this and that—"

I broke off again. He had lifted the sheets and was gazing at the corpse of the hot-water bottle.

"DID you do this?" he said in a low, strangled sort of voice.

"Er—yes. As a matter of fact, yes. I was just going to tell you—"

"And your aunt tried to persuade me that you were not insane!"

"I'm not. Absolutely not. If you'll just let me explain—"

"I will do nothing of the kind."

"It all began—"

"Silence!"

"Right ho."

He did some deep-breathing exercises.

"My bed is drenched!"

"The way it all began—"

"Be quiet!" He heaved somewhat for a while. "You wretched, miserable idiot," he said, "kindly inform me which bedroom you are supposed to be occupying."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JEEVES AND THE YULETIDE SPIRIT]
Continued from Page Fifteen

"It's on the floor above. The Clock Room."

"Thank you. I will find it."

"Eh?"

He gave me the eyebrow.

"I propose," he said, "to pass the remainder of the night in your room, where, I presume, there is a bed in a condition to be slept in. You may bestow yourself as comfortably as you can here. I will wish you good night."

He buzzed off, leaving me flat.

Well, we Woosters are old campaigners. We can take the rough with the smooth. But to say that I liked the prospect now before me would be paltering with the truth. One glance at the bed told me that any idea of sleeping there was out. A goldfish could have done it, but not Bertram. After a bit of a look round, I decided that the best chance of getting a sort of night's rest was to doze as well as I could in the armchair. I pinched a couple of pillows off the bed, shoved the hearthrug over my knees, and sat down and started counting sheep.

But it wasn't any good. The old lemon was sizzling much too much to admit of anything in the nature of slumber. This hideous revelation of the blackness of Jeeves' treachery kept coming back to me every time I nearly succeeded in dropping off. I was just wondering if I would ever get to sleep again in this world, when a voice at my elbow said, "Good morning, sir," and I sat up with a jerk.

I COULD have sworn I hadn't so much as dozed off for even a minute; but apparently I had. For the curtains were drawn back and daylight was coming in through the window, and there was Jeeves with a cup of tea on a tray.

"Merry Christmas, sir!"

I reached out a feeble hand for the restoring brew. I swallowed a mouthful or two, and felt a little better. I was aching in every limb, and the dome felt like lead; but I was now able to think with a certain amount of clearness, and I fixed the man with a stony eye and prepared to let him have it.

"You think so, do you?" I said. "Much, let me tell you, depends on what you mean by the adjective merry. If, moreover, you suppose that it is going to be merry for you, correct that impression. Jeeves," I said, taking another half-oz of tea and speaking in a cold, measured voice, "I wish to ask you one question. Did you or did you not know that Sir Roderick Glossop was sleeping in this room last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"You admit it!"

"Yes, sir."

"And you didn't tell me!"

"No, sir. I thought it would be more judicious not to do so."

"Jeeves—"

"If you will allow me to explain, sir."

"Explain!"

"I was aware that my silence might lead to something in the nature of an embarrassing contretemps, sir—"

"You thought that, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were a good guesser," I said, sucking down further bohea.

"But it seemed to me, sir, that whatever might occur was all for the best."

I would have put in a crisp word or two here, but he carried on without giving me the opp.

"I thought that possibly, on reflection, sir, your views being what they are, you would prefer your relations with Sir Roderick Glossop and his family to be distant rather than cordial."

"My views? What do you mean, my views?"

"As regards a matrimonial alliance with Miss Honoria Glossop, sir."

Something like an electric shock seemed to zip through me. The man had opened up a new line of thought. I suddenly saw what he was driving at, and realized all in a flash that I had been wronging this faithful fellow. All the while I supposed he had been landing me in the soup, he had really been steering me away from it.

It was like those stories one used to read, as a kid, about the traveler going along on a dark night, and his dog grabs him by the leg of his trousers, and he says "Down, sir! What are you doing, Rover?" And the dog hangs on, and he gets rather hot under the collar and curses a bit, but the dog won't let him go, and then suddenly the moon shines through the clouds and he finds he's been standing on the edge of a precipice and one more step would have—well, anyway, you get the idea. And what I'm driving at is that much the same thing seemed to have been happening now.

I give you my honest word, it had never struck me till this moment that my Aunt Agatha had been scheming to get me in right with Sir Roderick so that I should eventually be received back into the fold, if you see what I mean, and subsequently pushed off on Honoria.

"My God, Jeeves!" I said, paling.

"Precisely, sir."

"You think there was a risk?"

"I do, sir. A very grave risk."

A disturbing thought struck me.

"But, Jeeves, on calm reflection, won't Sir Roderick have gathered by now that my objective was young Tuppy, and that puncturing his hot-water bottle was just one of those things that occur when the Yuletide spirit is abroad—one of those things that have to be overlooked and taken with the indulgent smile and the fatherly shake of the head? What I mean is, he'll realize that I wasn't trying to snooter him, and then all the good work will have been wasted."

"No, sir. I fancy not. That might possibly have been Sir Roderick's mental reaction, had it not been for the second incident."

"The second incident?"

"During the night, sir, while Sir Roderick was occupying your bed, somebody entered the room, pierced his hot-water bottle with some sharp instrument, and vanished in the darkness."

I could make nothing of this.

"What! Do you think I walked in my sleep?"

"No, sir. It was young Mr. Glossop who did it. I encountered him this morning, sir, shortly before I came here. He was in cheerful spirits, and inquired of me how you were feeling about the incident—not being aware that his victim had been Sir Roderick."

"But, Jeeves, what an amazing coincidence!"

"Sir?"

"Why, young Tuppy getting exactly the same idea as I did. Or, rather, as Miss Wickham did. You can't say that's not a miracle."

"Not altogether, sir. It appears that he received the suggestion from her."

"From Miss Wickham?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean to say that, after she had put me up to the scheme of puncturing Tuppy's hot-water bottle, she went off and tipped Tuppy off to puncturing mine?"

"Precisely, sir. She is a young lady with a keen sense of humor, sir."

I SAT there—you might say, stunned. When I thought how near I had come to offering the Wooster heart and hand to a girl capable of double-crossing a strong man's honest love like that, I shivered.

"Are you cold, sir?"

"No, Jeeves. Just shuddering."

"The occurrence, if I may take the liberty of saying so, sir, will perhaps lend color to the view which I put forward yesterday that Miss Wickham, though in many respects a charming young lady—"

I raised the hand.

"Say no more, Jeeves," I replied. "Love is dead."

I brooded for a while.

"You've seen Sir Roderick this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did he seem?"

"A trifle feverish, sir."

"Feverish?"

"A little emotional, sir. He expressed a strong desire to meet you, sir."

"What would you advise?"

"If you were to slip out by the back entrance, sir, it would be possible for you to make your way across the field without being observed, and reach the village, where you could hire an automobile to take you to London. I could bring on your effects later in your own car."

"But London, Jeeves? Is any man safe? My Aunt Agatha is in London."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then?"

He regarded me for a moment with a fathomless eye.

"I think the best plan, sir, would be for you to leave England, which is not pleasant at this time of the year, for some little while. I would not take the liberty of dictating your movements, sir, but, as you already have accommodation engaged on the Blue Train for Monte Carlo for the day after tomorrow—"

"But you canceled the booking?"

"No, sir."

"I told you to."

"Yes, sir. It was remiss of me, but the matter slipped my mind."

"Oh?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, Jeeves. Monte Carlo, ho, then."

"Very good, sir."

"It's lucky, as things have turned out, that you forgot to cancel that booking."

"Very fortunate indeed, sir. If you will wait here, sir, I will return to your room and procure a suit of clothes."

THE END

The story of the life, exploits, and death of "the bravest flier of them all"—one of the great American sagas of the World War, begins soon in LIBERTY.

Next Week—

We're going to give you a strange and fascinating enigma of the gridiron.

We're ready to guarantee that you never read a football story like this anywhere.

It's called

Little Johnny Sokilow

By

Charles Paddock

(The world's fastest runner shows a new kind of speed here.)

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

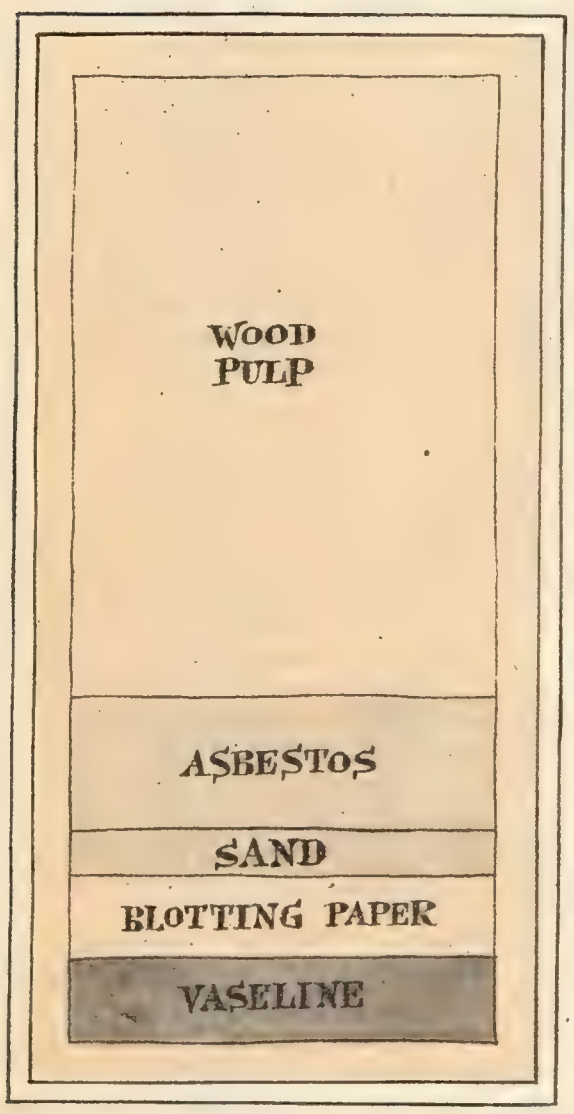
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

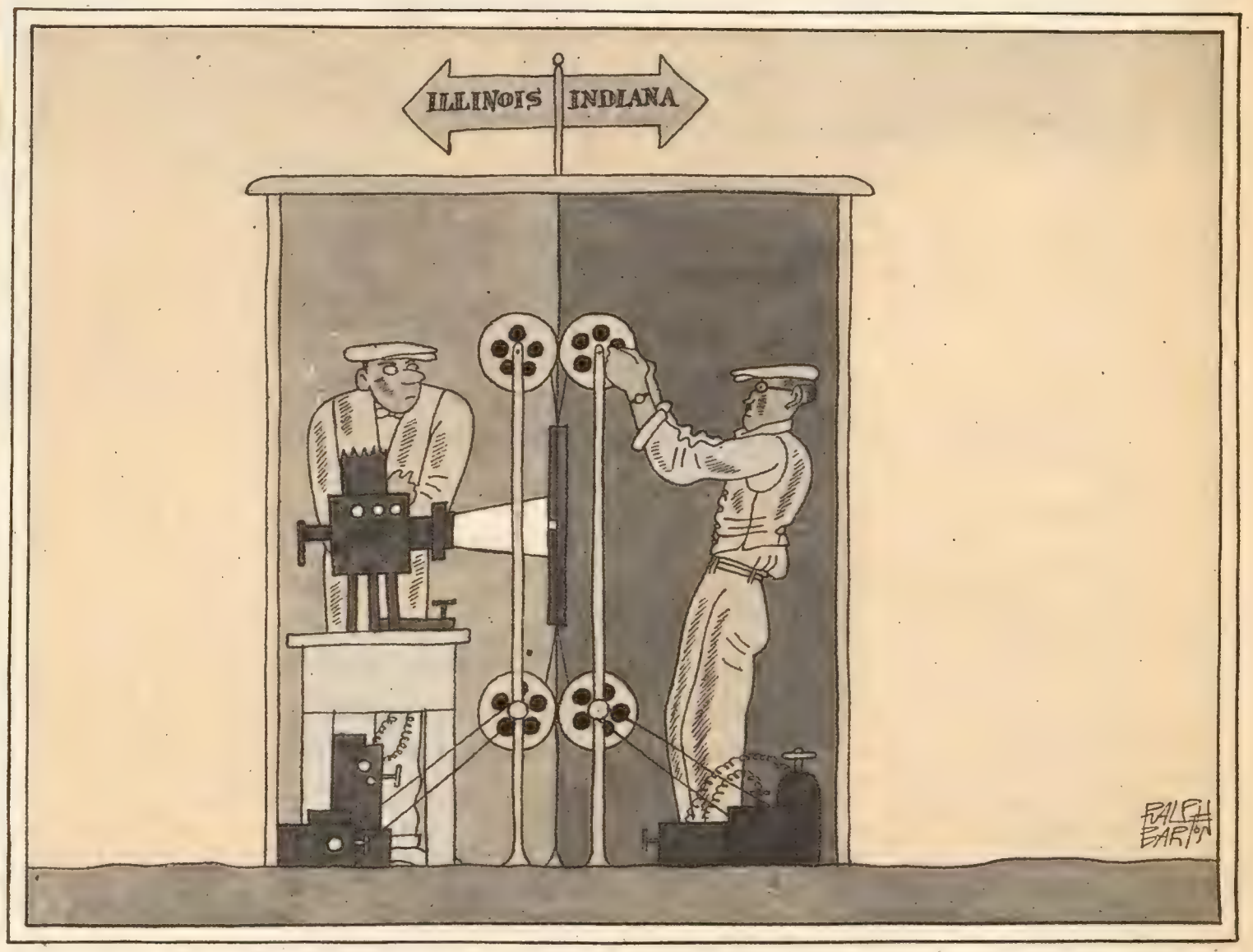
By RALPH BARTON

It Is Not So Much the Value of the Gift As the Spirit in Which It Is Given

SOME PEOPLE REGARD MODERN CIVILIZATION AS PROGRESS. Incurable Optimist, unable to sleep because the last delivery truck leaves off two minutes before the first ashman begins work, dreams of the wonderful future when airplanes will be added to the racket.



ANALYSIS, by our staff of expert dietitians, of the food value contained in the average delicatessen sandwich.



THE LATEST WRINKLE IN THE ART AND SCIENCE OF CONTRABAND. Forbidden fight films may be carried from one State to another by using our portable cabin. Cut shows cabin set up on the mathematically precise line between Illinois and Indiana, with prints being made from fight film in Illinois on to virgin film in Indiana, the State line running between the two films.

A Fighting Face in a Comedy Hit

Good Work by Wolheim and Boyd in Two Arabian Knights

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

After graduating from Dress Parade, William Boyd got a job as a doughboy.

A profile of the ferocious face that has meant fortune to Louis Wolheim.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 20 seconds.)

TWO Arabian Knights is one of those surprise screen hits. It is a comedy of the war by a young director who has done little of unusual merit in the past—Lewis Milestone—and a non-star cast. Like all real film hits, it just happened.

Don't be discouraged by the fact that it is a war comedy. *Private W. Daingerfield Phelps* and *Sergeant Peter O'Gaffney* are settling their personal differences with their fists in a muddy Flanders shell hole when they are captured by the Germans. They are shipped to a north German internment camp, escape in stolen robes, get mixed with a load of Arab prisoners being shipped to Arabia, meet up with an Oriental beauty in distress, and have a host of amusing tribulations in trying to conquer the lady and dodge the scimitars of her relatives.

Two Arabian Knights is miles ahead of such laugh-makers of the war as Rookies and Tin Hats. This comedy is rough, raucous, and even bawdy—but it is spontaneous. The two knights are superbly done by William Boyd, the big blond Nordic in the West Point film, Dress Parade, and by Louis Wolheim.

Most of the film critics have looked upon Wolheim as a celluloid newcomer. Actually, Wolheim has been in and out of pictures these many years without attracting attention. He is best known for his stage work—as the profane *Captain Flagg* in the original What Price Glory cast and as the gorilla stoker of Eugene O'Neill's fantastic play, The Hairy Ape.

Since Wolheim has now been signed up for feature rôles—on the strength of his hit in Two Arabian Knights—his picturesque career will bear retelling.

Wolheim studied mechanical engineering at Cornell, being graduated in 1905. In 1904 and 1905 he was varsity full back and it was in a football game that his nose was first broken. He had it remodeled, but, when it was again battered in a student combat, he let it remain in its informal state. Thus he acquired his graphically pugnacious appearance.

West meets East—with Mary Astor as the veiled Oriental beauty.

After graduation, Wolheim taught in Ithaca for six years.

Wolheim next tried engineering in Mexico, and when Pancho Villa made his appearance, Wolheim joined up.

When that adventure began to pale, Wolheim drifted back to Ithaca. That was in 1916. Lionel Barrymore was in town making a picture. Barrymore's eye caught the strange physiognomy of Wolheim, and the ex-mathematics instructor was given the small rôle of a tough sea captain.

Barrymore brought Wolheim to Broadway and gave him an extra rôle in The Jest. Wolheim worked his way to better parts, finally hitting the top with his *Captain Flagg*. Possibly you remember Wolheim in various small film rôles. He was, for instance, the executioner who operated the guillotine in D. W. Griffith's Orphans of the Storm.

Immediately after the films discovered Wolheim in Two Arabian Knights, reports came from Hollywood that the ex-professor was going to have his face remodeled. He was sick of playing thugs, taxi drivers, and comedy sergeants, they said, and with his new face he hoped to blossom out into bigger and better rôles. Then his producers, United Artists, served him with an injunction to prevent the remodeling—and the incident began to savor strongly of Hollywood press-agentry.

Anyway, no more graphic comic moments in a year's pictures can be seen than the close-ups of Wolheim, as *Sergeant O'Gaffney,* getting enlightened on the social ways of the Far East. Incidentally, you will find Two Arabian Knights rough and riotous.

Do you know that—

The vogue of college films is waning and now there's an epidemic of circus pictures? . . . Fred Thomson is now doing a film version of Kit Carson? . . . Emil Jannings is to play *Pahlen,* the prime minister who murdered Paul I, the great Catherine's mad son, in The Patriot? . . . House Peters returns to films in Rose-Marie? . . . And William Farnum is coming back to the screen again?

Germany in arms feared this American kid. Yet he frequently disregarded military orders to play with French orphans. Read his story in LIBERTY.

SOUP
and the woman "from Missouri"

ALL PRAISE to this worthy housewife. Nothing but the best will do for her family. One can picture her working with relentless zeal, laboriously going through all the tedious and troublesome steps of making her soups in her own kitchen, just as her mother did before her. And you can be sure her soups are good—make no mistake about that.

BUT JUST across the street, or in the house next door, no doubt, is a neighbor with just as particular tastes and notions about the quality of food she puts on her table. Only she has had the wit to "try" those soups that are sold at the store. She knows that this is the age of the automobile, and not of buggy rides. To her delight, and often to her real astonishment, she has discovered that the ready-made condensed soups are just as delicious, and often even more so, than she herself makes. For soup-making is only one of her many duties, while the makers of condensed soups equip enormous and spotless kitchens and they give their chefs a life-long training, all devoted to the fine art of soup-blending.

"OUR REPUTATION is in every can." The soup-maker who says that realizes how critically his soups will be judged. The tremendous, national success of condensed soups truly proves that they only doubt who have not tasted. Every housewife is a merciless judge and critic. And because she is so, the use of Campbell's Soups soars to new high records every year. Proud women—and American women are proudest of all—will not sacrifice quality for mere convenience. But when splendid quality is available in convenient form, then it is their very pride makes them take the progressive American way. So they leave their soup-making to the soup experts and count it as so much time gained for improving their tables and their homes in other ways also.

Add an equal quantity of water. Then bring to a boil. Simmer for a few minutes. And that is all. The soup is ready for your table. Twenty-one different soups—each a masterpiece—and the full list printed on every Campbell's label. 12 cents a can.

A scholar bright you see
Just filled with pep and glee.
Now ask me why
And I'll reply:
For Campbell's Soup's in me!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

When Beauty is at Stake —*take care*

Use a soap made for ONE purpose only: to safeguard good complexions

FOR your sake and for ours, we publish this in the interest of all concerned who value a good complexion. Some people, we learn, think ordinary toilet soaps, soaps claiming to be "for the complexion," have Palmolive effects on the skin.

That is wrong. They don't. Palmolive complexions come only from Palmolive.

In old days, women were told, "Use no soap on the face." For all soaps then were said to be too harsh.

Then came Palmolive. It was made with cosmetic oils famous since the days of Cleopatra. It was made to be used freely, lavishly on the skin. Its ONE and SOLE purpose was to foster good complexions.

That soap changed previous ideas of soaps. Largely on expert advice, women tried it. And the results it brought in new beauty and new youth attracted millions to its use.

Palmolive soon became the leading toilet soap of the world. In France, home of cosmetics, it supplanted French soaps by the score. It is one of the two largest selling soaps in France today. French women find Palmolive their ideal of a soap. Its cosmetic qualities hold a supreme place in French beauty culture.

Now you may be tempted by rival claims to try unproved soaps on your skin. Think, please, before you do.

62 years of soap study, in the interest of skin beauty, stand behind Palmolive. It is made to do ONE thing well. That is to gently protect your complexion; to guard your youth and charm.

No other claims are made for it. Palmolive is not intended for other than toilet purposes. It is too neutral to be effective for fabrics. To make it good for other than complexion use its cosmetic qualities would be much reduced. Good complexions are too priceless to be endangered, and, frankly, we don't know how to make a beauty soap that is also effective for general use.

There are complexion soaps at 25c and more, we admit, that approach Palmolive quality. We know of some. But Palmolive sells at 10c—no more than ordinary soaps. Enormous production brings you this modest cost.

Carry that in mind, for your own sake, when asked to "try" another soap that claims Palmolive results. When beauty is at stake, use Palmolive, a soap you know is safe to use. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET CO., Chicago, Ill.

In Paris, Itself, Palmolive Fast Supplanting French Soaps

In France, mecca of the beauty seeker, home of the cosmetic art in its most sophisticated aspects, Palmolive is constantly supplanting old-formula French soaps. *Palmolive is one of the two largest-selling soaps in France today!* Please remember this when tempted to "try" an imported soap on your face.

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper —it is never sold unwrapped

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm — and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is — for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend — and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

3769

My Flight into Russia

A Famous Soldier Looks at the Changing Life Under Soviet Régime

An Article by
GENERAL
WILLIAM MITCHELL

Wide World photo

HOUSING is a serious problem in the Soviet capital. Any number of persons, as this photograph indicates, often eat, sleep, and rear families in one small room.

AN at-home photograph of a group of the famous wild children of Moscow. This illustration is from E. M. Newman's forthcoming book, Seeing Russia (Funk & Wagnalls Company).

(Reading time: 18 minutes.)

AT last my ambition to visit Russia had been realized. I had flown in an airplane from Berlin to Moscow in twelve and a half hours, covering a distance of 1,200 miles.

Everything seemed strange and different. New people, new conditions, new thoughts, and an experiment in government never tried before lay in front of me.

I had obtained an excellent idea of the vast Russian country from the air. A person accustomed to observation from an airplane can tell more about a country after flying over it for a few hours than one can by traveling around for a couple of months on the ground.

From on high I had observed the primitive organization and life of the Russian agricultural peasants, who are at least 200 years behind our own people in cultural development.

Over 70 per cent of the people in the Russian Republic are rural dwellers. There are very few cities or towns, in a political sense. The groups of houses that one sees are merely places for people to come together for mutual assistance and for trade.

WHERE Russia experiments in government and adjoining nations keep vigilant watch. From Moscow the author went by airplane and train to Smolensk, Minsk, and across Poland to Berlin.

Moscow, the heart and capital of Russia, is now the key point in the great experiment in human development which is taking place with 133,000,000 people whom we designate as Russians. Reduced to its simplest factors, the experiment is an attempt to solve the problem of capital and labor.

Worn down by terrible wars to a condition of semisavagery, Russia today is in a state of evolution.

TO appreciate what is being done there, one must consider the vast difference between Russians and the people of western Europe and the British Isles. The Russians are really Oriental in character. Three hundred years of Tatar dominion had its effects.

The story is a very long one and extremely complicated. The reports we get from Russia now are tinged by propaganda put out by various nations or individuals to influence the minds of those whom they wish to control.

What actually is happening there is that the working class, representing about 7 per cent of the total population, has destroyed and completely displaced another class, the old aristocracy, proprietors and so-called capitalists, which made up less than 1 per cent.

The present government appears to be just as autocratic, just as bureaucratic, and just as imperialistic in the broad aims of pushing Russian influence, government, and territory into the Far East to ice-free ports —possibly to world dominion—as was the Czarist régime. The only change is that a different form of government is in power and a different method is being pursued.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MY FLIGHT INTO RUSSIA
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

Communism has been found to be impossible of fulfillment. The ruling men in Russia are now recognizing this fact and are changing their system to meet it. Things move slowly in Russia. The Oriental mind does not organize itself quickly to meet a given condition of governmental change. There has been, however, a tremendous change during the last five years.

Before that time, Russia presented the spectacle of a disorganized, famine-stricken country. It had been through eight years of war. Agriculture had almost ceased. Flocks and herds were scattered. People lived in caves and little improvised shelters, like savages.

In the cities, people huddled together, stabling the famished horses in the same rooms with themselves and using the woodwork to make fires for warmth. If a horse fell down from exhaustion in the street, starving men and women would rush for it with their knives and fight among themselves and with the dogs to get a piece of the precious meat.

AT that time, about the only thing that was holding solidly and steadily was the Soviet army, under Trotsky. This army held the frontier at every point and gradually divided and threw back all foreign invasions and stopped the civil war. Since then, peace has prevailed.

The people now are producing sufficient food for their own consumption. Good food is exposed for sale on all the principal streets in Moscow. The amount of caviar one sees is prodigious. There is considerable drunkenness. Their distilled liquors are cheap and plentiful and of quite good quality.

I was treated with the utmost consideration everywhere. When I first disembarked from the airplane at Moscow, my camera was taken away, but one of the commissars ordered that it be given back to me and that I be allowed to take photographs when and where I desired.

The first thing that struck me on entering Moscow was the number of people who infest the streets—crowds of badly dressed, unkempt, sad-faced, and dirty individuals.

Moscow, which formerly had a population of approximately 800,000, now has about 2,500,000. Living conditions, according to our standards, are terrible. All houses are owned by the government, which assigns rooms to families. A room of twelve by fifteen feet may contain a man, his wife, his wife's sister, four or five children, and a servant. The building in which they live may have thirty or forty rooms like this.

The people living in the house form a committee and this committee appoints a head man to look after their interests. The government is supposed to keep up the repairs, but when the House Committee applies to the government for anything, it takes months for the request to go through the bureaucracy. The result is that the buildings are falling down around the tenants' ears.

The government is now changing its housing plan a little. If a person will take a house that is out of repair and make it habitable, he will be given a ten-year lease on it. If a man wishes to build a new apartment house, he is given the land by the government and allowed to charge rent for it under a ninety-nine-year lease. This is proprietorship, not communism.

When communism was first being tried, everyone could ride free on the railroads. Great numbers of people stopped work and went riding around the country. The same conditions obtained with the street cars in the cities. Soon that had to be stopped and fares charged.

They tried to do away with money and merely have barter and exchange; but that, naturally, did not work, as there was no standard of value, and a definite money system, backed by gold reserves, was adopted and is now in effect.

The stores are all run by the government, except those of some very small proprietors. The people who run them are paid by the government, and nobody cares much whether or not he sells anything.

Manufactories are all in the hands of the government, and goods and materials of only average quality are made. Fine workmanship has ceased because there is no premium on things of that kind.

Photo by the author

A street market in Moscow. Much good food is sold in the city. The amount of caviar is prodigious.

Were there no competition between nations, a system of this kind might go ahead; but where highly industrialized nations are able to create and sell cheaper and better goods than the Russians in their own country, this communal system of industry does not work.

They have had to give concessions to foreign enterprises on a fifty-fifty basis—50 per cent Russian governmental ownership and 50 per cent foreign ownership. Those who have started these enterprises have complained that the taxes are so great that nothing is gained.

STRENUOUS efforts are being made by the government to do beneficial things for the people. Many of the old aristocratic houses, castles, and palaces have been turned into hospitals. Medical attendance and medicine are free.

The people who formerly lived in cellars and caves have been brought out and have just as good a chance for good rooms as others.

The Russians are attempting to establish schools everywhere, but the curriculum embraces a maximum of political education at the expense of the three Rs.

A little child may be able to tell you all about communism and Lenin, and how terrible was the government of the Czars, but he cannot add two and two, write his name, or read the alphabet. Only 47 per cent of the people have any knowledge of reading and writing.

The present government is opposed to the Greek Church because they claim it supported the ancient dynasty. Anything that helped the old régime is being blotted out with a fierceness that is difficult for people in western Europe or America to appreciate.

There are said to have been 1,600 churches in Moscow alone. These all possessed tremendous wealth in bygone times. They took great numbers of people away from useful pursuits, and were, of course, the centers for religious worship by many people.

The churches have been denuded of their treasures, and these have been sold in the people's stores along with the silver plate and jewels of the old noble families. Articles belonging to the former Czar and members of his family, as well as objects from churches, can be bought today in Moscow and other large Russian cities.

Some of the old churches have been turned into museums by the government. These are open to the public, and there are guides to explain the various treasures.

The Soviet government is attempting to foster art, literature, music, and the drama. The theaters, opera, and ballet are wonderful.

I attended a performance of The Marriage of Figaro, presented by Stanislavsky at the Moskowski Hudoshes Tvenni Theater. The play was beautifully staged, and performed by remarkable actors. Every seat in the house was taken, but the faces of the people showed few smiles.

The audience formed an interesting study of types. There were people from all over Russia, Europe, and Asia: White Russians, with their fair hair and blue eyes, Circassians, Turkomans, Tatars, Mongols, Chinese, Persians, and Armenians.

The people have to pay admission—from three rubles up, one ruble amounting to about fifty cents. They seem to have considerable money.

THE marvelous production of the plays, operas, and ballets is in strange contrast to the poverty, dirt, and misery seen on every hand.

The odor of the people in the theater was very pronounced. I asked my companion about it, and he replied that the crowded living conditions made it almost impossible for them to bathe every day; that most of them tried to get a weekly cleaning at the Russian steam baths, but, as they had to pay at these, and as they might have something else to do, they often forgot to go even once a week.

The government has stopped the old night life that formerly existed in Russian cities, as they regarded it as immoral.

Marriage is very easy: all it takes is the consent of the two contracting parties. Divorce is equally easy, as the only thing the parties to the marriage have to do is to appear before a magistrate and announce that they wish to be divorced.

If any children have been born, however, and the man has a job, he has to give one-third of his pay to their support. If the woman is earning more than the man, she has to pay in proportion.

One serious menace to society are certain children whose parents either died during the famine of a few years ago, or, lacking the means to support their children, turned them into the streets. These orphans have banded together for mutual protection. They steal, rob, beg, and are a terrible pest, although pathetic in the extreme. Practically all of them are diseased.

The story is told of one of these young vagabonds approaching a rather well dressed woman who was leading a little child by the hand, saying, as he seized her arm, " Give me five rubles or I will spit in the child's eye and make him blind."

Many of them appear very intelligent and gifted. They play musical instruments, recite poems, sing, or do acrobatics to get money from passers-by. The government has tried to herd them up and make them work. But they have become so completely wild that it is almost impossible to confine them anywhere.

I saw no violence or disturbance on the crowded streets. Each corner has its policeman. They are called the People's Militia, but are exactly the same as the old local police.

There are very few automobiles in Russia, so traffic is not very heavy. Most of the government officials use costly English automobiles. When I asked if these were not quite expensive, and why Fords would not do just as well, I was told that Ford was a capitalist and,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

One of those rare gifts that really includes the whole family!

CHRISTMAS dinner more luscious than ever . . . . and so much easier to prepare. Savory surprises that just *make* an impromptu party. A bountiful reserve of foods for unexpected guests. These—the very essence of the holiday spirit—made pleasantly possible by a General Electric Refrigerator.

Why not have the supreme satisfaction of a General Electric Refrigerator during the holidays? It's an all-year-round cold storage plant in miniature. It protects food from the killing chill of winter and the bacteria-breeding heat of summer. It makes quantity buying possible.

The General Electric Refrigerator is unusually roomy. Even the smallest size (the one illustrated) has a shelf area of nine square feet—and that's generous for the needs of the average family. The compactness of the specially designed freezing chamber has given each model the very greatest food storage space.

This simplified refrigerator hasn't a single belt, fan, drain-pipe or stuffing box. It needs no oiling. It is unusually quiet. All its moving parts are enclosed in a single hermetically sealed casing. There's no machinery under it . . . . none in the basement. It can be plugged into any electric outlet. It is the worthy product of fifteen years of research . . . . and is guaranteed by General Electric.

• • •

Write us today for Booklet 12-L, which is completely illustrated and fully descriptive.

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

[MY FLIGHT INTO RUSSIA
Continued from Page Twenty-two]

therefore, they did not wish to encourage the use of his vehicles.

Street cars and busses are in operation all over Moscow and in fairly good condition. Pavements are being repaired, as are also the public buildings and the more important churches.

The Kremlin, the central castle of Moscow, around which the city was built, is a tremendously imposing structure. My first glimpse of it was from Red Square as we entered the old gate which contains in its center one of the most famous shrines in all Russia.

We had a passing glimpse of the interior, illuminated by burning tapers, and crowded with people. On the wall by the entrance is a large sign, with the Bolshevist star above it, which reads: "Religion is only opium for the people's minds," or words to that effect.

As we passed through the portals, we saw the red walls of the Kremlin, surmounted by towers which resemble the stupas of Delhi in India. Over the high wall might be seen the gleaming golden domes of the churches that were inside.

Directly under the wall in the center of Red Square is the tomb of Lenin, built of wood, very Oriental in style, resembling Tibetan architecture.

The chimes in the central tower of the Kremlin wall announced the hour. Formerly they played the Russian national air, but now, of course, they play the Internationale.

ACCESS to the Kremlin is very difficult to obtain. It holds all the government offices and a strong garrison of troops. The people in Russia feel that he who holds the Kremlin holds Russia, and no chances are being taken with it.

One of the great buildings in the Kremlin just above Lenin's grave flies the red flag of the Soviet Republic. At night it is illuminated so everyone can see it.

Red Square is used for all sorts of military reviews where the people can see the soldiers and appreciate the power of the Soviet Republic. Posters and lithographs are placed on the walls of public buildings and in their interiors, explaining to the people that they must be prepared for war; that capitalistic nations are intent on their downfall.

The plan of the Kremlin is very interesting. It is situated on a hill about 120 feet above the Moskowa River, and originally consisted of a little log fort and palisades, much as our Western trading posts in America were built. The country then was covered by forests.

I visited Lenin's tomb, where his embalmed body lies in a glass case, exposed to view and perpetually guarded by soldiers of the Red army. I was struck by the strength of the head and also by the apparent Tatar characteristics.

He is said to have come of a very good family—in fact, of the nobility. What prejudiced him against the old régime more than anything else was their killing of his brother.

I was taken to this place by a young man in the Russian Foreign Office. He was born in Chicago and lived there until he was nineteen. He spoke English just the same way the rest of us do. He is now attending the university in Moscow.

Students come from all over the world to this university, where they are taught the Russian political creed—communism. This young man was convinced that communism, pure and simple, was not a practical method of running any government, and that proprietorship in various forms has to be recognized.

Nominally the Russian government is organized something like a United States of Russia. It consists of a number of what are called allied republics, which correspond somewhat to our States. They are supposed to be entirely autonomous, and retain their individual languages. They elect representatives to a Congress which sits in the Grand Opera House in Moscow every year for about a week.

This Congress has about 1,500 delegates. It elects, in turn, a central executive committee, which consists of about 400 members. These elect a committee called the Presidium, composed of twenty-one members. This body makes all the laws and attends to the administration. They elect heads of the various departments, called People's Commissars.

Underwood & Underwood photo

THE wooden tomb outside the Kremlin in Red Square, Moscow, where Lenin's body is on view under glass. This photograph was made on the anniversary of his death, when thousands of Russians filed past his bier to pay tribute to him.

These men correspond to the ministers in other countries. There is one for Foreign Affairs, one for National Defense, and one for Foreign Trade; one for Transportation, for Postal and Telegraphs, for Labor, for Finance, for Internal Trade, for Foods, for Agriculture, for Minor Nationalities, and one for the National Police.

These department heads elect a chairman, who is really the president of the whole thing. He has as much power as any dictator anywhere.

Each one of these ministers has a bureau around him which has become as ponderous and inefficient as our own bureaus in the United States. When anything has to be done, it takes a needless amount of time to do it. Everybody is an expert at "passing the buck." Four or five persons must act on any request.

Hordes of officeholders of various kinds infest Moscow. The system has evoked severe criticism on the part of the old communist leaders, Trotsky in particular. He accuses the Stalin group of being as bad as the old Czarist officials in their bureaucracy and inefficiency.

This has led to the shelving of Trotsky, who is very popular with the people because it was he who organized the armies of the Soviet Republic during their darkest days and saved Russia to its present government.

Trotsky has been ousted from his former position and now spends a great deal of his time in the Caucasus, hunting. Lately he took the course at the Soviet War College, which is said to be very good, and he is said to have led his class.

Trotsky claims that the press is closed to him and that there is no free speech in Russia, which prevents him and his friends from placing their views before the people.

The present leaders see that the old system cannot succeed, and they are beginning to put a soft pedal on communism and world revolution. There is a good deal of dissension in the ranks of the communistic party.

The ruling classes freely admit that they are handling things with a high hand, but say they are doing it in order to effect arrangements to carry out their socialistic ideas. Many of the people in power are mere amateurs—dreamers and visionaries—and have no knowledge whatever of running a government. These will be displaced when the necessity for practical government makes itself sufficiently felt.

The average Russian is a good man at heart, friendly and genial, but he has been through such awful experiences for so many years—first with the Czarist régime, then with the revolutions—that he is suspicious and careful.

It is difficult for an American to gain access to Russia, chiefly because we have no diplomatic relations with Russia. Once a passport has been obtained, it has to be renewed at short intervals, and another passport has to be obtained to get out.

Ordinarily, it takes three or four days to get a passport to leave the country and two or three weeks to get one to enter it, if you get it at all.

Customs regulations are very severe. For instance, when leaving Russia, each person is allowed to take three outer garments, including a fur coat and fur cap; three suits of clothes, three blouses, six suits of underwear, one dozen pocket handkerchiefs, one dozen pairs of socks, six pairs of shoes, and a few other minor articles.

If this amount is exceeded, the articles are seized or a very high duty charged.

Not more than 200 rubles can be taken out of the country. Every paper and anything containing names on it, which might act as information, is carefully looked over, as is all reading matter which might serve as propaganda against the present government.

When I came out of Russia on the railway, an incident illustrative of this occurred. The man next me had received a copy of the Russian Constitution from his brother, a student at one of the universities. The brother had written the names of a number of students on one of the flyleaves.

This was immediately pounced on by an official, who was about to take the paper away when the owner explained to his satisfaction what it was. The official carefully tore off the names, however, and kept them.

All of these measures are carried into effect through regular customs agents, assisted by the political police. This police force is under the Federal government and is composed of all sorts of people who are reputed to be capable of doing anything they may be ordered to do.

I MET several commissars and had very interesting conversations with them. I believe that the men who are in power now are basically honest, according to their own lights, and are trying to do the best they can by their country. Their system is so prodigiously complicated that I do not see how it can possibly work in a great country such as Russia.

The country is very poor in communications. In the north the Laplanders use reindeer. In Siberia they use dogs. The Kirghiz, a nomad tribe, use their horses as of old, driving their herds from place to place. In the south, in Turkestan and along the Persian border, camels are the principal means of transportation and communication.

Railroads were smashed to pieces during the wars. A tremendous amount of work has been done on them and they are now all running on schedule time, and 5,000 kilometers additional roadbed has been built and is under operation.

The roads are so bad all through the country that it will be a long time before they can be put in condition for automobile traffic. The horse is still the principal means of transport.

Russians are alive to the use of air transportation, and they are bending their effort to extend their passenger air lines to cover their vast territories. As most of the areas have no other means of rapid transportation, air liners

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Photo by the author

THERE are soldiers everywhere in Poland. Here is shown a detail of crack lancers lined up near a railroad station.

[Every statement verified by high Medical Authority]

Good News for the "Under Par"

Those who, while not always ill, are never really well, are being offered a new opportunity to enjoy a fuller measure of life's success and fun through the Medical Profession's latest method of treating many of our everyday disorders. Let your doctor tell you more about it.

THEY were going in to dinner, Louise was talking animatedly to Jim and he seemed amused. Wally was plainly neglecting Estelle in an endeavor to hear what Louise was saying. That was the trouble with Estelle. She was as good-looking as Louise, but seemed to lack vitality—just didn't make an effort to be entertaining and, therefore, did not attract the men.

A VITALITY that is even slightly lowered; little ills; being at all conscious that you actually "have a body"; any difficulty in losing yourself completely in your work or play or social contacts—all these are causes of thousands of half successes made by people who feel that they are capable of much more.

Such persons are chronically under par, not always being aware of the fact.

* * * * *

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition. "Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities, nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree. It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

It is one of the most frequent causes of headache, "biliousness" and sour stomach.

Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold. Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it. "Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combated until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known. It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills.

"Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs).

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail coupon below for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

* * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons, are by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1312, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

Headache	Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Sour Stomach	
"Biliousness"	
Nausea	Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
Children's "Upset Stomach"	
Nervousness	Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Sleeplessness	
High Blood Pressure	Acid Urine

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

Although referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

© 1927 C. F. G. E.

Before chill air nips your throat —take out

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

In cold and biting winds, Smith Brothers Cough Drops safely protect your throat. Irritation and hoarseness are soothed and relieved. Your cough is eased, then stopped. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed!

A delicious precaution! 5c Two kinds: S. B. or Menthol.

Two new favorites, sweeping the country. The original grape-flavored gum. And mint gum that's full of real peppermint. Insist on Blatz.

Sold everywhere.

That Fat

How Easily It Went

Countless people, all about you, are getting slender figures now. You see that in every circle.

What is the reason? Strenuous exercise and starvation diets are no more common than they were. There must be something else.

The great reason is Marmola Prescription Tablets, now used for 20 years. They are based on scientific research, and act to correct the cause.

Countless users have found that they not only reduced, but they brought new vitality, new youth. They have told others, and the use of Marmola has grown to very large proportions.

The slender figures you see everywhere now are largely due to Marmola. The use required no abnormal exercise or diet, yet the weight came down and down.

You should know Marmola, should watch its effects. It means reduction that is real, if only a few pounds a week. It means new vitality. Go see for your own sake, what one box will do.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[MY FLIGHT INTO RUSSIA Continued from Page Twenty-four]

are able to charge higher prices for transporting persons than in any other country, and therefore they are more profitable.

Russia has a huge army, with a minimum of 600,000 men constantly under arms and great numbers of reservists all over the country.

I believe that it will take many years for Russia to work out its own salvation. The very low cultural state of the people, corresponding to that in western Europe two or three hundred years ago, makes this development necessarily a slow one, while added to this fact is their decidedly Oriental frame of mind, which takes things easily and does not want sudden changes.

The great mass of the people have never done anything for themselves in a political way and have had no political background whatever. Consequently they have no ability to organize themselves, and they look to somebody above for guidance.

For the next few decades, although Russian industry will progress to a great extent, her economic development will be along the lines of producing raw materials which she can export to other countries and in exchange obtain manufactured articles.

The Germans are doing more business in Russia now than any other country. There are many Germans who have resided in Russia for many generations. Catherine the Great imported several hundred thousand Germans to teach her people good methods of agriculture. The descendants of some of these now constitute one of the republics in eastern European Russia.

GERMAN is spoken in many of the mercantile houses. French, which was formerly the language of the aristocratic and governing classes, is still spoken to some extent, but is on the wane. Very little English is spoken anywhere.

I started to leave Russia by airplane. We left Moscow in a driving rain and low-lying clouds. The air was very bumpy. A Russian attorney going to Smolensk, who had an appointment there at 9:30 o'clock in the morning, became quite sick.

The fog closed down lower and lower, until we were almost dragging our wheels in the tops of the trees. The excellent German pilot determined to go back to Moscow and wait for better weather.

As our wheels touched the ground, the Russian attorney opened his eyes [illegible] expression of great relief. [illegible], however, turned to disappointment almost comic when he found we were just where we had started from.

The plane waited a couple of hours and then went through to its destination. There I determined to take the train out by way of Poland.

We went by way of Smolensk and Minsk to the Polish frontier. All along, the road was lined with poor farms and little hamlets, as primitive and badly off as can be found in any country. Soldiers thronged every place of importance.

A rigorous inspection of passports and baggage was made at the Russian frontier station. Then we went across the border itself, which is marked and delimitated all along by heavy wire entanglements and chevaux-de-frise backed up by trenches.

The Polish soldiers on one side glare at the Russian soldiers on the other, and little love is lost between them.

WE proceeded to the Polish border station, about twelve miles on the Polish side of the frontier, where we got out of the broad-gauge Russian trains to get into Polish ones of standard gauge. Through sleeping-car service goes from this point to Berlin and Paris.

There was an old German aboard who had had a good deal of trouble getting out of Russia. He explained to me how delighted he was to have been able to do so. The next morning, when we crossed the Polish frontier into Germany, a shout went up from all the Germans on the train that at last they were in Germany.

But when the customs inspectors came to look over my old German companion's baggage, they found a lot of Russian cigarettes he had not declared, and fined him fifty marks.

Int. photo

UNDER Czar or Soviet, these peasants insulate their home against winter in the traditional way: covering the cracks and crannies with straw.

The people in Poland appear happy, especially after one has been seeing those in Russia. They are nice, very polite and affable. They have a tremendous number of soldiers everywhere, as they are afraid of Germany on one side and Russia on the other.

Poland has about as large a standing army as France, and a very strong air force. Their troops, both officers and men, infantry and cavalry, looked especially well.

Warsaw is a beautiful capital city, with good hotels and everything one would expect in a highly civilized place.

On Sunday, October 2, I arrived in Berlin. The whole city was *en fête* for the eightieth birthday of President Hindenburg. Thus fittingly ended one of the most interesting trips that I have ever taken, and one which taught me more pointedly than ever before how splendid a constitution and government we have in the United States of America.

THE END

The story of the life, exploits, and death of "the bravest flier of them all"— one of the great American sagas of the World War— begins soon in LIBERTY.

Dirty WORK *at the* Crossroads

A War Bird's Story of a Race with Death

A True Story by

A. ROY BROWN

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 14 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE mess was blasphemous—which was not unusual, except that on this occasion the blasphemy was pointed at our Wing Commander, not present, of course.

Moreover, the blasphemy was not on our own account. It was a labor of love on behalf of the pilots of a sister squadron of the Royal Air Force.

Ordinarily, you see, we paid no attention to Wing orders. They were issued every evening, giving the next day's patrols, and posted in the orderly room. But nobody read them. Sufficient unto the morning were the flights thereof.

You may imagine our surprise this evening after dinner when Old Butler, our Squadron Commander, got up with unaccustomed solemnity and cleared his throat:

"Gentlemen!" A hush fell on the twenty officers present. "Something I never did before and may never do again—I'm going to read out orders."

We put down our glasses and sat up straight as he continued:

"—— Squadron (Bristol Fighters).

"At dawn one machine will take off, go to the Proyart-Grandpré crossroads, observe movements of troops and transport, bomb and machine-gun the enemy observed, return, and report within an hour.

"If this machine does not return within the specified time, two machines will take off . . . return, and report within an hour.

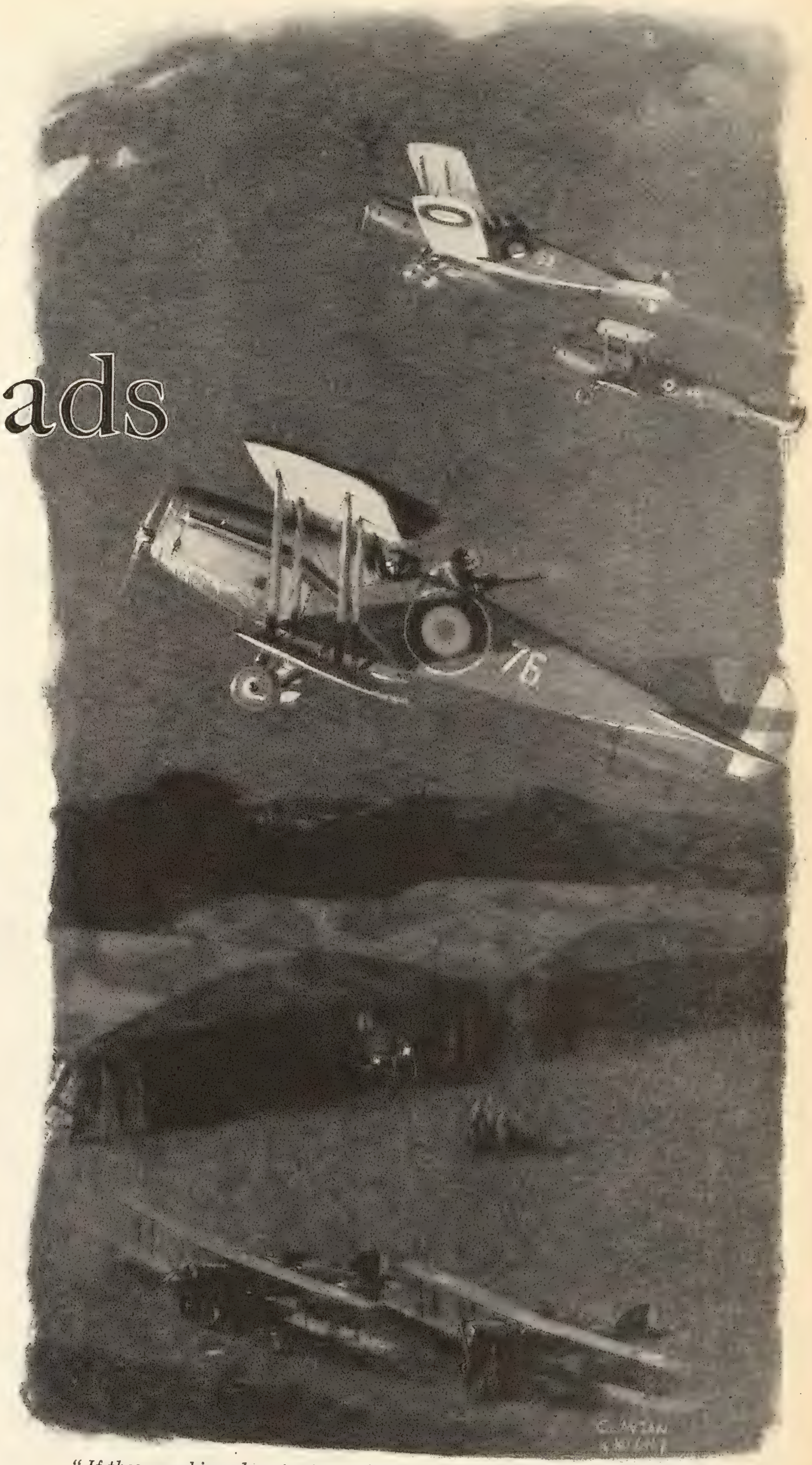
"If these machines do not return within the specified time, three machines will take off . . . return, and report within an hour.

"If these machines do not return within the specified time, five machines will take off . . . return, and report within an hour."

Old Butler stopped. "That's all, gentlemen," he said. "Jolly well thought I'd let you know there's a war on."

It was then the cursing broke out:

"A ruddy outrage!"



"If these machines do not return within the specified time, five machines will take off . . . return, and report within an hour."

"The Wing is a blankety-blank, blank, blank—"

The outburst was not so much at the nature of the operation—such special missions were part of the day's work—as at the wording of the order, which indeed seemed cold-blooded.

So we cursed the Wing, cursed the war,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS]
Continued from Page Twenty-seven

cursed the Kaiser, cursed every bleeding idiot above the rank of major—and forgot about it. After all, it wasn't our show, thank God. We might need sympathy ourselves before the week was out.

This was at Bertangles on the Somme, during a rough time in the war for the Allies. The Hun was smashing through up toward the coast. The British Fifth Army was in retreat.

They were working the Air Force like heroes, for the enemy was also trying to barge through on the Somme, and the trouble in the north allowed no relief. Ground strafing. High offensive patrols. Low offensive patrols. Artillery observation without end. Bombing. Special missions of all kinds. The dirtiest kind of day-in-and-day-out flying.

We carried on because there was nothing else to do—living on eggs and milk and brandy, on smoke and drink and nerve—sheer nerve. Every pilot was more or less a wreck, ragged, grouching, cursing everybody and everything. We flew like crazed demons, but when we came down we went to pieces like neurotic women. After every flight I had to go to bed. Months of front-line flying were exacting interest.

The Wing regarded me coldly. Then barked out of a clear sky: "None of those Bristol Fighters back!"

We gambled as we flew—high, hard, and reckless. Poker at one end of the mess table, roulette at the other. We played shinny. We bet on everything: flies crawling on the wall, rats scooting into their holes. We shot craps until we sickened of the click of bones. Anything to get a kick. Anything to keep from thinking.

Thinking was rotten—with men, chaps you chummed with, fellows of your squadron, missing at nearly every mess. . . .

NEXT day was a dud. We had no patrols and I slept late. It was noon when I reached the mess.

Lunch was over. We were still at table when an orderly entered, snapped over to me, and saluted.

"Compliments of the Wing Commander, sir, but he'd like to see you. His car is waiting."

"Well, what the hell have I been caught at?" And I turned to my squadron chief.

"Dunno, Brownie." Butler looked puzzled. "But you'd better shin over and see what's on the Old Man's mind."

On the drive I tried to figure out why he should send for me, of all people, but all I could think of was the question of Red Noses. That was the name given to my flight of five machines. I had had the snout of my own machine—B-7270—and those of my four subs painted vermilion, with tail fin and elevators of the same color, and a V on the upper tail plane to match.

Other flights had their own fancy markings. They were useful in a dog fight for quick identification. They were permitted—until recently.

But a few days before orders had been issued wiping out all such individual art. General orders, which were as the voice of God. The only trimmings on the khaki dope were to be the red, white, and blue circles common to every British plane and the individual number on the tail. Small kick in that.

I had been as temperamental as a prima donna about it—had had quite a strafe with Old Butler. . . .

"You'll have to wash out the red, Brownie," he said.

"Like blazes I will!" You could cheek him like that—he was a square scout. "Long as I lead A Flight, they'll stay Red Noses."

Well, the Wing was evidently going to settle the question or settle me. It was immaterial. That was how I felt as I rapped at the door of the Wing Commander's office, in which I had never been before, and rolled in snappily, ready to go the limit to keep the colors of my flight.

THE Wing was at his desk and his back was toward me, but I clicked to attention like a go'-blimey guardsman. He turned slowly, one of those velvety, chilled-steel Englishmen, needing only a monocle to look like a Bond Street blood right then, war or no war.

I saluted. He regarded me coldly. Didn't say, "Sit down!" Didn't offer me a fag. Didn't damn me. Wasn't civil at all. Just looked at me as if I were the village nuisance. Then barked out of a clear sky:

"None of those Bristol Fighters back!"

The news did not seem to concern me. I thought he was being merely conversational and made no comment. Wondered what the point was.

"Want you to go out and find out what the trouble is."

My God! So that was it.

Something seemed to go dry in my throat. Another something began to pound in my head. The room was—

"You may expect to find considerable movement of troops out there." He was looking with a kind of calculation out through the window, but he was as casual as if discussing a new batman. "We believe that the enemy is changing divisions. We want to find out."

He turned sharply. His voice tightened:

"Bomb and machine-gun them! Report back within an hour."

I spoke for the first time: "Whom shall I take with me, sir?"

"Go alone!"

I said nothing further. I just stood still. The Wing was already busy over some papers on his desk. He glanced up.

"That's all now. Take my car to your squadron and get off the ground at once."

There was no farewell on his part or mine. I saluted and pushed off.

"You're for it this time," I thought. "If Heinie's nipped off eleven machines already, what hope have you alone?"

I got back to the squadron somehow, probably in the car—I can't recall. I felt blue, a very considerable blue. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind but that it was going to be my last show.

The boys evidently thought so too. They did not say so, but there was a hush in the mess when I announced the good news. And they gathered at the hangars to see me off. That was unusual.

Otherwise they behaved as if it were all ordinary routine. They wanted to shake hands. But they didn't. I wanted to kiss them. But I didn't. On the surface it was all as matter-of-fact as if I were hopping off for the next airdrome.

Yet I felt far from matter-of-fact. I seemed to myself vague, disembodied. It did not appear to be me that climbed into the Camel. My actions were automatic. Legs and arms were not mine. My mind felt doped.

Someone else's hands fumbled to fasten my belt—and yet all the time I knew they were mine, mine. It beat into my brain that they were doing it for the last time, and I wondered who would loosen it to take me out.

Altogether I was in a fine funk, scared as a man setting out for the electric chair.

A mechanic stood ready.

"Switch off. Petrol on," he said.

He spun the prop and primed it. On either side the pilots were clustered watching, saying little.

"Contact, sir."

With an effort, I pulled my mind back to the task of starting and turned on the switch.

The engine stuttered, then hummed, then roared. Throttling down, I waved my hand and mechanics jerked the chocks from beneath the wheels. The Camel lurched forward. I taxied into the wind and opened up.

My last flight was on.

Even as I climbed to get height before heading for the lines, my actions were purely mechanical. My thoughts were away ahead of me at the crossroads. Why had the others not returned? What had happened? Eleven Bristol Fighters! Twenty-two officers!

It seemed hard to believe that the Huns could down them one after another, the bulk of a squadron of fighting planes, unless they had some new trick.

That was it! A new device. Another devilment. Something that made a machine crash. A new gas? Flame? I sickened at the thought. What could it be? What could it be?

Within twenty minutes I had 10,000 feet, and I shot across the lines. Miles back of me I could make out movement—I could see like a smudge in the distance the city of Amiens—but the lines themselves at this height were indistinguishable. A broad, irregular smear along the face of the earth spoke of their presence. But of humans and the maze of trenches there was not the slightest sign.

AWAY up there I was alone in an uninhabited world, dead already, floating through space.

On the terrain below, the Grandpré road showed like a brown welt. I followed it, eating up the eight miles beyond which lay my rendezvous. And, quickly, my mind was my own again. The thrill of the game had come back. I had become a hunter. I was off on a job of work, with the old bus crashing through the atmosphere as if she, too, smelt game.

Then—the crossroads! And action!

It had to be fast. Any hope I had lay in complete surprise. No use thinking of an ordinary dive. Too slow. By the time I was within striking distance they would be hitting me with everything but the Kaiser's crown.

Phht!

Down went the stick.

And down went the nose of the Camel, plumb vertical, engine full out.

That was one wild dive! In eight seconds we dropped 8,000 feet.

In those eight seconds my eyes outraced the plane. As the earth hurled upward I caught, in flashes, details of the scene. The crossroads crowded like Broadway and Forty-second Street on a Saturday afternoon. Lorries loaded with troops stretching for miles. The cluttered movement of divisions en route toward the trenches.

The Wing was right.

Down there the streams of heavy trucks met and crossed, halted and moved again.

I could make out a military policeman or an

officer—I'm not sure which—at the heart of the intersection, directing traffic. I could make out the huddle of field-gray figures on every lorry. In the last couple of seconds I saw them look up, gesture jerkily. I thought I could even hear their shouts, but that was fancy.

Then I was on them.

At 2,000 feet I pulled out of the dive with a heave that nearly broke the Camel's back; flattened and shot forward.

I carried four Hales bombs attached to a rack between the wheels under the bottom of the fuselage. A mere jerk at a lever on the side of the machine released twenty pounds of T.N.T.

Two jerks! One-two! And the first pair dropped directly on the road below.

They got two lorries. The forward one heaved into the ditch. The one behind was lifted and flung broadside. The trucks following, unable to stop, smashed into it and crashed. It was a lovely mess.

All this I saw as I pivoted around to the other highways.

The second pair were sure-enough specials. They concussed together right under a lorry's nose and hurled it up on end. Other lorries piled into it and blocked all passage like a barricade.

Part of my work was done on schedule. Now for the fireworks.

I dived straight toward the road, right down to twenty feet, down until the propeller was almost clipping the heads off the men in the lorries, down so that some of them, scrambling to get out of the way, fell backward over the sides.

As I dived, flattening out, I raked them with my guns. The bullets ripped along like an invisible knife.

I WAS now drunk, exhilarated, mad. Vanished was fear. Gone was depression. All I knew was that I was flying, fighting, firing, raking, ripping, riddling that line of lorries below.

The speed so close to earth on the curve of the dive was fierce. I rode a whirlwind. I was a god, a devil, a flaming, shooting hell-flier, supreme over earth-bound men too slow to stem my rush.

Blood ablaze, I zoomed up with a quick swish, pulled over on my back, did an Immelmann, swung around, and machine-gunned the other road. Diving once more, pointing the red nose of my Camel full on the enemy, I pressed again the triggers on my joy stick. And once more the bullets from my two Vickers ripped through the prop and tore in ruddy streaks along the lorries.

It was the devil's own fun while it lasted. Troops as far as I could see were piling out of the lorries and scuttling to shelter underneath, or flopping into the ditches helter-skelter. The roads were a confusion of deserted trucks and demoralized men.

Not a shot came from them. The surprise was too sudden and complete. The machine was too low, its speed too great, to make a target. It streaked along like greased light, paralyzing them with its low swoops that threatened to crash in on their very heads.

Five or six times I raked each road without, so far as I know, even a rifle being pointed in my direction. One of my guns was soon cleaned out of its 350 rounds. Seconds later, the other went dud too. Some 700 rounds gone in one-fourth the time it would take to count them.

Now for the get-away—if I could.

As I zoomed up over the ruins of Proyart with my guns dead, I glanced around to get direction for the break back, meaning to flip out while the flipping was good. I happened to sight a large, fat, hulking boche cutting across an open field toward cover in a heavy wood.

His head low down, his shoulders up, evidently scared stiff and out of breath, he ran like an overgrown rabbit three hops ahead of hounds.

"Hunt him!" A thrill shot through me. "Chase the son of a pig for luck!"

It shows how drunk I was with the wine of action, but I couldn't resist the harebrained thought. To think was to act. I swooped down at him, and I imagined I could hear his yell, high above the roar of the engine. I had a flash of his face. It was green with fear.

Then he dropped flat on his stomach, wriggling and jerking like a cockroach on a pin. His hands scrabbled at the earth to find a hole to hide in. Sweeping over him, laughing at the comedy he made, I hoicked around to watch the play of him. But the moment I zoomed, he was on his feet and away again, wabbling along on knocking knees.

I should have been off, but again I dived till I almost touched him, the prop thundering at his very back. And again he flopped, scratching at the ground.

He made the wood on the next lap, but before he disappeared into it he gave a last wild look as if he feared that I would go right in after him. I waved my hand at the most frightened soldier in the German army.

BUT now came the real dirty work. I had wasted precious seconds on a fool stunt that meant nothing, and had given the Germans a chance to recover from their surprise. Already bullets were beginning to sizzle about me, and I felt the whiff of machine-gun fire—saw the streaks of tracer bullets.

From being the hunter, I had become suddenly the hunted. A moment before I was on the offensive—top dog. Now I was fair prey for every man down there who cared to take a pot shot on the chance of winging me. A nice fix, almost on the ground, eight miles inside the enemy lines, and without a shot left in either magazine!

A fat, hulking boche was cutting across an open field. I swooped down at him. His face was green with fear.

At any moment enemy machines might come diving out of the blue and I would be as helpless as a pigeon cornered by a bunch of hawks. I looked up anxiously, looked out toward Bray-sur-Somme, looked back along the roads where the troops were coming out from hiding and running to lay machine guns.

"Now I know what happened to those Bristol Fighters! I've got to be bloody original or there'll be another burial."

My only chance, I reckoned, slim as it was, lay in hedge-hopping.

I would have to stay low and trust to my speed to make aim impossible, for I knew that if I tried to climb I would die for sure. The reduction in speed that would result and the steady path I must pursue in seeking altitude would make me an inevitable bull's-eye for some gunner in a very short time.

If you felt sorry for the big German whom I coursed like a fat rabbit out of breath, you are in order now if you transfer your sympathy to me. If he did not expect to come out alive, neither did I, and with more reason.

But if my attack was an affair of minutes, this thinking was a mere matter of seconds. I was already streaking north across country toward the valley of the Somme. If I made it I knew I had a chance.

THE Somme was evidently a regular Mississippi in prehistoric times. It has shrunken from the good old days to an insignificant stream, but high banks testify to its former grandeur. These high banks form the valley through which the present river runs.

It was down this valley, just above the surface of the river—that pestilential, stinking river of the war days—that I hoped to fly.

I made it at Méricourt—zigzagging, scurrying, dodging, rolling, and flipping, changing course and height every hundred feet like a crazy roller coaster.

Bullets cut through the wings and ripped through the fuselage—I found the holes when I got back—but none of them happened to hit me. Men might fire point-blank, but I was beyond or had side-stepped before they realized how fast I was stepping along. Lickety-split, hell-for-hoickin', I swooped down and along the valley of the Somme. God! I felt good then.

Here I was in comparative safety, for I kept low down near the river, below the level of the prehistoric banks, out of sight of everyone except such of the enemy as happened to be right along the edge. They did not expect me and no doubt got the surprise of their lives when they saw a British plane skitter past.

Thus I skimmed along for five or six miles, almost scraping the willows and alders that grew in the swamp bottom.

I hopped out of this safety ditch and was over the reserve trenches of the Germans before they had time to collect their wits. I hurdled the front-line trenches near Corbie at a height of about twenty-five feet. A flash of faces turned upward as I streaked over their heads, out across No Man's Land, to the haven of the British lines.

Hedge-hopping to the last, I made the Bertangles airdrome and brought the boys of 209 Squadron out running to greet me.

"Well, if it isn't old Brownie himself back from the dead!"

"See any Huns, Brownie?"

"Was there a war on where you were?"

And so on.

"Any sign of the Bristol Fighters out there, old man?" Squadron Commander Butler asked the question gravely, cutting in on the chaffing pilots.

I had to shake my head.

"Not a sign, but I know what happened to them. They were caught low down. I'm here because nobody happened to hit me."

"How long were you gone?"

I glanced at my wrist watch.

"Just sixty-five minutes. I was five minutes longer than the Wing allowed."

A thrilling story of the war birds who flew and fought after dark has been written by Captain Brown. Watch for Nighthawks in next week's LIBERTY.

While he lived, he was acknowledged a greater combat flier than Bishop, Rickenbacker, Lufbery, Richthofen, Nungesser. His meteoric career will soon be told in LIBERTY.

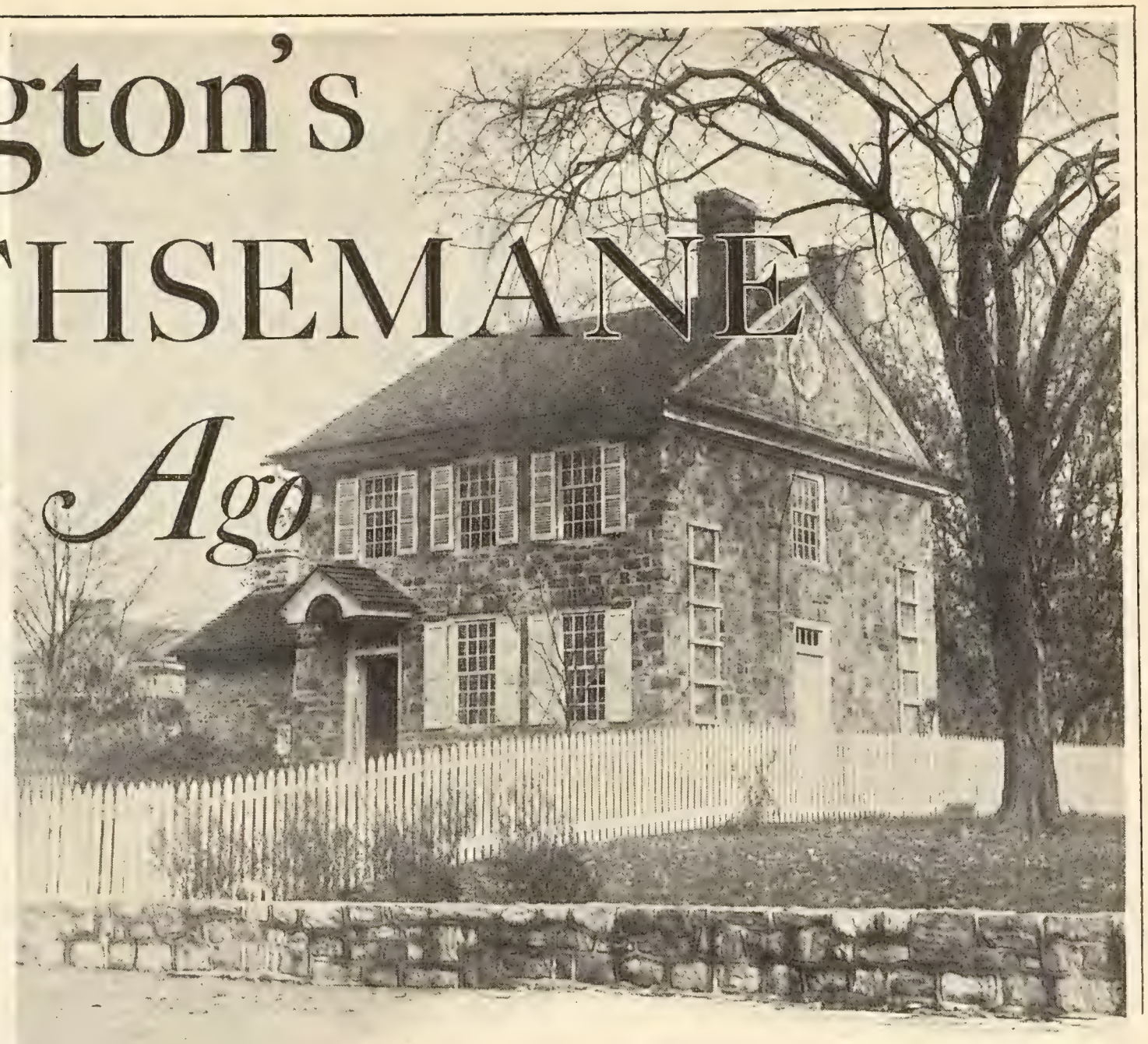
Washington's GETHSEMANE

150 Years Ago

Valley Forge—the Story of the Bravest and Bitterest Christmas in American History

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON
LIBERTY PHOTOS

(Reading time: 15 minutes 34 seconds.)



Washington's headquarters during that terrible winter of '77-8—the Isaac Potts house as it looks today.

DECEMBER 16, 1777. A cold, drizzling rain swept between the bare hills of eastern Pennsylvania and turned to snow as early darkness fell over the valley of the Schuylkill. Winding down the muddy, half-frozen road came a column of weary, ragged, and shivering men in motley uniforms—the blue and buff-faced uniforms of ragged Continentals, the light blue with white-and-blue-checkered facings of the Life Guards, the buckskin and home-woven butternut of the militia.

Down what is now Main Street in Norristown and down the hill on what is now Swede Street, Washington's Army of Independence plodded wearily through mud and snow toward Swede's Ford, where now stands a dam. Below them the Schuylkill ran dark—ice binding the shores and miniature icebergs gleaming in the black water.

A restored hut on top of Mount Joy used by Washington's half-clothed, starved lookouts.

Where the Continentals huddled and shivered — a reproduction of one of the 1,200 huts which housed the army of 11,000 men.

By the ford sat a group of men on horseback, their collars turned up to protect them from the biting wind. Astride a gaunt chestnut charger was a man whose hair was graying, his strong, earnest face haggard with weariness and anxiety. That was the Commander in Chief.

Near him, natty and at ease despite weeks of strain, was Lord Stirling. In a group were Wayne, fiery and still undaunted; Knox, fussing over the safe crossing of his beloved cannon; and, with their heads together, Poor, Glover, and Learned.

Through the icy waters and over an improvised bridge of wagons, 11,000 men, the remnants of the American army, passed almost in silence.

From September 11, when misinformation had turned the Battle of the Brandywine into a disastrous defeat, the army had been fleeing and fighting.

At Warren's Tavern, through the massacre at Paoli, through the ill-advised and disastrous attack at Germantown, at Fat Land Ferry, at Whitemarsh—at all these places—the Continentals had suffered reverse after reverse. From early December Howe's light troops had threatened the destruction of Washington's disheartened and beaten army. Now, with winter closing in and locking the land in its icy grip, he was leading his ragged troops to a safe camp for the winter.

A day later, about midmorning of December 17, the van of the tattered army reached Valley Forge. The name "Valley" is misleading. The forge itself stood half a mile up the valley above where Valley Creek empties into the river. Some of the stones still remain, and the remnant of the dam is there.

However, a row of high, rough hills rises sheer from the river, slopes downward to a saucerlike valley, and rises again steeply toward the summit of Mount Joy.

A few farmhouses, chiefly of stone, were scattered over the cleared ground. Above them, on the highlands and slopes of the little mountain, were heavy woods. The crest of the ridge along the river was wooded.

Past the summit of Mount Joy, where Valley Creek flows through the range of hills, the slopes descend precipitously, opening out into a little valley where the creek rushes into the Schuylkill at the forge; and at the side of this valley stood the house of Isaac Potts, used by Washington as his headquarters during the

latter part of that winter of suffering and martyrdom. That house is there today.

The site was well chosen for defense. Eastern Pennsylvania, with its thrifty German and Quaker farmers, was a land worth holding. But Washington's choice of the position was based on more important strategy. Congress had fled to York. To the north lay New York, and Washington's chief motive was to prevent open communication between the British in New York and in Philadelphia.

From Valley Forge, even with a beaten and broken army, he could move quickly across country to the old York road and check any British move across New Jersey. Or, if Congress should be threatened from Philadelphia, he could move quickly across to place himself between the British and Lancaster or York. Better still, Washington, as his account books show, was in constant communication with friends inside the British lines at Germantown, and was always in a position to threaten another quick descent upon the force there.

One of Knox's beloved pets, a Revolutionary cannon. The swale where Von Steuben whipped tatters and rags into a victorious army may be seen in the background.

THE site of the camp at Valley Forge had been inspected by an advance cavalry scouting party and recommended to Washington. Thus it was the objective of the army during the last week of that desperate retreat. There were wood, water, and sheltering hills. Near by were fertile farms, promising plenty of food.

Washington and his officers, however, reckoned without three elements in the situation: shortage of money and depreciation of the colonial currency; the treachery of profiteers who, having taken exorbitant prices to furnish arms, ammunition, food, and clothing, kept the money and delivered nothing; and the conduct of neighboring farmers who, preferring to sell for British gold rather than for American money, refused to deliver their produce to the Colonials and hid what they could not move away.

The Quakers, opposed to all warfare, held aloof from the ragged army. The loyalists, scattered through the country, gave incessant trouble. Then the fugitive Congress failed, and even the efforts of Robert Morris to raise money met with poor success. The hopes of the Revolution faded almost to nothing.

Immediately after marching into the wide swale between the hills, preparations were made to fortify the position and make it secure against attack. Strong earthworks were erected on the river hills, guarding the two recognized crossings. Knox and his artillery manned the star redoubt, commanding the lower slopes.

In a long, irregularly shaped outer line were Mad Anthony and his two brigades of Pennsylvanians, De Kalb, Learned, Muhlenberg, Weedon, Patterson, Glover, Poor, Scott, Knox, Huntington, Woodford, Conway, and Maxwell. McIntosh and Varnum with their brigades were on the river heights.

The house where Varnum, that intrepid right hand of Washington, made his headquarters still stands near where Fort Huntington commanded the river crossing. On the gentle little hill not far from the forge, the linen tent, the marquee of Washington, was pitched, and around it were the Life Guards, the pick of the young men of the army sworn to protect the life of the Commander in Chief.

The ground was still spotted with snowdrifts as the storm abated, and the war-worn, half-naked soldiers built their fires in the open on their appointed camp sites, shivering over the smudges of wet wood. Almost before they had rested the order came that the army was to "hut" there through the winter.

They had efficiency experts even in those days, and today's organizers of "drives" who think they have found something new in organizing teams and spurring competition could learn something from Valley Forge.

The order was issued that trees were to be cut and huts built. Each was to be fourteen by sixteen feet, to house twelve men. The roofs were to be of hand-chopped slabs, canvas, or whatever material was available, and prizes in "hard money" were offered for the best designs and the most practical roofs. The logs were to be "well chinked with clay" or otherwise made weather-tight. Chimneys were to be of wood, protected by clay.

To hasten the work of protecting his worn army from the cold, Washington inaugurated a prize contest. He offered $100 in gold for the first squad to complete its building, and, with a cheer, the men with their axes tore into the forest, chopped the trees down in the groves, slashed avenues through the heavy growths on the mountainside, and like magic, almost, a camp arose nearly two miles long, more than a mile wide (wider than that in spots), with row upon row of mud-chinked cabins.

Who won that $100 prize, history does not relate; but the fact that some of Wayne's men were caught dicing a day or two later, and were reprimanded, indicates that the prize fell into Mad Anthony's command.

There were almost 1,200 of these cabins, and on Christmas Day, Washington, in his orderly book, noted that the army was hutted for the winter.

MEANTIME, in the little valley at the mouth of the creek and near the forge, the artisans were hutted and log workshops were built, while preparations for forging arms and cannon went forward. No sooner were the huts completed than the toil of throwing up forts and breastworks was resumed.

The half-frozen ground made this work ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by Kenneth Camp

The Faith that founded a Nation.

[WASHINGTON'S GETHSEMANE 150 YEARS AGO]
Continued from Page Thirty-one

tremely difficult. Logs were chopped and rolled into position to be covered with earth. An irregular outer line of breastworks, ditched inside, extended around the camp for about seven miles, and inside these were other forts and breastworks. Mount Joy was a series of fortifications clear to the top, where a lookout always was stationed. Two strong works guarded the passages of the river. Outposts were on the hills and mounted scouts patrolled both sides of the river toward Philadelphia.

BY the middle of January the army had settled down for its winter of unforgettable misery. Washington, until that time, had lived in his marquee on the hill.

With Mrs. Washington on her way from Mount Vernon to join him, Washington early in January arranged to establish headquarters in the Potts home, sharing it with the family. The marquee on the hill with its detachment of Life Guards still was used for a considerable time as an office for the Commander, and, with a log fire outside, the dozen men leading that seemingly hopeless cause met there daily.

Baron von Steuben arrived at Valley Forge late in February—a stocky, bristling, grim German officer, who undertook to whip the wretched remnants of the beaten army into shape. The Marquis de Lafayette, recovered from the terrible wound received at Brandywine, came to join the Americans. Few realized that in the stern little Baron von Steuben lay the hopes of the American States.

The army morale was at a very low ebb. Small vices, thievery, sly looting, gaming, and petty crime kept the officers busy. Until then discipline had been lax. There was little cohesion. The Americans who came from New England, from northern Virginia, and from all the intervening colonies had scant feeling of fellowship for each other.

There were feuds and enmities between New Englanders and Southerners. Even the imperfectly assimilated European nationals flared into old hatreds. The Irish and the Germans were constantly nagging at each other.

Washington, from his first command, had sternly forbidden looting. His great task was to win favor with the inhabitants wherever his army might move. The British, especially their Hessian hirelings, looted wherever they turned, with permits to ravage the country; and Washington knew that they were arousing enmity and uniting the colonists against them.

The old stone barn where the army's miserable horses died for lack of grain.

By forcing his own men to respect the property of all, even of known loyalists, he hoped to win the support of a united people and to turn the doubtful ones against the British. He punished looters mercilessly. The grim orderly book of that terrible winter reveals discontent, muttered mutiny, stern repression, lashes on the bare back—one hundred "well laid on"—and death.

Death must have meant relief to many. The January of 1778 was bitterly cold with heavy snow. Almost from the time of hutting, supplies were scarce. There was firewood in plenty for the cutting, but the farmers were hiding grain and straw.

There were few blankets. The clothing of the men was in tatters. The shoes purchased with money wrung from the rich by Morris, and for which extravagant prices were charged, never were delivered by the contractors. The men tore up their ragged clothing and wrapped their feet with the rags, standing sentry duty in the snow and marching over frozen ground with blood marking every step.

By February the condition of the army was terrible. Smallpox had come. In the gentle swale between the outer lines near where Baron von Steuben's statue now stands, emaciated and tattered men dug holes in the frozen ground and buried their comrades.

The burying ground finally covered acres.

On February 12, out of 11,000 men in the camp, fewer than 4,000 were fit for active duty. More than 4,000 were ill in the huts and the makeshift hospitals. Washington reported 3,989 men unfit for duty because of want of clothing. Disease and famine stalked over the camp. Four days later Washington wrote:

"PART of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh and the rest three or four days. Naked and starved as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers."

It was during those dark days that Mrs. Potts, the wife of the owner of the Commander's headquarters, went one day up little Valley Creek and saw Washington alone, dismounted, kneeling in the snow and praying.

He was praying in a true Garden of Gethsemane. She listened a moment, withdrew silently, and an hour later, when the stern-faced leader returned, she gave no sign of having overheard. But she wrote with some asperity to a friend, saying:

"And if God will listen to any man, He will hear George Washington."

On February 16 Washington decided upon a drastic move.

His spies in Philadelphia and elsewhere reported that the farmers were hauling supplies to the British. His scouts reported farmers hiding grain and some refused flatly to sell to the Americans.

Washington ordered squads of sixteen men each to proceed to every farm within half a dozen miles of the camp, to seize hidden supplies, to thresh unthreshed grain and bring it in together with the clean straw.

Headquarters of Washington's right bower—General Varnum. The soldiers' huts occupied the wooded slope down to the swale in the background.

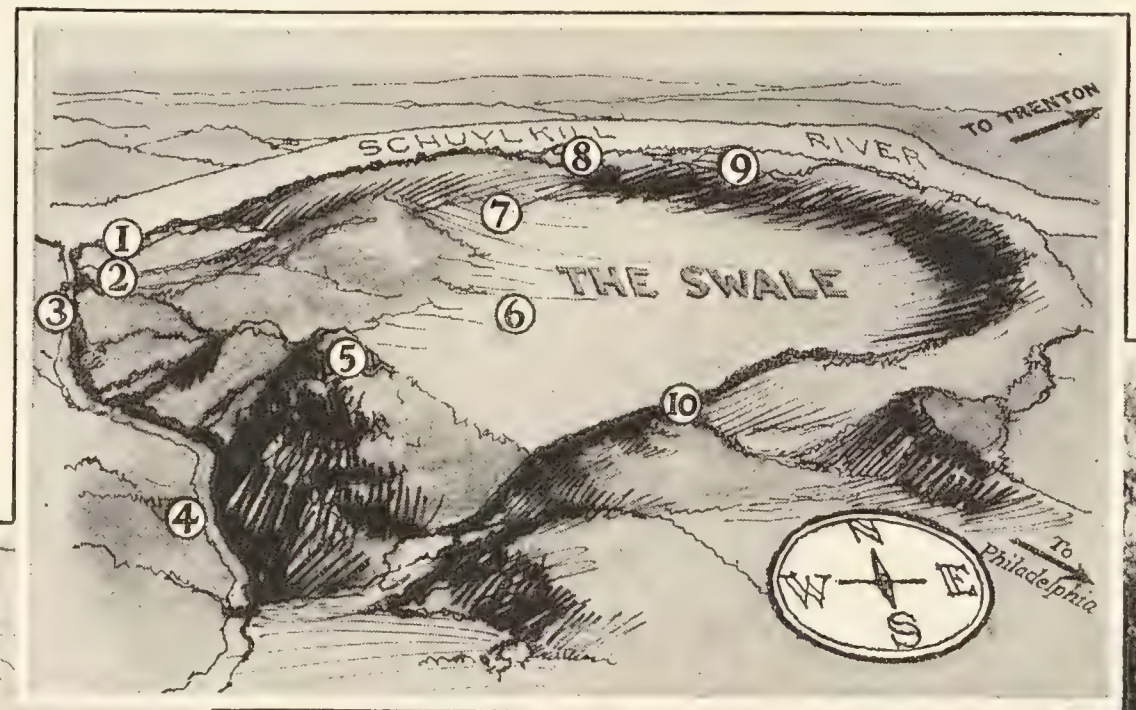


Diagram of Washington's camp site at Valley Forge: (1) The Isaac Potts House, Washington's headquarters; (2) the old stone barn where the horses starved; (3) the site of Valley Forge, built in 1778 after the British had destroyed the original forge; (4) site of the original forge on Valley Creek; (5) Mount Joy, fortified by the Continental soldiers; (6) the burial ground of hundreds during the winter of '77; (7) Varnum's headquarters, a mile from Washington's; (8) The star redoubt commanding the Schuylkill and Sullivan's bridge: on clear days a view of twenty-five miles to the north and east can be had from this point; (9) Washington Memorial Chapel, at the entrance to which stands the Robert Morris strong box used by him in the Revolution; (10) location of National Memorial Arch.

Statue of the man who made an army out of a frozen mob—Baron von Steuben.

Conditions had reached the limit of endurance. Horses were dying of starvation in the old stone barn. The men were huddling in filthy straw, without blankets, when not shivering around the fires; and others lay dying in the hospital. Baron von Steuben, on his arrival on February 27, found it difficult to get one-sixth of the men into shape to drill. Work at the forge was almost at a standstill.

Washington's drastic move in commandeering supplies, and the severe discipline enforced by Von Steuben, brought immediate results. From that day on conditions commenced to improve. Morris had found some more money, and under compulsion many of the farmers accepted payment in the paper of the colonies.

The smallpox epidemic which had raged, with fevers and pneumonia, subsided and the

general health of the army improved. In March some clothing and shoes arrived. A drover from far up the Cumberland Valley came in with cattle to slaughter. Medicine, supplies, and whisky arrived from Peekskill.

There was one character about whom history has not told enough. He was Ben Arnold—evidently no relation to Benedict, as he was a private. Six times during that winter Ben was haled before the court for being drunk. Yet history fails to reveal where he got it while the others were starving.

As spring approached, Baron von Steuben commenced to get results. This stern Prussian disciplinarian had taught the American leaders much military science. He arose each morning at 3 o'clock, dressed his hair, had his coffee and a smoke, and at daybreak was in the saddle. All day he worked—drilling, marching, instructing, teaching discipline. And from that ragged horde a fresh army commenced to form.

A shipment of blankets arrived from Peekskill; food began coming in. Reports from Washington's agents in Philadelphia encouraged the belief that the British army was not improving during the winter of idleness. As Benjamin Franklin remarked with a chuckle, "The British didn't take Philadelphia; Philadelphia took the British!"

Entrance to Washington Memorial Chapel with the Cloister of the Colonies at left and, at extreme right, a part of Patriots' Hall.

In spite of the discouraging winter, there were even new volunteers. The pride of the army was restored. Morale rose.

ON St. Patrick's Day, when there was trouble and rioting, Washington showed himself the great leader he was. Some of the Pennsylvania Germans had made a great Paddy and put it on a pole near the camp of the New England troops. The Irish from all commands were indignant, and charged the New Englanders with insulting them.

They gathered in force and moved down on the camp of the Yankees, intent upon reprisals. In vain the officers tried to check them, as the fighting with clubs and fists increased.

Then Washington rode on to the scene. Immediately the disorder ceased, and Washington listened to the grievances of both sides. There are two versions of what he said. One history reports the words:

"I am a great admirer of St. Patrick, and we will settle this by having a holiday and everyone will celebrate the day."

Another tells that Washington said:

"I'm Irish myself, and we'll all celebrate St. Patrick's Day."

Whatever the words, his actions were louder. He ordered barrels of whisky broached, served grog rations to all, and the day that started with rioting ended in a love feast. One writer of the time (perhaps a New Englander) noted that "The New Englanders put the Irish to bed in their own huts."

Spring came. With it came fresh vegetables, more food. Disease was checked. Day and night Von Steuben worked to make the army. The men drilled over the swale from early morning to dark. The artisans down at the forge were beating out bayonets and pikes.

Up to that stage of the war the Americans had been poorly supplied with bayonets, not one in five rifles being so equipped, and the British bayonets had turned the tide in several struggles. There at the forge the smiths were making a bayonet from a piece of iron nearly two feet long, mounted on a pole almost seven feet long, to arm those who lacked rifles. Some of these terrible arms still exist in museums of the district.

LATE in April an air of hope and expectancy spread through the army on the greening hillsides. Whispers that Franklin was succeeding in his efforts to get aid from France spread.

On May 1 a wave of cheering swept over the plains. Sick men arose from their straw pallets and cheered. The news had come to Valley Forge that Franklin, in far-off France, had won: that France had signed a treaty with the American States, and that she was now at war with England.

May 6 was perhaps the most dramatic day of the whole long episode at Valley Forge

The Peace Chime, a bell for each of the thirteen original colonies. The chime will be placed in the Robert Morris Tower when completed.

The news from France was confirmed and Washington ordered a great celebration. His own orderly book shows what happened.

In the morning all the troops of all arms assembled on the parade ground. At a signal a salute was fired by all the cannon in the forts, and immediately every rifle burst loose with running fire. When the firing died down every man waved his hat and shouted:

"Long live the King of France!"

A minute later the cannon burst into another salute. The rifles followed and, after a moment's silence, the cheer arose:

"Long live the friendly European powers!"

Another minute passed; then the cannon roared again, the rifles spoke, and as hats were raised on pike poles or rifles the cheer went up like a prayer:

"The American States!"

Baron von Steuben, sitting on his horse near Washington, turned toward him with a pleased smile.

"You have an army, General," he said.

For two months longer the army lay at Valley Forge, working, drilling, arming, recruiting. And then, on June 18, a transformed and reheartened army marched across the bridge Sullivan had built over the Schuylkill, across the improvised bridge of wagons Wayne had thrown over the stream and the forge, and swung into the march to reoccupy Philadelphia and pursue the retiring British across New Jersey.

Valley Forge stands today much as it did when Washington moved out to commence that historic campaign of 1778. The huts, of course, are gone, save a scattered few that have been rebuilt and preserved. The lines of earthworks still remain, sunken and lower, but clearly traceable. The forts have been restored and cannon like those Knox used stand in them.

Scores of monuments mark the site of each brigade camp. Washington's headquarters stand, restored and in perfect condition. Lafayette's and Varnum's headquarters remain. The old stone building where the horses starved remains.

A great arch of triumph overlooks the parade ground and the lines where the huts stood. On a hillside a statue of Baron von Steuben seems to smile proudly down upon the field where he made a tattered, broken mob into an army with banners. And in the swale, unmarked save by one great stone, lie the hundreds who perished that terrible winter.

HIGH on the hill by the river, looking down over the vale of beauty, and away toward the wooded heights of Mount Joy, stands one of the most exquisite buildings in the world—the Memorial Chapel, with its treasures of art, its carving, its great organ, its priceless stained-glass windows depicting scenes of the Revolution. The rich, soft colors, blending from all sides of the little sanctuary, flood the interior with a symbolical tide of red, white, and blue light. At the door, the strong box in which Robert Morris placed the money of the Revolution stands to receive gifts.

At one side is a museum in which are priceless relics of the martyrs' shrine, including the tent in which Washington lived—the tent at sight of which Lafayette burst into tears when he revisited America. At the other side of the chapel are the chimes, hung in the Cloister of the Colonies.

One day last January, as a howling blizzard swept the camp, I stood on the slopes of Mount Joy, looking down over the outer line of works on to the open ground. As the snow swept along, it seemed as if an army of wraiths arose from the ground and marched. The howl of the blizzard seemed to bring the screams of the suffering, the groans of the dying, the muttered prayers of Washington kneeling in the snow.

The Schuylkill at Valley Forge with Valley Creek emptying into it beneath the curved bridge at the lower left of the picture.

And then, suddenly, from far across on the opposite heights, came the wind-borne sound of bells rising in high, pure notes above the gale in a pæan of victory: the spirit of the Colonials who, 150 years ago, suffered and died that Liberty might live. As the wind rose to a shriek I seemed to see the drifting smoke of cannon and rifle fire and to hear clearly the final cheer of that May morning: "The American States!"

THE END

He was a football star, a miner, a dancing instructor, a hunter—and how he could fight! His war record is one of the amazing chapters of the mighty world conflict. Watch for it in LIBERTY.

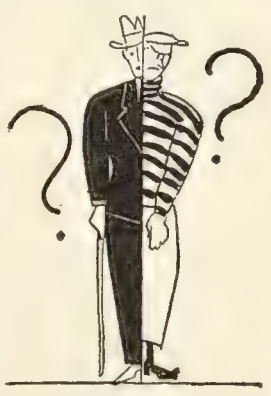
Vox Pop

Bang!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I, for one, disagree with the persons who think that the publication of your magazine should be suppressed; for, being the possessor of a kind and sympathetic nature, I dread to think of the great number of imbeciles and morons of our beautiful country who would be forced to return to the "confession" magazines. — *Ferd. Dudenhefer.*

Help, Girls!

CHARLESTON, ILL.—Will H. B. C. of Lancaster, Pa., who said in Vox Pop, "A gentleman pets — a roughneck necks," explain the difference between these two methods?



I am single and "crave" the company of the modern girl as she is. I want to know if I am a gentleman or a common roughneck.—*A Man Who Pets.*

A Rough Writer

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—In addressing a local organization today, Theodore Roosevelt commented on his story ["Jones"] in LIBERTY thus: "I am not a fiction writer and fiction is about the last thing I can write."

I have just finished reading the story, and will say this is the one thing Teddy and I agree on.—*Roy W. Parker.*

Asking Some Others

VAN NUYS, CALIF.—"Jones," by Theodore Roosevelt, was good. *But,* Colonel, how could you? I soldiered three years in the islands and cannot fit any place to your story of facts. My time there was 1911-'12-'13.

You must have shot all the "gorgeous harsh-voiced tropic birds," because it's a birdless country, unless you define a few million bats as gorgeous. Again—the only time I ever knew a goo-goo to like feathers was when one had a fighting cock tied near his shack. And who ever saw a veranda on a nippa shack back in the sticks?

Colonel, how—how *could* you?—*J. A. Poirier.*

A Filipino Tells the World

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have been a constant reader of your nickel publication since I came over here in 1925, but what annoyed me most are the illustrations of stories concerning the Philippines—or rather those having Filipino background. It is a disgrace to civilization the way these modern illustrators are portraying the islands and its people.

So far as I am concern, the illustrations of your short story, "Jones," is purely South African, where I suppose Charles Sarka spent his childhood. I wish there is someone in your Staff who knows something about the Philippines and its costum in order to avoid publishing such disgusting pictures of the Filipinos.

I also wish to tell you that during the Insurrection the Filipinos fought with swords and firearms, not with spears and arrows as imagined by Sarka. Another thing is that we dress as Orientals do—not like South African Negroes!—*Melencio A. Sison.*

Sorry, Can't Oblige

MIAMI, FLA.—Your idea of giving the reading time of an article must prove very interesting to most people, but I am so carried away by your stories that I always forget to look at the clock when I have finished. Please put in one dull story so I can time myself.—*E. J. Harbett.*

We Think So, Too

MIAMI, FLA.—LIBERTY has the best cross-word puzzles out.—*Mrs. J. D. Justice.*

Making Each Second Count

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Since LIBERTY started I have discarded all other magazines, as I have given myself a

limited amount of time for reading, and LIBERTY fills the bill splendidly. —*Sid. C. C.*

Getting the Dole Race Right

OAKLAND, CALIF.—"Flying Against Death," by Bogart Rogers, was very interesting and accurate so far as dates and deaths were concerned. But on behalf of all good Oaklanders I must register a kick. The start of that race was made at the Oakland Municipal Airport, which has been awarded honors as one of the best in the world.

Not one plane in that race started from San Francisco, or any airport adjoining it. So Mr. Rogers had better be careful, or he might step on somebody's sore corn.—*H. R. M., an Oaklander.*

How About A. Roy Brown?

MONTREAL, CAN.—When you have so many copies of your magazine coming to Canada each week and so many LIBERTY boosters among us Canadians, why do we never see an article or a story by a Canadian appearing in LIBERTY?—*A Canadian.*

He was an American, a war bird, an ace—one of the bravest, finest heroes of the war. His life story begins in an early issue of LIBERTY.

Opened by Mistake

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.—Dear Bert Green: I've read them all, but your "Spasms" take the cake. How you can dig up so many names for your so-called "nose paint" is beyond me. Not only that, but your slang, spelling, ideas and "pictures" are the gnat's eyebrows.

Ring Lardner, George Ade, Milt Gross, Bruno Lessing—I've read them all. Put all their stuff together: I don't think I laughed as much through all of it as I did over your "Eighth Spasm."—*Eugene Fortuna.*

Too Complex

WASHINGTON, D. C.—For the love of heaven, don't print any more articles like that one of Ruth Ridenour's entitled "The Inferiority Complex—What of It?"

My interest was aroused by the several illustrations in the article, and I read part of it, expecting to find something interesting.

She became so tiresome, eventually, that I only continued to read, hoping that the whole thing was a satirical discourse on this man Adler's theory. —*R. L. M.*

Lost in a Fog

DETROIT, MICH.—"The Inferiority Complex—What of It?" by Ruth Ridenour, certainly explained everything by making clear nothing at all!—*Madge Fraser.*

A Good Opinion Gone Bad

LA CROSSE, WIS.—Somehow I had the impression that LIBERTY was particular about what it printed inside its covers; but since reading "A Woman Who Did," I have abruptly altered my opinion.—*M. H.*

Success!

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.—"Success," by Arthur Somers Roche, left a big lump in my throat because it is so—well, it's just *life,* that's all; and I wonder how many authors there are who could and who would write just such a story in such a manner.—*M. A. L.*

A Straight Stab

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Your stab at sentimentality in the "War and Language" editorial appealed to me.

Supersentimental gushing between English-speaking countries produces a reactionary nausea. Let's not emote. Let's understand.—*Dorothy Van Dunker.*

Mr. Palmer's Magic

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—LIBERTY'S benefit to America could not be estimated if a few more articles like "White Magic in Black Haiti" were published. Let's give Frederick Palmer three cheers!—*Joseph Blackwell.*

Some Throw!

CINCINNATI, OHIO—In your November 12 issue, on your Twenty Questions page, you claim 381 feet 2½ inches as the greatest distance a baseball has ever been thrown.

The writer witnessed in Cincinnati at the local National League park on October 10, 1910, Shelden Lejeune, of the Evansville Central League ball club of Indiana, throw the sphere 426 feet 6¼ inches.—*Jethro Mitchell.*

Cheering Us On

FORT MEADE, S. D.—Continue your fight for a Prohibition Act that is enforceable!—*L. L. Wordell.*

Fireman, Save Our Child!

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Your LIBERTY is for everybody and everything —even the furnace.—*G. V. D.*

A Hat Off to Floyd Gibbons

ATLANTA, GA.—Not until I learned through Dick Boyle, in the Vox Pop columns, that Floyd Gibbons was wounded by a German bullet, did I fully appreciate the articles entitled "The Red Knight of Germany." (And I have read them all.)

Truly, this Gibbons must be a clean-cut sport, not to mention his broadmindedness, in appreciating the ability of an adversary.

Henceforth, any article by the above author (Gibbons, not Boyle) will not be merely read but devoured by—*Dick Dowdle.*

Tied to a Steak

OMAHA, NEB.—I notice that the Red Night is dead—long may he stay that way, but what is the butchers that rede LIBERTY goin to do for more blud?—*S. S.*

Food for a Hungry Heart

HARLEM, N. Y.—"The Red Knight of Germany" is in a class by itself. How often have I not tried, while cramped up by the side of my parapet, to know what was the thought, aim, and purpose of these "War Birds!" I would in vain wonder and

ponder until the continuous buzzing of their engines played a lullaby.

This man Gibbons, like a Scotland Yard detective, tracked down all details that my hungry heart was crying for. From three continents he dug from their corners and crevices the hidden treasure. The way he revivified and re-enacted some of these battles that were fought under my very nose is worthy of admiration.—*Ex-Tommy Atkins.*

A man more fearless than Richthofen—an American war bird. Watch for the thrilling story of his life and exploits, to begin in LIBERTY shortly.

Remembering *the* PRESIDENT

Every Day Is Christmas at the White House

An Article

By LOUIS SEIBOLD

(Reading time: 10 minutes.)

HAS the occupant of the White House a bad cold, a sore toe, or a birthday? Immediately a large number of the citizens of the great American republic organize themselves into relief expeditions to render first aid, comfort, or congratulations.

Does the First Lady of the Land favor a certain intricate design of crocheting? Immediately the female population of the country calls attention to the virtues of other systems even more intricate and bewilderingly complex.

On all sorts of occasions, joyous and tragic, the citizens of both sexes lose no time in communicating their felicitations or condolences. By many people the President of the United States and his family are regarded as highly esteemed wards of the entire nation.

Prompted by the spirit which dictates concern for the welfare of the President and his family, some very strange gifts find their way into the White House. A great many of these gifts, for such they may be termed, take the form of good wishes, telegraphed and written; but they are accepted as gifts by the occupants of the White House just the same. The thought back of these gifts constitutes a bond of highly valued sympathetic contact between the President and the people.

A seasoned politician who has exchanged favors with several Presidents is authority for the statement that " Eighty-five per cent of the people of the country would rather do something for their President than have their President do something for them."

Officials connected with the White House entourage say that there is no limit to the variety of presents sent to the White House, nor any question of the lofty motives which prompt the manifest desire of the people of the country to make the life of the President less irksome than the demands of politicians or the exactions of the government service compel.

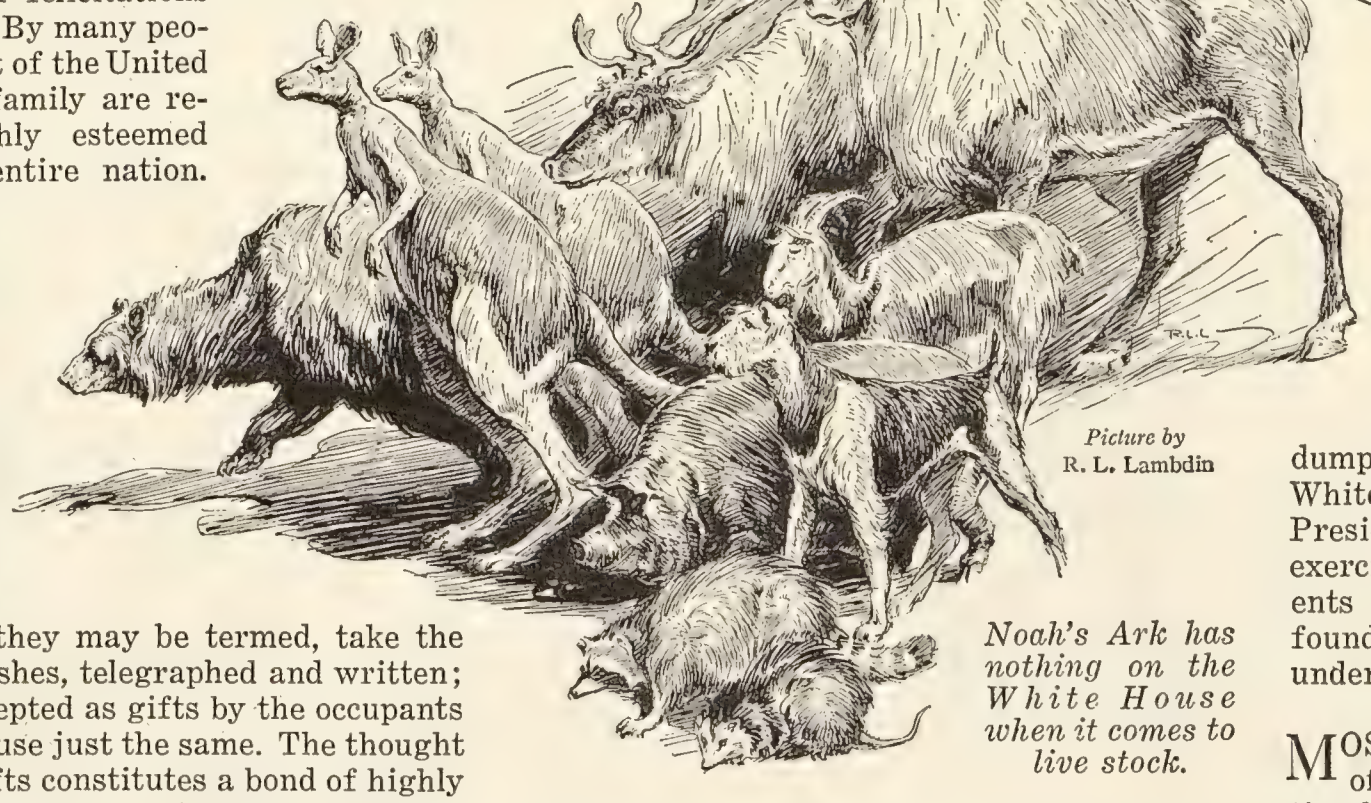
The processes through which a present for the President must pass are both interesting and intricate. For reasons that must be entirely obvious to the average citizen, every birthday cake, homemade remedy for colds, Airedale pup, jar of preserves, box of cigars, patent pipe-cleaner, and articles inclosed in a package are most carefully scrutinized before being permitted to reach the President or any member of his family.

The White House rules applying to presents are simple but arbitrary. Articles of value coming from persons not included in the circle of personal friends of the President or his family are immediately returned with a polite note of thanks. A great many offerings in the way of homely recipes for various ailments never get beyond the shipping room in the basement of the executive offices.

Offerings of this character are either returned to the well intentioned donor or turned over to the medical branches of the army and navy for analysis—or dumped into the sink. The officials of the White House through whose hands gifts to the President must pass are frequently called on to exercise a great deal of tact in returning presents prompted by the highest impulses but found to be wholly inappropriate or falling under the ban of the White House code.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Coolidge and Tiny Jim, a Chow tribute from a Denverite.



Picture by R. L. Lambdin

Noah's Ark has nothing on the White House when it comes to live stock.

MOST of our Presidents train a vigilant eye on offerings which come in surprising quantities from many sections of the country. There is one phase of it which makes appeal to the sentimental side of even a President's nature. One thing it indicates is that, despite the criticisms of carping politicians and faultfinders generally, there still remain many thousands of citizens who take deep concern in the personal welfare of the head of their government.

Theodore Roosevelt, for instance, insisted that he should be informed of every gift addressed to him or to members of his family. The dynamic and versatile warrior-statesman-author-hunter-scientist made almost daily inquiry of his office staff concerning the most recent gifts intended for him and his family.

Mr. Roosevelt was scrupulously discriminat-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

ing. He drew a sharp line between acceptable and unacceptable presents which was absolutely inflexible. He was always glad to have books, became enthusiastic over a newfangled trout fly, and discarded statecraft to discuss the virtues of a shotgun or to defend or criticize a sweater produced by the hands of one of his vast army of constituents.

But Mr. Roosevelt vetoed out of hand the ambitions of persons who sought to confer on him or members of his family presents representing a monetary value, or for which money had been spent. On one occasion, when an admirer sent valuable fur coats to himself and members of his family, Mr. Roosevelt immediately directed their return to the donor without a word of explanation or acknowledgment.

Woodrow Wilson followed the same course on many occasions, according to members of the White House staff. After the return of President and Mrs. Wilson from Europe, a Republican member of Congress introduced a resolution directing the President to transmit immediately a list of all the presents received by himself and Mrs. Wilson from officials of foreign governments and other distinguished persons with whom they had come in contact while abroad.

This demand immediately drew such a storm of protest that the author withdrew his resolution, and that was the last heard of it.

The fact is that all the presents accepted by Mr. Wilson on that occasion, according to White House authorities, would not have filled an ordinary packing case. Most of these presents were rare editions of books, small bits of tapestry, the product of skilled lacemakers, and portraits of celebrities who exchanged their own photographs for those of Mr. Wilson.

But if the inquisitive Congressman had called for a list of the canes sent Mr. Wilson during his eight years' occupancy of the White House, the aggregate and historic importance of such gifts would have been most impressive. For some reason or other, almost every citizen who wanted to give Mr. Wilson a present sent him a cane or a book. Sometimes ardent patriots and Democrats varied the average by sending a chair made of timber grown on historic ground.

NEXT to canes come dogs, in the matter of presents for Presidents. The writer asked Wilson Jackson, the diminutive "Master of the Hounds" in the Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge administrations, how many dogs had been turned over to him. His records show that forty-seven were received in five years; that is, forty-seven were accepted, a few retained to ornament the White House stables, while the others were sent to friends of the Presidential family.

The rules governing gifts of dogs at the White House are very strict. Each animal is subjected to thorough examination by veterinarians. Several were returned to the donors because of actual or potential physical defects. President Wilson did not care much for dogs.

For some unaccountable reason, according to White House authorities, the Airedale became the fashion in dogs at the Executive Mansion during the Wilson administration. Mr. Harding had a decided penchant for dogs of this breed. He selected one which will go down in White House history as the most famous of all White House dogs, as his daily companion.

Mr. Harding received the dog from an Ohio friend a few months after he became President, and named it Laddie Boy. It developed into a whale of an animal, affectionate, amusing, and sagacious.

In the Roosevelt administration setters and Boston bulls were the vogue. Some of the old-timers around the White House tell an amusing story of the hero of the Rough Riders in this connection. A crate arrived at the White House one day, addressed to Mr. Roosevelt. It contained two fine specimens of the Gordon setter breed.

Along with the crate was a letter addressed to the President. It requested him to keep one of the setters for himself and to give the other to General Nelson A. Miles. It so fell out at this time that relations between the President of the United States and the General of the army were not as amicable as they might have been. The reason probably dated back to the controversy between them during the Spanish-American War. However—

When the White House attendants opened the crate they found that one of the setter pups had died in transit. This projected a most irritating problem into the situation, and they felt justified in calling on Mr. Roosevelt to solve it. He did so without a moment's hesitation. Pointing to the dead setter pup, Mr. Roosevelt, without the suggestion of a grin on his face, said:

"Why, of course, this is the puppy the donor intended for General Miles. Send it to him with my compliments."

HAD the White House code permitted, a menagerie large enough to equip a three-ring circus could have been established in the grounds during the Roosevelt administration. One admirer in Australia sent a couple of kangaroos. But they never reached the White House. For four or five years they provided pleasure and entertainment for visitors to the Washington Zoo.

One of Mr. Roosevelt's big-game friends offered to send him a grizzly bear. He received this acknowledgment:

"Keep an eye on that fellow, and after I get through Presidenting, I'll come out there [northern Montana] and take a shot at him."

Two reindeer were sent to President McKinley, but the nearest they ever came to the White House was the zoo. Raccoons and possums along with other game (and edible) animals have been sent to Presidents since the establishment of the government.

Articles of food are not usually accepted at the White House. For several years a turkey breeder in Rhode Island sent the fattest of his flock to grace the Thanksgiving and Christmas

P. & A. photo

Laddie Boy, President Harding's famous pet.

dinners of the White House. One of them weighed thirty-seven pounds dressed.

A few years ago a Texas turkey man entered the lists and, after a sanguinary struggle, put his Rhode Island competitor out of business through the simple expedient of sending turkeys that left the New England product in the shade.

One holiday in the Taft administration found the White House in possession of turkeys enough to serve in every form—roast, hash, soup, stew—at every meal for two months. It was President Taft who established the custom of giving turkeys as presents to members of the White House staff. President Wilson continued the practice and it has been perpetuated by Mr. Coolidge.

Time was when tenants of the White House did not feel constrained, as now, to reject gifts of the most highly prized product of the American distilleries and wines from the most famous vineyards of the world.

Until a comparatively recent date few, if any, Presidents were teetotalers. Cocktails, wines, cordials of recognized excellence, were served at state dinners. Several of our Presidents were not above taking a highball, or even quaffing a refreshing glass of beer.

With the coming of the Eighteenth Amendment the doors of the White House were shut against alcoholic beverages. For the last four years the prohibition law has been rigidly observed at both public functions and private parties given by the President and his family.

Birthday cakes have figured extensively in the list of presents sent to our Presidents. White House attendants still tell of one offering which caused considerable alarm. This cake, which was as big as a Dutch cheese, was sent to Mr. Taft to commemorate his fifty-fourth birthday in 1911. The cake was inclosed in a most ingeniously constructed box.

It was first taken in charge by the Secret Service. When they attempted to lift the cover, there ensued a series of faint, muffled explosions which caused the examiners to seek the safety of an adjoining chamber and to slam the door.

After a minute or two they looked in, to see the icing on the cake slowly melting and dripping from the table to the floor. The examination which followed revealed that the maker and donor of the cake must have thought the President himself would lift the cover.

In order to give the President a "surprise" he had fixed a match close to the wick of each of the fifty-four candles in such a manner that when the cover was taken off, the head of each match would come into contact with a lighting device, and let the President—so the concocter of the confection thought, at any rate—gaze upon a birthday cake with fifty-four candles in full working order. The donor probably never knew how much of a sensation his friendly and ingenious tribute to Mr. Taft caused among the White House attendants.

ON two or three occasions White House operatives have found it necessary to admonish callers on the President to refrain from personally tendering gifts of any sort. Even petitions are barred, unless consent to present them has been obtained in advance from the President's secretary or other duly authorized official.

A close observer will note that Secret Service officials assigned to guard the President pay little or no attention to the faces of persons in the line of callers whose mission is merely to pay their respects to the head of the nation. The operatives watch the hands of every caller unless he is known to them.

The reason for this is obvious, and ever since the shooting of William McKinley by Leon Czolgosz, the Cleveland anarchist, this precaution has been carefully observed. When Czolgosz approached Mr. McKinley in the line of citizens at the Buffalo Exposition in 1901, he held in his hand a handkerchief. Concealed beneath its folds, in the palm of his hand, was a revolver.

Many of the presents sent to the White House are dictated by sordid ambitions rather than a spirit of national pride or a generous impulse. A Michigan woman, who thinks she makes better bread than anyone else in the country, has been trying for several years to get the First Lady of the Land to say so.

"With your indorsement I could get rich in a short time," she has written three or four times a year for a decade. But up to date she has not succeeded in securing the coveted testimonial. She is not alone in her ambition. Many people send articles or devices which would "make them rich in a short time" if the seal of the Executive Mansion could be blazoned on billboards and in newspaper advertising.

THE END

You will thrill to his adventures in mountains and deserts. His heroic death in France will evoke your wonder, your tears. This story of a great American ace will appear soon in LIBERTY.

Cured of an Awful Secret

"Keep your eyes shut, boy, if you want to save your skin."

A Story of Psycho-A

By
RICHARD BALDWIN

Pictures by B. J. ROSENMEYER

(Reading time: 12 minutes.)

WAVES of thick heat pulsed over Leonard's face as he stepped out of the taxi. The city was grilling in the hottest June in years, and the morning's paper reported fifty-one dead and innumerable prostrations. Leonard had his money all ready, thrust it into the driver's hand, and darted across the sidewalk.

In the empty corridor leading to the apartment's courtyard he paused and furtively placed a palm over his heart. It seemed to be all right; besides, he would feel the veins of his neck swelling if he were in any danger.

"Doctor Noel?" said the telephone girl. "Nummer Thoity-s'em." The Negro elevator boy broke off a detached humming to say, "Down 'at way, suh." Leonard wiped a line of wet from his upper lip before he pressed the white button of Number Thirty-seven.

A thin, dark-haired girl in black silk admitted him. She smiled, consulting an appointment book.

"Mister Straker, isn't it?" she asked. "You phoned yesterday, didn't you? Just a moment."

She went through a mahogany door and was back at once. "Step right in, Mister Straker."

Leonard's hand automatically felt the knot of his tie and passed over his smooth brownish hair. The doctor's office seemed huge. A great electric fan whirred dimly on the top of a mahogany bookcase. The single big Oriental carpet underfoot was a pale expanse in the gloom; all the curtains were drawn.

Then Leonard was conscious that he didn't like the doctor. He wasn't very old, to begin with, and he didn't look sympathetic, as Leonard thought a psychiatrist should. He was wearing a tropical suit of some sheer silky dark stuff. A gay foulard bow budded under his round chin.

His nose was a fair snub and his blue eyes moved away from Leonard after an indifferent glance. His forehead was one luminous pink bulge clear up to where a few wisps of neutral hair were in disorder.

Nor was his voice smooth and soothing when he said, without rising, "Sit down, Mister—eh—Straker, and let's hear about you." It was a heavy, bored, unmusical barytone that grated on Leonard.

He sank into a linen-covered armchair and dove, again automatically, for his cigarette case.

"May I smoke, Doctor?" he asked.

"Certainly," answered the doctor, pushing a crystal ash tray over the desk's top. Then he looked away from Leonard again and went on toying with a thin folded strip of paper.

"I don't know," Leonard said, "that I can make myself clear to you. I suppose it's nerves. But lately, Doctor, I've felt that I was on the verge of insanity—and I don't, somehow, think that I'm an alarmist."

The doctor ran his finger nails slowly along the folded edge of the paper. "Yes?" he said.

"Yes," Leonard responded. "I—"

"ONE moment," said the doctor. "Before you go on, I want to ask you: have you seen a medical man recently?"

"Yes, sir," answered Leonard, "I have. Three days ago."

"Did he give you a thorough examination?"

"Yes, sir. Heart, lungs, and all. Said I was perfectly fit."

"What about your teeth?"

"I go to my dentist regularly every three months. They're all right."

"M-hm." The doctor nodded gravely to his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When your mirror says "Coated Tongue" ..there's trouble ahead!

YOU remember the physician's first words when you call him in—"Let me see your tongue."

He knows that almost invariably the furry tongue, and the unpleasant breath that goes with it, warn of intestinal stoppage, the real cause of many, many ills.

People who want to keep fit know this too. So there's a fine health habit growing up among them—each morning they look at the tell-tale tongue. *When it is coated they take a refreshing, sparkling draft of Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.*

Sal Hepatica *promptly* and gently rids the intestines of the products of waste the natural way—by releasing the secretions of water in the intestines.

When you take Sal Hepatica, gone are the headaches—the feeling of fatigue—and all the other enervating symptoms of intestinal sluggishness.

Sal Hepatica not only corrects intestinal stoppage—it is beneficial, too, in the treatment of rheumatism, hyper-acidity, colds, biliousness, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the waters of the famous European spas where so many people yearly go to "take the cure."

And just as you drink the waters at the spas, you take Sal Hepatica half an hour before your meals. Simply dissolve it in a glass of water—you will like its bubbling, sparkling qualities—its bracing tang.

Take Sal Hepatica when you need it. It is helping to keep millions of people internally clean and free of the poisons of waste.

Send for our free booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and helps to relieve other common ills.

For booklet, please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-127, 71 West St.
New York City

Sal Hepatica

© 1927

[CURED OF AN AWFUL SECRET] [Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

strip of paper. "I see. Well?"

Leonard smiled, understanding that the field was clear. "There's not a great deal more that I can say," he stated quietly. "I simply go about in dread that this thing will strike, that's all. Even when I'm working I can't forget it. Sometimes I feel as though the back of my head were all a blur, and I have to grip myself to keep from letting it get away."

"Felt like that long?"

Leonard considered the doctor's disinterested drawl nearly insulting. This interview was costing him enough to warrant at least politeness.

"It seems long," he answered. "A week, perhaps. It's ghastly. Please don't think that I'm a hypochondriac, Doctor. I'm not; haven't been really ill for years. I *am* nervous, though."

"Uh-huh," agreed the doctor, not even looking at him. "I can see that. Hm! Insanity. Done anything that you might call irrational yet? Tried to climb any telegraph poles or pick roses on Fifth Avenue?"

"No," said Leonard. "Please understand me. This thing is simply internal. I have the sensation all the time that I'm about to go over—as though I were keyed up to the limit."

HE waited for the next question. It didn't come. The pause prolonged itself while the doctor played with his paper and the electric fan sang on monotonously. Leonard inhaled the last of his cigarette and crushed the butt into the ash tray's bottom.

"Why," said the doctor slowly, still studying his paper, "I don't think I want to take your case at all, Mister—eh—Straker. As a matter of fact, I'm leaving on my vacation this afternoon, and I'd rather not start any new cases now."

"Oh," said Leonard. "Shall you be gone long, Doctor?"

"Two months; possibly three."

Leonard's lips twisted. Two or three months was a long time. He wiped his face.

"I don't know what I'll do," he murmured. "I can't go on this way. Is there anyone you could recommend whom I might see?"

"No, there isn't," answered the doctor shortly. "Just cut out the heroin and you'll be all right."

"Heroin!" Leonard gasped. "Why, I've never—"

"What's that bottle doing in your vest pocket, then?"

"This?" Leonard jerked out a small vial. The cork must have been showing, he thought. "This is aromatic spirits of ammonia. I carry it because it seems to help that blurry feeling I told you about—quiets my nerves."

"Oh," said the doctor. "Sorry. Ever thought of drugs?"

"Yes," Leonard admitted. "I have. But—"

"But you haven't had the nerve to try 'em," the doctor concluded. "Well, as I said, I'd rather not undertake your case, Mister Straker. From what you've told me, it involves a good deal, and I haven't the time for it now."

LEONARD walked toward him, asking, "What have you got to say about it?"

Leonard made a limp, helpless gesture and stared hopelessly before him. It served him right for coming to see this charlatan. He might have known the man wouldn't understand. Now he must face the white, terrible street again, mingle with the heedless crowd that went so fearlessly about its business, and there was no relief to come, no refuge to seek.

"All right," he said dully. "I guess that's all." He grasped the arms of the chair, sighing, and was about to rise when the doctor gave a thoughtful, "Hm!" and murmured, "I might—"

Leonard sank back, glad of a moment's reprieve. The doctor, busy with his paper, had not stirred.

"I might," he continued, "cure you now. I think I could. But it would be a painful and possibly violent process. Could you stand that?"

Leonard closed his eyes wearily and bit his under lip. "I'll stand anything," he declared, "to get rid of this feeling. Anything!"

"Right!" exclaimed the doctor suddenly. "Then stay as you are! Keep your eyes closed! You are not to move or open your eyes, no matter what happens. Understand? Those are orders."

"Yes, sir," said Leonard, sitting rigid. He felt his heart action increase and he knew that he was probably pale. He was conscious that the doctor was moving; the casters of the swivel desk chair rattled.

"YOU'RE pretty good looking." The doctor's voice seemed to come from another part of the room. "You dress well. Fond of women's society?"

"That depends," Leonard answered. "Not especially, though."

"Do you dance?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I'm a rather bad dancer, and I hate to make an exhibition of myself."

"How old are you now?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Your business is what?"

"I'm an illustrator—magazine work."

"Parents living?"

"No, sir. Both dead." The doctor was somewhere close by. Leonard heard a soft click and jumped as strong yellow light struck his eyelids.

"That's all right," said the doctor. "Keep still. Now give me some of your family history—the cause of your parents' deaths, what sort of people they were, whether you have any brothers or sisters, and so on."

Leonard relaxed. This didn't seem so painful. He chose his words carefully in order to be perfectly fair to his parents. They had been killed four years before in a motor accident during a trip through the White Mountains. He characterized them as good, unpretentious people.

"True," he said, "father and I never got along very well. He was rather strait-laced and conservative; didn't like my drawing. We quarreled often. Mother—"

"Yes, I see," said the doctor. "What about your brothers, or sisters?"

"There was only my brother Neale. He was killed in the war."

"Older or younger?"

"Younger. A year."

"Did you serve?"

"Yes, but," Leonard smiled, "I wasn't lucky. I went into the navy and never got any further than the training ship; never got across."

"But I take it you weren't especially enthusiastic about the war. That is, you weren't intensely stirred over it?"

Leonard, pleased with the question, shrugged. "Oh, as a spectacle it interested me," he answered. "But I disliked the idea of discipline and the general stupidity of the men."

"Yes. And suppose you had really gone into action—suppose you had had to stand to in a trench, as he probably did, and go over into machine-gun fire—could you have done it?"

LEONARD smiled faintly. "Yes," he answered, "I could. I should have been horribly scared—but one does these things. I should have come through somehow."

"That's a pretty broad statement, Mister Straker," the doctor's voice came more softly and from a distance. "On what experience do you base your assertion?"

"Why," said Leonard, lifting his head a little, "no actual experience. But I've always felt that there was—something in me that would pull me through a crisis."

"Yes. Many men feel the same way." The doctor was speaking very quietly, almost in a monotone, as though he were trying to lull Leonard to sleep. "They are usually men who have never been in a tight corner, men who always avoid an argument, who want to conciliate whenever they see trouble starting.

"They follow the line of least resistance until they get into a contemptible rut and the rest of the world tramples on them as it pleases. In the end they know only one genuine emotion, and that is fear. Was there ever any insanity in your family, Mister Straker?"

"None that I know of," Leonard answered, and hoped that his face was the mask he tried to make it.

"So I supposed," said the doctor, still quietly. "Please remember to keep your eyes closed. Insanity, Mister Straker, is a blessing in disguise that descends on people who have suffered beyond the point of endurance, which you haven't. Really your case is very simple, if I judge rightly. When you were a small boy did you go to public school?"

"Yes," answered Leonard.

"Here in New York, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then it is certain that you had enemies who picked fights with you. Every schoolboy has. But I believe that when you were about eight or nine you were one day threatened by a boy somewhat older than yourself. You didn't fight him, and afterward you always kept out of his way or hid if you saw him.

"He made your life miserable for you for a long time. I surmise that this happened, or something very like it. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," said Leonard laughing. "That's true."

"All right. Remember to keep your eyes closed, please. Now I want you to think hard and see if you can recall that particular boy's name."

"I don't have to think," answered Leonard grimly. "His name was Nicholas Hochstader, and he was a rotten little lowbred swine!"

"Good. Nicholas Hochstader. And how old were you at the time?"

"Seven or eight. Something like that."

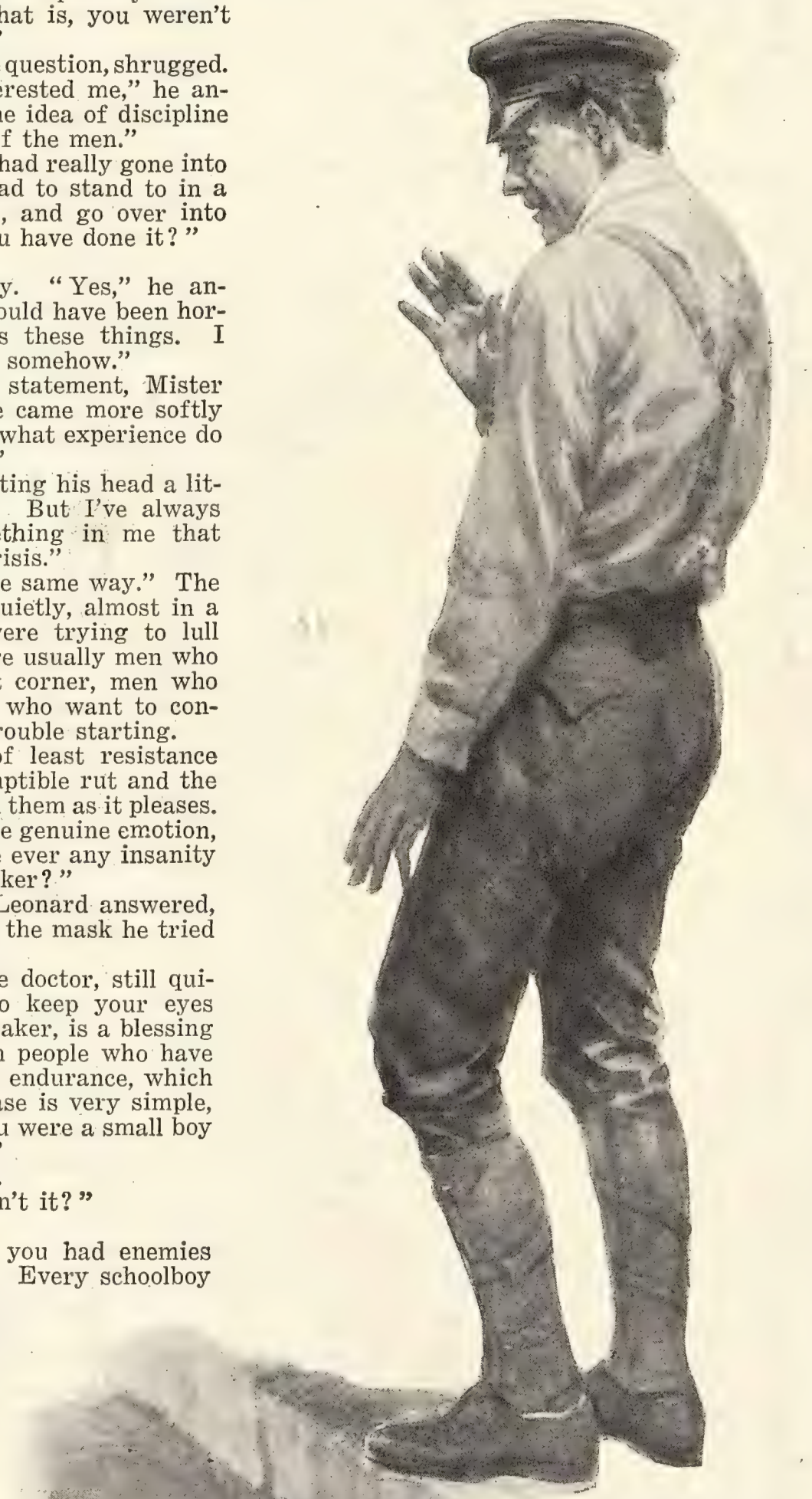
"I see. You have no idea, I suppose, what became of Hochstader?"

"Not the faintest."

"And you'd scarcely recognize him now?"

"No, I hardly think so."

"Mister Straker"—the doctor's voice sank so that it was almost a whisper—"this is a vital question, under, you might say, the seal of the confessional, and you needn't be ashamed to tell me. Isn't it true that for a long time, practically since that affair when you were a kid, you have side-stepped any sort of public row? Haven't you carried that practice to a point where it has sometimes made you doubt your own courage?"



THE man's scowl changed to a grin. He said, "All right, battler! Forget it. My mistake."

Leonard's lips tightened. "Yes," he said. "I suppose that's part of my trouble."

The drone of the electric fan died in a ghostly whisper. It seemed long minutes before the doctor's voice broke out harshly:

"Don't open your eyes! I want to look at you just as you are. It isn't every day that I get a specimen like you! How's the back of your head feel now? All 'blurry'?"

It was a deliberately coarse speech and Leonard stiffened. "My head's quite all right, thank you."

The psychiatrist laughed. "Don't open your eyes! I'm not half through with you yet. The joke's on you—you and your verge of insanity! You ought to know that it never pays to call a man names behind his back. Don't you dare open your eyes till I tell you! I thought I knew you when you first walked in here. What d'you suppose I made you keep your eyes shut for, Mister Ammonia Straker? You didn't know what became of Nick Hochstader after he put the fear of God into you, did you?"

The angry blare of the voice had turned Leonard's hands to ice and his heart beat with sick, heavy thumps.

"Well, Nick worked nights so he could go to high school. Then he worked his way through college giving boxing lessons to nice, gentlemanly boys like you, and he dragged down some extra dough on the side fighting as a lightweight under another name. In '17, when he enlisted—keep your eyes shut, I tell you!—he changed his name altogether, understand?

"So keep your eyes shut, boy, if you want to save your skin, because you just called me a rotten little lowbred swine! I don't want any apology. I won't take one from a quitter like you. What I want is the satisfaction of knocking you clear to breakfast, and that's what's going to happen to you just the moment you open your eyes!"

Leonard had forgotten his face, forgotten everything except the merciless loud hammer of his heart. He was cornered. It sickened him—the fear that had shadowed him, the dread that was always buried in his brain.

He had had so much of this sort of thing. He was weary of it. But it had never been as bad as this before, and this, he realized suddenly, was final. If he backed out—quit—now, it meant his whole life; and Nick Hochstader had been a little swine, and he—damn it!—was Leonard Straker!

He spoke before he knew he was speaking. His body had no weight at all and someone else seemed to be asking: "Who the hell said you were going to get an apology?"

HE was standing, threatening across the wide desk a man who smiled very kindly, with a peaceful palm upraised.

The doctor said, "That's all right, Mister Straker; you'll do. My name's Noel, and has been for forty years!"

Leonard stared, understood instantly, and a terrible reaction that was past all control caught at his throat. He dropped, trembling, into the chair and fought with the foolish, shivering sobs.

"Lord!" chuckled the doctor. "Don't let it get you that way, son. I've seen hundreds like you, and some of 'em lots older. Come in here and tell me all sorts of trash about their nerves, when all they need in the world is just one good fight to put 'em straight! Not married, are you? Well, then, for the love of Mike, forget your troubles! You've taken the plunge—you're in now, and, believe me, it's a darn sight easier in the long run. Come back and tell me if I'm wrong. Here, use this door."

Leonard strolled out of the tolerably cool court of the apartment house and across the burning pavement to the curb. There he deliberately smashed on the asphalt a small vial, the contents of which spread in a single oily blot.

"Hey, Jack!" a voice bawled. "What's the big idea? Helpin' the tire business?"

It was a tall, red-faced man in shirt sleeves and a chauffeur's cap.

Leonard laughed as he walked toward him, asking, "What the hell have you got to say about it?"

The man looked, drawing himself together. Then his scowl changed to a knowing, friendly grin, and he said, "All right, battler! Forget it. My mistake."

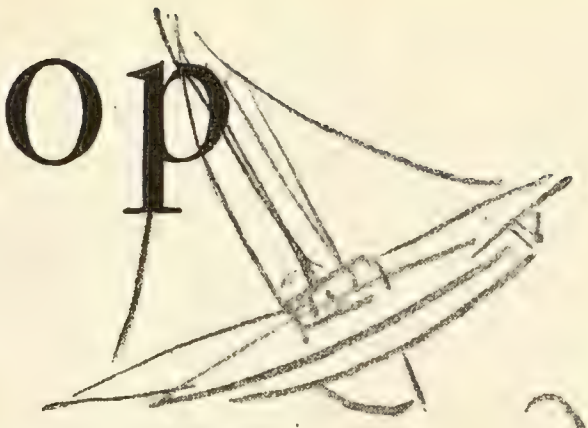
"Mine, too," said Leonard, and went back to pick up the glass.

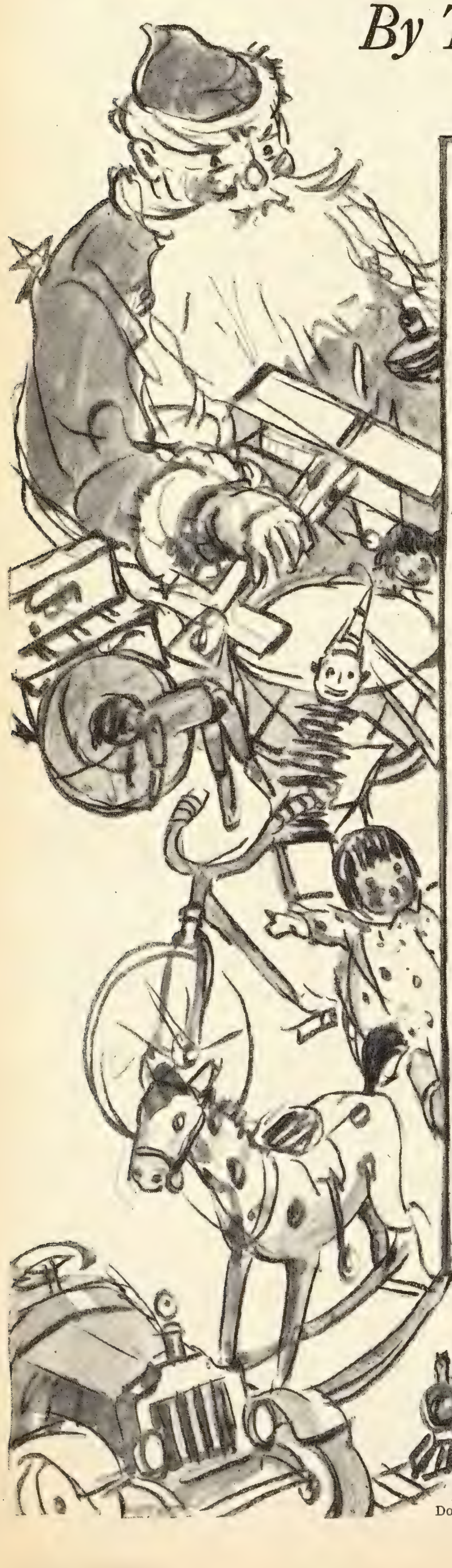
THE END

He scorned formations and fought alone. They called him yellow until he astounded the fighting world with his courage. It will all be told in LIBERTY soon.

At the Toy Shop

By Toni, Jr.





DEAR WORLD:

YOU never can guess where I have been.
No. NOT to London to visit the Queen.
'Twas some place very much nicer than that,
nicer than that,
nicer than that.

You never can guess what I did there.
I DIND-ENT frighten a little mouse under the chair.
I did many things that were nicer than that,
nicer than that,
nicer than that.

You never can guess what I saw where I was.
Well, I saw all his TOYS and I saw Santa Claus.
And there's nothing very much nicer than that,
nicer than that,
nicer than that.

I went to his workshop under a star.
I went on the subway. It didn't seem far.
It's the wonder-fiest place I ever was at—
Indeed, it is wonder-fier even than that,
even than that,
even than that.

There were trains and trains
And aero-planes
And musical chairs
And woolly bears
And horns and drums
And puzzles and sums.

I saw a boat with big white sails
And elem-phunts with little tails
And lions and tigers
That roared as they walked,
And dolls that cried
And dolls that talked—
Dolls that were single
And dolls that were twins,
Some all dressed up
And some in their skins.

I rode on a bi-cycle,
Then on a tri-cycle,
Then in an auto-mo-beel.

I started to ride to Banbury Cross,
But I fell off the wooden horse.

I looked at the Circus;
I laughed at the Clown;
I saw all the houses
In the Doll Town.
I rode on a scooter
That had a loud tooter.
There were boxes of crayon
And pianos to play on,
Whistles and tops
And bats and balls,
Trunks and strollers
And dishes for dolls.

There were picture books and games to play—
Oh, 'twas the GLORIOUSEST kind of a day!
And I DIND-ENT, I DIND-ENT want to leave,
But I had to get home for Christmas Eve.

I can't hardly wait to see what Santa Claus will bring me, but I guess I'll have to. Next week, I'll tell you all about it. Merry Christmas—from Toni.

Picture by
DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

H A V E A

C A M E L

The cigarette you can be fond of . . .

SEEK and search wherever you will, you'll never find a smoke like Camel. So loyal and so fine. Camels reveal the delicate tastes and fragrances of the choicest tobaccos grown. That is why they never tire. Why each succeeding Camel tastes more smooth and mellowy mild.

Millions upon millions of smokers have learned to rely upon this supreme tobacco quality. They are modern smokers in the most particular sense and they place Camels first. They demand goodness and enjoyment. They have elevated Camels to the highest popularity ever known.

If you smoke for pleasure Camels will prove the cigarette that you can really enjoy, you can like Camels so much, because they're always so satisfyingly mellow. So smooth and mild.

"*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

Wild Hours of Waiting

Then by wire came something that explained all!

A Real-Life Story

by Elinor Bradford

WHEN Bob said six o'clock he usually meant 5:53, but the little clock on Jane's dressing table had ticked its way to 6:22, and he hadn't kept his promise to telephone. . . . They would be late for that dinner appointment . . . and the theatre. . . . *Why didn't he call?*

It was a very vexed Jane who telephoned Bob's office . . . and his bachelor quarters. No answer! Had he forgotten? Perhaps (horrible thought!) he had even gone out with that cute little girl in the accounting department. . . .

An hour later worry got the upper hand of jealousy. Jane decided definitely that dear old Bob had been killed or mortally wounded in an automobile accident. It was about that time she started calling the hospitals . . . then the police station. And finally, just as she was wondering, tearfully, how to locate the morgue, Sarah came in with a package and a yellow envelope. From Bob, of course. . . but how mysterious!

Really, though, it wasn't so mysterious after all. The telegram explained everything. . . .

CALLED TO DETROIT THIS NOON. TEN MINUTES TO CATCH TRAIN. ASKED RALPH TO TELEPHONE YOU EXPLAINING. SIGNED COOPER CONTRACT THIS AFTERNOON. MEANS A SURE RAISE FOR ME, AND A WEDDING THE MINUTE YOU NAME THE DAY. CAN'T TELL YOU IN A TELEGRAM HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, SO I AM SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS. BOB.

And after that? Well, the flowers had a great deal to say . . . and Jane was an appreciative audience.

Send 10c to cover mailing costs for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: "How to Care for Flowers." Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., New York City.

Say it with Flowers

The sign of a good florist. Membership in the Society is indicated by this design displayed on the florist's window and on his announcements to the public.

The Sign of a Good Florist

FELLOW Say it with Flowers Society of American Florists

INDIVIDUALITY Beats BEAUTY

By
EILEEN BOURNE

INDIVIDUALITY is nine-tenths of beauty. The great beauty among last year's débutantes became so because in coiffure, clothes, and manner she developed the early Florentine quality she possessed.

The American woman must overcome her passion for being a copy cat and study herself for unique effect. Many suggestions as to how this is done are offered us by our favorite actresses, and we present a few on this page.

WAYWARD and seductive is Lynn Fontanne. Something odd is brought out in her coiffure and clothes.

Muray photo

Muray photo

A CULT of plainness accentuates the reality of Eva Le Gallienne. This dynamic yet poetic actress supplements unusual mentality by a fluidity of grace which she cultivates by fencing every day.

THE emotional power of Katherine Cornell gives her face and figure eloquence. If you could analyze her features you might question her beauty. But you can't. She embodies a kind of fascination that defies analysis.

White photo

FELINE grace combines with a willful mockery to lift Elsie Ferguson above her own luscious beauty. Gorgeous effects in clothes—such as this wrap of emerald brocade velvet — set off her superb coloring. She is always fashionable, as well as fascinating, but in her own way.

Muray photo

FORCE and fire give a brilliant edge to the personality of Jane Cowl. She adopts in her dress a clear-cut simplicity of style which offsets a purely feminine charm.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)
Street and No.....
City.....State..... 71

The Clock Strikes TWO

Phyllis Makes New Enemies in the House of Nightmares

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

"I WISH he and Elizabeth could drown the pair of them. If I were running the show, I'd get rid of her without wasting a minute."

(Reading time: 21 minutes.)

TERRIFIED, Phyllis Hale sat bolt upright in bed. She had been awakened by a scream. She couldn't remember where she was—then it all came back.

She was filling a position as private secretary to old Colonel Boardman, at the Boardman country place. The old man was ninety-two, and blind. She occupied the room next his; the room which once had been his daughter Flora's, dead forty years.

Again the old man's cry! Phyllis, in a bathrobe, went into the hall. Edith Pierce, the Colonel's granddaughter, was already there. Haller, his manservant, opened his master's door from within to say there was no cause for alarm. Then, through the open door once more, came the old man's voice: "Stop that damn clock!"—and a scream of: "Flora, don't! Don't do it!"

To Phyllis it was a mystery house. Thomas Boardman, the Colonel's son, had explained to her that the old man was morbidly suspicious of his family. The girl came to believe that these suspicions were well founded. Thomas she distrusted, and had as little faith in Thomas' children: Franklin, Edith, Charles, and Herbert.

Charles was a doctor. Phyllis had not met him, but she had heard his voice over the telephone, as if by faulty connection, when she was trying to reach his father—his voice saying to his brother, Franklin, that the old man might get violent. She felt they had deliberately planned that she should overhear; became convinced that they all wanted her to give up her job. She was equally convinced that she knew why—that it was on account of Blair Boardman.

Blair was the Colonel's grandson: the son of that Blair Boardman who had quarreled with his father, gone to the Philippines, and died there. The young man, new to the States, was trying to see his grandfather. Every obstacle was being thrown in his way—and Phyllis, they all had reason to believe, knew this!

Edith, Phyllis learned, had faith in the spirit world. Through a medium, Mme. Peters, the dead Flora had "appeared" to Edith, to ask her to warn the old Colonel against young Blair. She had told Edith where to find, in a trick box, the last letter which she, Flora, had written to the older Blair—written when she was planning to elope, when the clock struck two, by way of her balcony. Edith showed Phyllis this letter. The girl wondered if the older woman were a conspirator or a pitiful dupe.

And what of Elizabeth, Edith's daughter? Elizabeth seemed straightforward. And yet, Phyllis had seen her walking, late at night, toward the old ice house, with her uncle Herbert.

It was a baffled Phyllis who rose, after little sleep, the next morning.

PART FIVE

IN the dining-room Phyllis found Elizabeth finishing her breakfast. She had forgotten all about her suspicions of Elizabeth's nocturnal escapade. The girl greeted her naturally enough, and seemed pleased to see her.

"I hear you had a perfectly hideous night," she said. "Are you going to give us up, like all the others—decide you can't stand the place and go away?"

"I'm not going today, anyhow," Phyllis told her. "I'm going to last as long as I can."

"I was out while the excitement was going on last night. I saw a light in the library when I came in, but I thought it was probably Mother, so I sneaked upstairs to bed. I like to roam around in the middle of the night, but Mother would have fits if she knew."

She was suppressing Herbert, of course, and her manner wasn't quite as candid as she wanted it to seem. Still, Phyllis couldn't classify her outright in her mind as one of the conspirators.

"You've got a cold, haven't you?" Phyllis asked.

"No. Why?" the girl said.

"I thought your voice sounded rather hoarse."

"Oh, that's nothing," Elizabeth assured her. "It isn't a real cold."

She heard someone coming and looked out the door.

"Here's Uncle Charles," she said. "He's the doctor, you know. Haller telephoned

him very early this morning—about 6 o'clock I guess—and he motored down. He's just been up with Great-grandfather. Uncle Charles," she added as he came into the room, "let me introduce you to Miss Hale."

He was a smaller, leaner man than either his father or his brother Franklin, and he hadn't what Phyllis thought of as the Boardman manner. If she hadn't remembered the trick telephone conversation she'd overheard yesterday, she wouldn't especially have disliked him.

He acknowledged the introduction courteously enough, but without any flourishes, seated himself at the table, and said he wanted breakfast. His niece poured his coffee for him and gave the maid the necessary orders. Then, as if she'd got some sort of signal from her uncle, she left the room rather abruptly.

THE doctor practically admitted that he'd sent the girl away by saying to Phyllis: "I wanted to have a talk with you.

"You've got good nerves," he remarked, when he had taken a deliberate, appraising look at her. "Most girls of your age, after last night, would have packed up and fled."

"It was pretty startling, of course," Phyllis conceded. "But I don't see that it was anything to run away from."

"I wish you'd tell me"—he waited till the maid had left the room before he said this—"exactly what happened last night."

She remembered the last instructions she'd had from the old Colonel: "Make them think that you're just what they want you to be. Accept their explanations, no matter how thin they are. Find out what they want you to do. Find out what they're watching me for. Find out what it is they're afraid of." But, after what had happened last night, did these instructions still apply?

Dr. Charles went on talking, giving no sign that he'd even remarked her hesitation: "I've had Haller's account, of course. He's a good routine man, but he's dull. My sister Edith has given me her version of the affair. But Edith, as of course you've discovered, is a fanatic. She has no doubt at all that Aunt Flora's ghost appeared to my grandfather. I've an idea you're the best witness I could get."

His choice of that word "witness" was an unfortunate one. Witness to what? she wondered.

However, she went ahead and told her story, complete in all but one detail.

"He called out quite clearly," she concluded, "'Flora, don't! Don't do it!' His voice sounded as if he was frightened almost to death. Mrs. Pierce seemed frightened, too, at first. Haller went back to the old gentleman. I don't think he cried out again after that. If he did, it couldn't have been very loud, because Mrs. Pierce and I sat up for a long time in the library with the door open."

She paused. She didn't know why she'd suppressed the clock. It was simply that when she got to that point the words wouldn't say themselves. Edith, she was pretty sure, wouldn't have mentioned the clock, since she hadn't spoken of it to her. But Haller would very likely have mentioned it. Probably she'd been foolish, for if Haller had spoken of the clock, Dr. Charles would know she'd suppressed it.

His face revealed no suspicion, however.

"I'll admit I'm a good deal disturbed about it," he said. "I've regarded my grandfather for a long time as a border-line case. His suspicion, as of course you've discovered, is morbid. He's probably suspected you, already, of a dozen deceptions. He's almost certainly told you his suspicions about us. My father regards it as the natural product of his blindness. But I've been doubtful whether it wasn't a real disease of the mind.

"His last secretary was a man, which I thought was a very good idea. But, when he left, the others didn't wish to try the same experiment again. I didn't feel that it was a job for a young girl. But, seeing how courageous and sensible you've been about it, I'm inclined to be glad you're here. I don't, of course, regard him as physically dangerous. Do you know anything about insanity, Miss Hale?"

"Not a thing," she told him, "except that there are a lot of different kinds."

"Yes, there are supposed to be," he said. "The experts do a lot of fine spinning. But, broadly, this may be said. The sane person may have delusions—may adopt fantastic explanations for perfectly natural commonplace occurrences, just as you have probably seen my grandfather do. A person might do that habitually and still be as sane as you or I. It's only when his delusions organize themselves into a consistent picture that we begin to think about insanity. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," she told him.

"What we want to know," he went on—"we as a family, and I particularly as his doctor—is whether his suspicions, in addition to being wild and unfounded, are focused on one spot: whether they all arise from one particular act he believes some one has committed."

HE paused there for a moment; but, since he'd asked her no specific question, she volunteered nothing.

"The other test," he went on, "is suggested by what happened last night. That's the matter of hallucinations. Does the patient see or hear sights or sounds that aren't there? I don't know whether an insane person who is also blind would ever have a visual hallucination or not. Anything he did see would be a hallucination, of course. But I think he'd be more likely to hear sounds that had no objective existence.

"I've just tried to get Grandfather to tell me what happened to him last night. He won't admit that anything happened. He won't even concede Haller's nightmare. But it's obvious that something did happen to him. He shows all the symptoms of shock.

"I don't want to give him morphine, but I may be obliged to quiet him down. Before I try that, I want you to go to him. I'll leave it to your judgment whether you tell him that you heard anything of the disturbance last night or not. I think he regards you rather as an ally against the rest of us. He may tell you what terrified him. If you've finished your breakfast I wish you'd go to him now."

"With you, do you mean?" Phyllis asked.

Dr. Charles smiled rather sarcastically.

"Are you suggesting that I listen in behind the arras, like *Polonius?*"

"I wasn't suggesting anything. I wanted to know if that was what you meant."

"It would be a perfectly justifiable thing to do," the young doctor remarked coolly. "But, outside the ethics of the thing, there are two sufficient reasons against it. One is that it wouldn't work. Blind as he is, he'd know it if I were in the room. And the other is that it isn't necessary. I'll be perfectly contented with your uncorroborated report of what, if anything, he says to you. No. As soon as I get to the bottom of this cup of coffee, I'm going out for a stroll around the place. As soon as convenient, I'd like your report."

He had come nearer than either his father or two brothers had done to convincing her of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Forty-five]

his good faith. He might, she conceded, have been speaking in good faith yesterday morning when he'd protested to Franklin against hiring another young girl for this job. She had rather liked his admission that he would feel no ethical scruples against listening in while she was trying to learn what it was last night that had so terrified his grandfather.

It wasn't until he had said he'd be contented with her uncorroborated report of her interview with the old man that her instinctive distrust was aroused.

SHE went to her own room before knocking at the Colonel's door, and lingered there a few minutes after putting herself to rights, to think things out a little in advance. Standing by one of the French windows that gave upon the balcony, she saw Dr. Charles strolling away from the house down the path to the lake. He had lighted a pipe, and looked honestly idle, the perfect picture of a man doing just what he had told her he meant to do. All the same, she meant to take darned good care that no other corroborator was hanging about, listening to her talk with the Colonel.

Haller let her in when she knocked.

"Do you suppose Colonel Boardman wants me?" she asked. She spoke low, thinking he might be asleep; but his querulous voice answered instantly from the bedroom:

"Don't stand whispering there, Miss Hale. Haller can't tell you whether I want you or not. Come in."

She found him reclining against two pillows in an old-fashioned walnut bed, covered to the chin with blankets, his blind eyes burning bright.

"Didn't you understand," he asked, "that I'd send for you if I wanted you?"

"Yes, I did," she said. She added nothing to that. If he wanted an explanation of her coming he could ask for it.

He did not ask. He made no comment whatever.

"Do you want me to go away again?" she asked.

"No. Now you're here you may as well stay."

At that Haller, who had followed her into the room, spoke up:

"I beg pardon, sir. If Miss Hale means to stay here for a while, possibly it would be a good time for me to get my breakfast."

"The best of times," the Colonel said, with a satirical grin. "An ideal arrangement. Don't come back until I ring. But be ready to come promptly when I do."

Phyllis went to the door with the man, and deliberately waited until she had seen him turn off into the service corridor at the far end of the other wing. Then she closed the bedroom door, and stood for a moment regarding the blind man. He didn't speak, and his face wore a sulky, stubborn look.

From where she stood she made a thoughtful survey of the room. There were no screened corners, no window seats, no armoire, nothing to give cover to an eavesdropper. Beside the bed was a night-stand with a telephone extension on it, and between the windows stood an old-fashioned four-drawer walnut bureau. This was all, save for a small table and two or three chairs. The head of the bed was against the right-hand wall, and right and left from it were two doors, opening, no doubt, into a clothes closet and a bathroom.

"Do you mind my looking behind those two doors?" Phyllis asked.

"To make sure we have no eavesdroppers?" he asked. "Go as far as you like."

The two rooms were what she had supposed they were, and were empty.

"Satisfied that we're alone, are you?" he asked, as she drew up a chair to his bedside.

She didn't understand the mocking note in his voice.

After quite a long silence he asked abruptly: "Why did you come in here? To see for yourself how I was after all the rumpus they've been making about me?"

"No," she said; "I came because Dr. Charles sent me. He wanted me to find out, if I could, from you, just what it was that happened last night. He's gone off for a walk around the grounds. But I wasn't sure he hadn't left somebody to overhear; so I looked in the closet and the bathroom to make sure."

"So you've come up to see if you can get it out of me."

"I'm doing just what you told me yesterday afternoon you wanted me to do."

He nodded grudgingly. "How do you know," he asked, "that anything did happen last night?"

"The first time you cried out," she said, "it waked me up. The second time, I was sitting up in bed, listening. The third time, I was standing out in the hall with Mrs. Pierce and Haller, and your bedroom door was open."

"Did you tell Charley what you heard?"

"I told him I heard you cry out: 'Flora, don't! Don't do it!'"

"That was all?"

"That was all I told him."

"Did you hear me say anything more?"

Before she could answer that question, an electrical change in his manner arrested her. His face expressed a sort of frozen alertness, as if he were listening to some near-by inaudible sound. Then, as she watched breathless, she saw it contorted by a passion of anger.

"So you're a traitor like the rest!" he panted voicelessly. Then, as she sat there staring at him, speechless, he laughed. "Come out, Charley! She can't help you. The game's up." After an intolerable moment of silence, he added: "Want to stay hidden, do you? Well, it won't do you any good. I hear you there."

It was true, then—it must be true—that the old man was the victim of hallucinations. Phyllis was as sure now that the big clock hadn't been ticking last night, when he had cried out to have it stopped, as she was that Dr. Charles was not here in this room, nor anywhere near it.

She didn't speak. None of the things it occurred to her to say seemed worth saying. Nor, she desperately concluded, was there anything more she could do. Even if she were right in her conviction that Thomas Boardman and his sons were, all of them, acting according to the pattern of some sinister scheme, if the old man was really insane—and who could doubt it now?—he was beyond her help.

The silence spun itself out for minutes and minutes. The old man lay tensely still, the flush burning brighter in his temples, his dry, sightless eyes fixed straight ahead, his breathing shallow and quick. Were his voices still tormenting him? Impulsively she sat down on the edge of his bed.

"Can't you tell me what it is?" she asked, and with the words she laid her hand on his.

Without a sound, but as if the contact had burned him, he snatched his hand away. The look in his blind face was more than she could endure. She got up and rang the bell for Haller.

"I'm afraid he's worse," she told him, when he came. "I think I'd better leave him with you. I'll be over there in my room if anyone wants me."

She hardly paused in her room, though; reminders of Flora weren't what she wanted, this morning. She went out on the balcony, where she could feel the sun and see the open sky. Life in that house had become a nightmare. Escape was all she could think about. It was all she thought of for about a minute.

Then she saw someone coming up the path from the lake. It was Dr. Charles, and he was coming in a hurry—almost at a run. She stayed where she was, not caring whether he looked up and saw her there or not; but she noted with interest the fact that he did not look up. He let himself in the library door beneath her, and at that she went back into her room.

Her door into the hall was standing open—she had left it that way so that she could hear a summons, in case one came, from Haller. She heard Charles come springing up the stairs two at a time, and instinctively she went as far as her doorway to meet him.

He could hardly have failed to see her standing there, but he went on without a glance of recognition straight into his grandfather's bedroom. She saw him take something that looked like a cigarette case out of his pocket as he went in and closed the door behind him.

HALLER must have summoned him somehow. She didn't wonder. Wait a minute, though. It couldn't have been Haller! Haller hadn't had time. It had not been more than a minute after she'd left him with the old man when she'd seen the doctor halfway up the path, coming back to the house in a hurry. Coming back to his patient, too. There hadn't been a moment's hesitation anywhere.

He'd been sent for—somehow! And now she realized what it was that he had taken out of his pocket. It wasn't cigarettes, but a hypodermic syringe, the little case contained.

She stayed where she was, listening. She heard a murmur of voices, the doctor's and the servant's, and then a sudden snarl of protest from the old man. It rose immediately after to a pitch of frantic anger: "Damn you, Charles! You're drugging me!" The frenzied words became inarticulate after that.

She wanted to go back into her room and shut out the horrifying sounds, but she lacked the will to do it. She stayed frozen where she was. The voice died down to a whine, to nothing. At last the door she was watching opened and Charles came out.

This time, at any rate, he saw her; indeed, he visibly started at the sight. But what he said was: "Oh, I'm glad you're here. I'd like to talk with you. May I come in?" She stepped back from the doorway without a word. He followed her and shut the door be-

SHE stayed where she was, listening. She heard a sudden snarl of protest from the old man: "Damn you, Charles! You're drugging me!"

Impulsively she sat down on the edge of his bed. "Can't you tell me what it is?" she asked, and with the words she laid her hand on his.

hind him. He was looking pretty white, she thought. Well, she didn't wonder!

"How much," he asked, "did you hear of that?"

"I heard him cry out that you were drugging him. Were you?"

"I gave him a hypo. You surely can't doubt it was needed."

She didn't answer. She was still wrestling with the question of how Charles had known it would be needed—what had brought him back.

"I wish you'd tell me," he went on, after having waited for her to speak, "what it was that got him into that condition. He was much worse than when I left him. You were with him all the time, weren't you?"

She nodded. "Until just about two minutes before you came in."

Again he prompted her: "Please tell me, if you don't mind, the whole interview."

His voice didn't sound right to her. Again he was making her feel just as the rest of the family did—as if he were playing a part.

"I'm afraid there isn't much to tell," she said. "I really didn't get anywhere with him. It made him suspicious that I should have come without being sent for. I thought perhaps that after Haller had gone away for his breakfast he'd feel more like talking to me; but he didn't. He asked me a few questions: how I knew that anything had happened last night; what I had heard. But I saw it would be no use asking him anything, so I didn't."

"WHAT did you talk about, if not about last night?"

"Nothing. Most of the time I just sat there watching him, waiting for Haller to come back from breakfast."

"There was nothing—was there anything?—to indicate that he was listening to anything else? Hearing voices—or anything of that sort?"

Right or wrong, wise or unwise, there was only one answer she found it possible to make.

"No," she assured him—smoothly enough, she thought—"there was nothing like that. I tried to quiet him by sitting down beside him and putting my hand on his—and it worked the wrong way. He flung my hand off and seemed to be getting so much worse that I rang for Haller."

Long before she finished speaking she knew she had made a mistake. He wasn't looking at her. He was gazing blankly at the funny old inkstand on Flora's desk, and he made no movement of any kind. And yet, somehow, she was sure he knew that she had lied to him.

How could he know that, unless he or some confederate of his had heard the old man's voiceless gasp, "So you're a traitor like the rest"? Well, if he or any other eavesdropper had heard that outburst, then it was possible, anyhow, that the Colonel had himself heard some sound inaudible to her—a betraying snuffle, a smothered cough—that had provoked it. If he had heard anything like that, there was nothing insane about his sudden rage.

Her courage came back in a surge. Her old ally was still worth fighting for.

The doctor took his time about speaking.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

When he did, it was with the air of having come to a decision.

"I'm really not surprised that you didn't get anything out of him. He's evidently numbered you among the imaginary conspirators. I'm sorry, since your coming looked like a fairly promising chance. But there's no use crying over spilt milk."

He got to his feet now, and faced her squarely. "I don't believe there's any use in your staying any longer, Miss Hale."

For an instant she honestly didn't see what he meant.

"In my staying any longer?" she repeated. "Do you mean that you want me to leave?"

"I'm only speaking as a doctor, of course. For medical reasons, I think your usefulness in this position is at an end. I shall tell my father, as soon as he comes down, that that is my opinion. It implies no criticism of your conduct. I feel pretty sure Father will take my advice.

"You may, of course, stay and see him if you choose. But if you'd like to go at once—there's a noon train you could just about catch—I'll take the responsibility of settling our indebtedness to you myself. Two weeks' salary, in lieu of notice, would be a hundred dollars. I'll write you my own check for that amount, if you wish."

"You're mistaken about my salary," she said. "It's twenty-five dollars a week, not fifty. And Colonel Boardman pays it. He has already paid me for the first week, and he hasn't dismissed me. He didn't dismiss me this morning, though it may have sounded like that. I'm going to stay until he does, Dr. Boardman."

She had the satisfaction of seeing him completely taken aback. He looked at her as if under a sudden misgiving as to something he'd been perfectly confident of a moment before. Then he turned and left the room.

For a while after he'd gone she felt exultant. They wouldn't dare put her out by force until Thomas Boardman arrived; and when he came Blair would be with him—Blair fulfilling his promise to her to see his grandfather, even if it proved rather hard to do.

He wouldn't see him, though. The old man was drugged. Was that why they had drugged him? Because Blair was coming? Of course it was! Yet it had been done with a plausibility that would keep him from suspecting anything wrong. He probably wouldn't believe there was anything wrong, even if she told him. And she wouldn't, if they could help it, get a chance to tell him anything. She was only an employee, under dismissal.

Well, they couldn't stop her. She'd tell him, if she had to shout it at him in the presence of the lot of them. She could say a good deal before they could choke her off. She'd make him believe her, somehow!

That was the state of mind she was in when, from her window, she saw the car with old Thomas and Franklin and Blair in it come around the curve of the drive. It was still her state of mind when the gong went for lunch.

II

ONE of those waves of incredulity which had been disconcerting Phyllis every now and then since the adventure began broke over her at lunchtime. Thomas, at the head of the table, faced by his daughter at the foot of it, his three sons, and his granddaughter, all apparently united in the effort to welcome the newly discovered cousin—make him feel at home and not a bit in the way, despite the sudden disturbing illness of the old man upstairs. Altogether it was hard to go on believing in the sinister designs she attributed to them.

They made Blair do a good deal of the talking: about his boyhood in the Philippines; his father and mother; how and where they'd lived; his school and college days in California. And to this, at least, Phyllis was able to listen without distraction and with whole-hearted enjoyment. She caught herself—quite absurdly—feeling proud of him, as if he belonged to her, not to them. Surely they must see how friendly and straightforward he was. They couldn't suspect, after this, could they, that he was making this visit for any sordid purpose?

He fought a little shy of his anthropological hobby, evidently afraid of boring them with it. What he told most freely were the curious and sometimes exciting adventures that had come his way in the course of his studies and explorations among some of the wild and little-known tribes of the islands.

"You've certainly seen life," Herbert remarked enviously.

"Oh, one corner of it," Blair answered. "But I haven't seen much of the world you people know. I've never been to Europe, so I'm going to look around two or three years before I go back."

Sleek old Thomas, with his bland smile, led the conversation back to Blair's father, and Phyllis perceived suddenly that he was trying to ask: "How much money did he leave you?" She wondered whether young Blair saw his drift or not. Anyhow, he didn't answer the question.

Some sort of signal went around among the older men when lunch was finished. Herbert joined them as they arose from the table, and after a moment left them to rejoin Phyllis, Blair, and Elizabeth on the veranda.

Phyllis herself was free. Thomas, during the moment they'd talked together, had been perfectly amiable.

"There's no need of your waiting on my father," he had told her. "Charles says he'll sleep all day. Run along and amuse yourself with the other young people."

It was as fine a day as September can produce. Elizabeth wanted to play tennis. Herbert, Phyllis thought, demurred at this suggestion a little—half hopefully suggested that perhaps the others didn't play or didn't want to. But Blair emphatically did. Phyllis seconded him, and they went back into the house for shoes and rackets.

Phyllis went straight to her room, and, since she meant to change nothing but her shoes, she didn't close her door behind her. She had stepped into her clothes closet to get them, when she heard people coming along the corridor.

THE voice that spoke, coming to her ears low but distinctly, was Franklin's:

". . . not as innocent as he'd have us think. He suspects something, I believe. And there may be something between him and that girl. Oh, I know what she told Edith, but that only shows—"

He broke off short. They must have noticed that her door was ajar. There was an instant of dead silence. She saw her door swinging more widely open. It opened into the room and away from her, so that she had a fraction of time in which to huddle back into the shelter of her hanging dresses. All the same, Franklin, coming into the room, could have seen her if his gaze, a little nearsighted perhaps, hadn't swept right by.

"No, she's not here," he told his companion. "Herbert was going to take them all out on the lake. I wish he and Elizabeth could drown the pair of them. If I were running the show," he went on, stepping out into the corridor again and not shutting the door behind him, "I'd get rid of her without wasting a minute. She's several degrees too smart, and what Charley just told us proves she's not on the level."

"I don't think it's necessary to do anything drastic at once." It was his father who was speaking now. "Herbert will see to it that she's not left alone with Blair."

"I wish we had Herbert here for this job," Franklin grumbled. "He's much more likely to find the thing than either of us."

Then they went away, presumably into the study. She noted with relief the soft click of a door closing.

Phyllis knew there were people about her who would prefer to see her dead—and the knowledge strengthened her for the ordeal before her. Don't miss next week's installment.

He was an American, a war bird, an ace—one of the bravest, finest heroes of the war. His life story begins in an early issue of LIBERTY.

In LIBERTY Next Week

Read how a golden-haired bride fought a couple of smooth crooks and beat them at their own game.

This entrancing story is called—

The Laura Lie

By

Viola Brothers Shore

ALSO

If you want to know all about the current theatrical season on Broadway—

Inside stories on the big successes of the year—

Watch for—

Burns Mantle's

Illuminating article—

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

A WEE NIP at the WAISTLINE

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE first coat shown on this page is valuable for carrying concealed in its slim outlines the secret message of what next season's, and even next winter's, silhouette may be. How helpful, how economical, and at the same time how ultra-chic it is, when buying a belated wrap this season, to have some clew as to what the smart one for next year will be!

We have been wearing those loose, wrap-around things for so long we are a little weary of them, and now there is a rumor that what the artist calls "the nipped-in feeling" will prevail before a great while. That is to say, things will begin to nip in at the waist, as in the accompanying illustration. and then flare. Just slightly, you understand, but nevertheless flare.

This is a Vionnet model. It has her little yoke that goes very low on the shoulders, and the sleeves are attached to it in an armhole effect that is long. Below this yoke are two important seams that do the afore-emphasized nipping in.

The significant thing about this model is that it shows no great style-revolutionizing design, but some of the little insidious changes that bring about new fashions gradually, even when we are holding on affectionately to the old.

This coat shows a change ever so slight, which we may accept as a mere side line (and no pun is intended) to relieve the *ennui* of our present wrap-around line, and before we know it the flare with its accompanying nipped-in waist will outline the standard silhouette. This wrap has pale beige fox collar and cuffs.

The other coat is of beige tweed. It is one of the beautiful new soft French things that everyone is talking about, and its significance lies in having this material made with such a great intricacy of cut. This wrap is cut up into diagonal lines and sewn together again the way we are always making designs these days. I think it is awfully smart and pretty. It has collar and cuffs of red fox, which they say is going to be the accepted fur of next season.

A COAT of black velours and beige fox, showing a new silhouette.

The dress model is of black crêpe satin made with the dull side showing in places and the shiny surface used elsewhere. This fashion of using both sides goes on forever, because one can get a complicated effect with it and still keep the dress all in one color. This one is cut with a tight girdle that ties in front.

Bows, by the way, are not dead, nor even sleeping. They are very alert indeed, although

MADE of black crêpe satin, the foundation of this Patou dress shows the shiny surface. The V-shaped lines and the girdle show the dull side.

it was predicted by some that their day was over. This dress is cut with the Vs of the dull crêpe satin. The body of the frock is shiny and made with the skirt that is circular in front while plain in the back.

The circular ripple is beginning to take the place of the front plaits.

If you wear a lot of jewelry and a formal hat with this dress, it is good for almost any occasion. On the other hand, if you tone down your accessories, it is just as appropriate for any hour of the day.

A breezy letter has just come to me from a friend in Paris, and here are a few cullings from it: Nothing could be smarter for evening than sheer blue velvet. Unless it be pale pinkish-gray satin! Or perhaps a demitoilette

THIS coat of beige-colored tweed has a collar and cuffs of red fox.

of lace with long, tight sleeves. Long sleeves for evening and short ones for day wear are sort of getting the fashions turned upside down, you might think. These lace dresses ought to be in blue, but yellow or even black will answer.

"Smokings," or tailored dinner jackets, of brocaded gold and silver, have proved popular for theater wear when extreme décolletage is a bit out of place and theater aisles are drafty. Some of these have long sleeves. The painted sabots of the kind worn at Southampton all summer are now immortalized into boudoir slippers to go with the new lounging pajamas—so my friend designates them, to denote, one presumes, that they are a different type of thing from those one sleeps in.

FUR trimming is excellent on crêpe de Chine. And leather trimming on fur! Three-quarter-length sports coats, some knitted and some of soft wool, are going to make a concentrated effort to replace the short jacket which has prevailed for so long.

Almost every woman one sees is "set off" with a sports scarf of some sort. The three-cornered ones are the smartest.

A man more fearless than Richthofen—an American war bird. Watch for the thrilling story of his life and exploits, to begin in LIBERTY shortly.

Holiday Frocks Have Restless Hemlines

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, November 27.

IT'S nothing short of downright wicked to try to celebrate Christmas if you have let yourself become only a conglomeration of raw nerves, haphazard hustle, and utter weariness. There is only one way to make others enjoy the season, and that is by enjoying it first yourself. Begin a week ahead by getting a rest, a free mind, and—a new dress. Contributing vigor, spirit, and visual decoration in yourself, you will give the most precious of all Christmas presents to those around you.

Celebrations of every sort are in order, and your clothes should have the air of the holiday. Whether it is to be a quiet at-home party, or a big affair outside, you will want to be a contributive factor from every point of view. And clothes count, both spiritually and physically.

In Paris, the *Nuit de Noël* is one on which all the family celebrate by being gay, at peace, and all dressed up. For this reason Paris pays a tremendous amount of attention to holiday fashions. Every woman tries to look her best for this night of nights—Christmas Eve.

Paris couturiers create special frocks that fit the occasion, and that are often indicative of new trends. There is an extreme of easy, informal grace about these fashions, entirely in harmony with the simple friendliness of these most intimate holidays. No rigidity; no straight, undeviating lines; no harsh fabrics; and no surplus trimmings. Let the Christmas trees have the gaudy glitter.

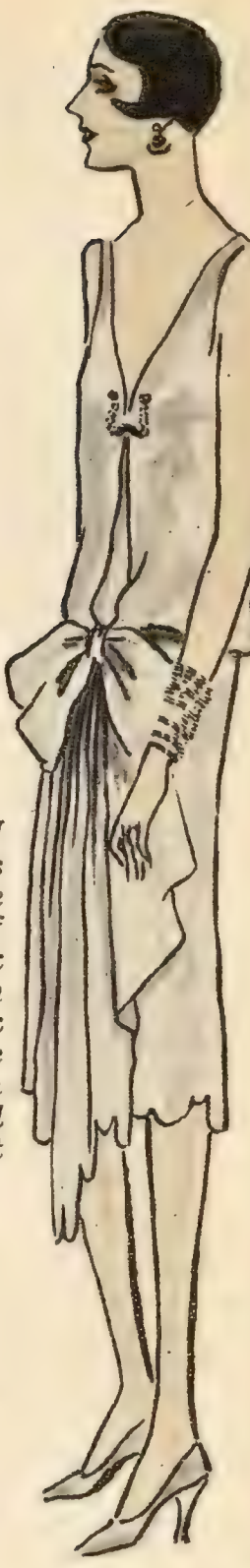
Paris makes Christmas frocks of soft crêpe satins to catch the lights of a thousand candles—of lace as delicate in pattern as the branches of the cedar tree—and of velvets as deep as the Christmas sky. Lines are slender, supple, and uneven.

The hemlines, particularly, are irregular, moving restlessly up and down, giving personal charm and gayety of spirit to the holiday dress. While especially appropriate for gowns at this time, the restless hemline is a moving force affecting the styles of the whole season.

We began the autumn with hemlines that dipped in back; but since then Paris has found as many spots to droop them as there are inches around the bottom of the skirt. And the hem also rises, having its ups and downs on all skirts.

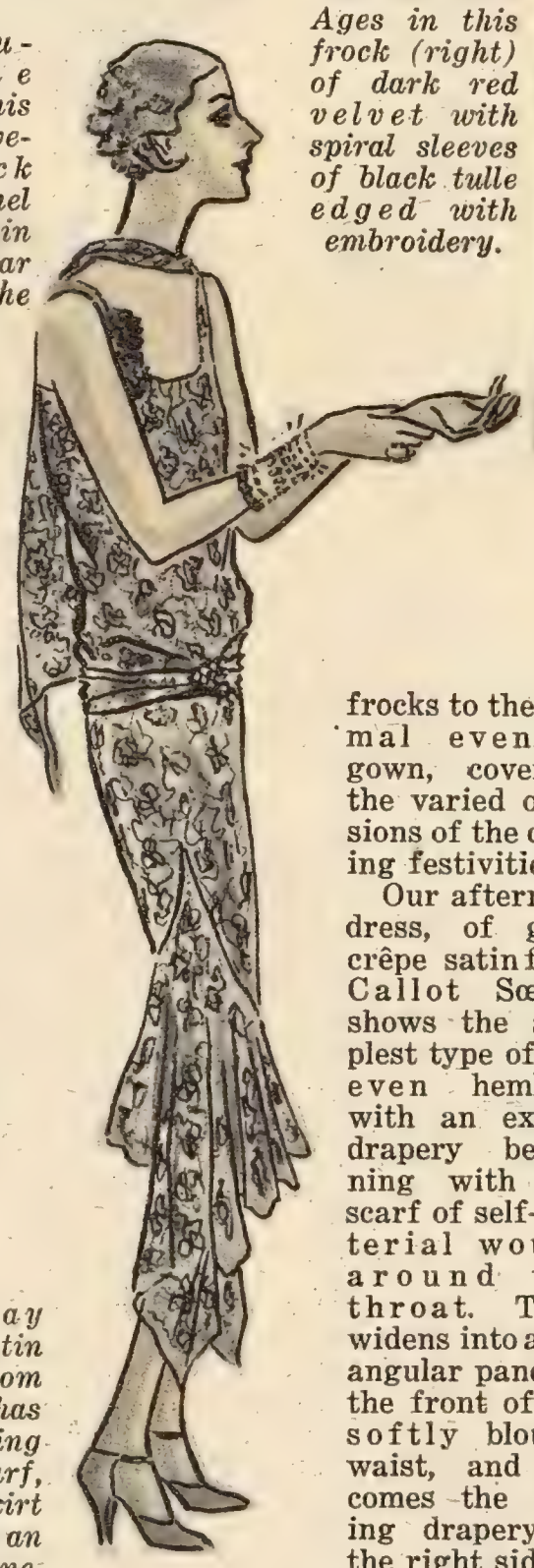
Erickson has sketched for you four of the holiday dresses with irregular hemlines which Paris will wear on the *Nuit de Noël*. They range from the simplest of afternoon frocks to the formal evening gown, covering the varied occasions of the coming festivities.

POIRET revives the silhouette of the Middle Ages in this frock (right) of dark red velvet with spiral sleeves of black tulle edged with embroidery.



PAQUIN scallops and dips the hemline of this pale pink crêpe - satin dance frock (right). The sash, with fan - shaped ends, ties at the waist.

THE supreme chic of this black lace evening frock from Chanel (right) lies in the irregular ruffle at the hemline.



THIS gray crêpe - satin frock (left) from Callot Sœurs has an interesting drapery of scarf, panel, and skirt all in one, and an uneven hemline.

Our afternoon dress, of gray crêpe satin from Callot Sœurs, shows the simplest type of uneven hemline, with an expert drapery beginning with the scarf of self-material wound around the throat. This widens into a triangular panel at the front of the softly bloused waist, and becomes the flaring drapery at the right side of the skirt, dipping below the hem of the skirt proper. A narrow belt of squares of steel linked together holds this drapery in place.

Another kind of dress for informal wear during the holidays is our Paul Poiret model. The long bodice and side-dipping, cartridge-plaited skirt of this frock are of dark red velvet, lines and color suggesting some figure in a Renaissance painting. The silhouette is gracious, and the unusual sleeves increase its charm. These sleeves are made of black tulle ruffles, edged with embroidery, and wound in spirals on a plain, three-quarter-length tulle undersleeve.

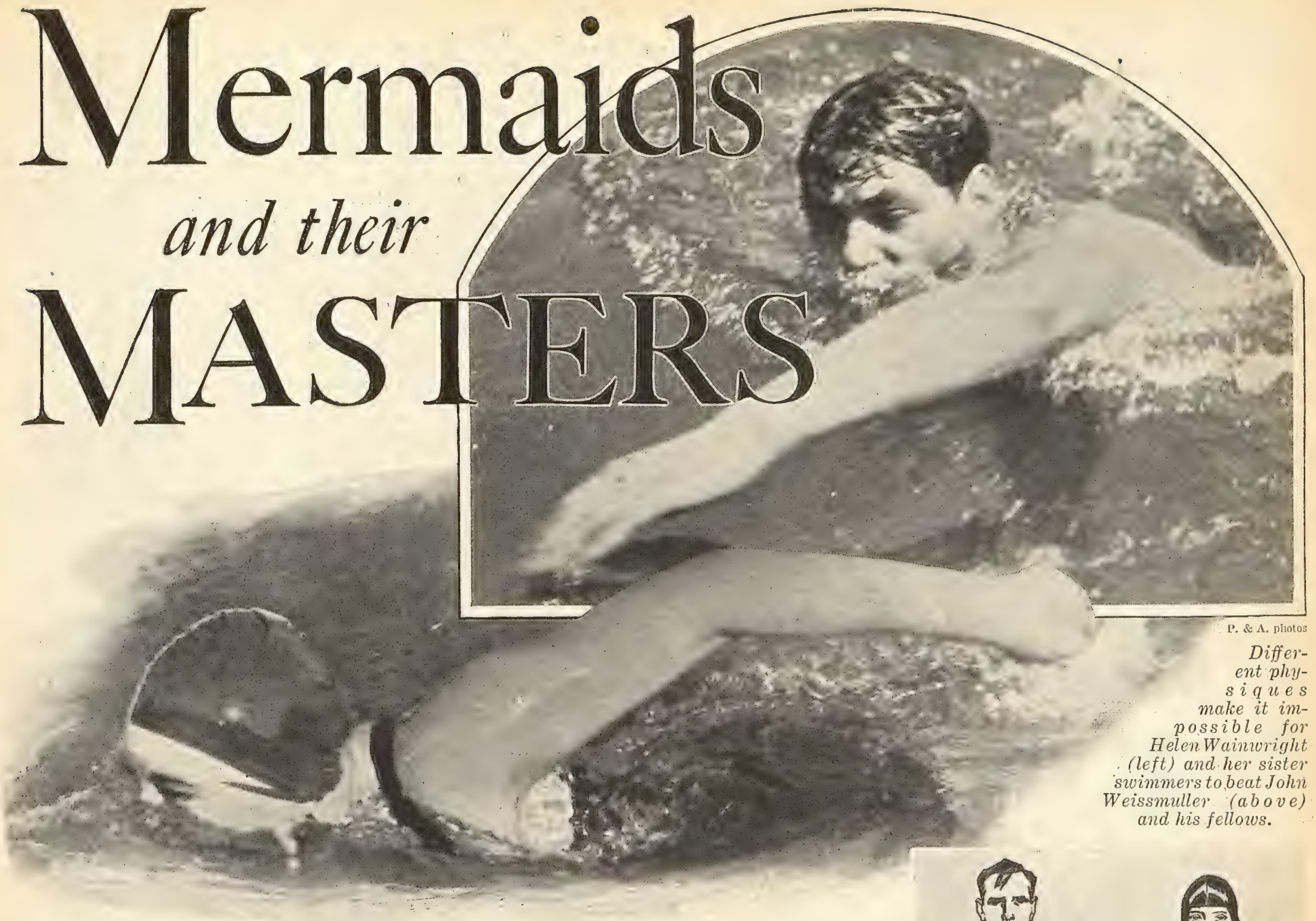
For the woman whose holidays include the evening dance, the opera, or the theater, nothing could be smarter or more in tune with the season than the black lace frock from Chanel. The slim, almost narrow lines of the bodice and the upper skirt of this dress are made *flou* by a supreme artist of the costume. The lace scarf attached to the back of the left shoulder strap widens into one flaring end that falls to the hipline at the right side of the back. A circular lace ruffle, uneven both at top and bottom, finishes the slender skirt, rising very high at the right side and top, and falling to the ankles at both sides. The hemline is cut into a series of triangles all around.

PAQUIN created the dance frock for Mme. Martinez de Hoz. This dress is made of pearl pink crêpe satin, with a bloused waist and a skirt which is shirred at the waistline in front and scalloped and dipped at the hemline. The girdle of self-material ties in a large bow at the center front, and has two flaring ends that are spread fanwise on the two sides of the skirt front.

Mme. Martinez de Hoz wears a single jewel, a pin of emeralds and diamonds in the shape of a lyre, at the base of the décolletage of this frock. This smart habit of choosing a special jewel for the evening frock offers a gift suggestion to the belated Christmas shopper.

The greatest flying story ever told. The hero: a young, splendidly foolhardy American war pilot. Beginning soon in LIBERTY.

Mermaids *and their* MASTERS



P. & A. photos

Different physiques make it impossible for Helen Wainwright (left) and her sister swimmers to beat John Weissmuller (above) and his fellows.

Proving that Women Haven't the Right Streamlines to Equal Men's Swimming Records

An Article by

L. de B. HANDLEY

(Reading time: 9 minutes 25 seconds.)

THE interesting question of woman's swimming prowess, the source of keen controversial speculation whenever an exceptionally notable swimming feat is accomplished by a member of the fair sex, has arisen afresh.

It is due this time to the striking record-breaking exploits by two girl champions of the Women's Swimming Association of New York. And again some natatorial and medical authorities have not hesitated to express the opinion that woman may yet rob man of his long-retained leadership in the water.

Nevertheless, a careful survey of the situation in no way seems to justify this conclusion. Anyone who studies the history of standardized competitive swimming will ascertain that at no time have the world's records for women approached those for men. Also that, although women occasionally have gained victories over men in long-distance races, no woman ever has defeated a male topnotcher, regardless of distance or style of stroke.

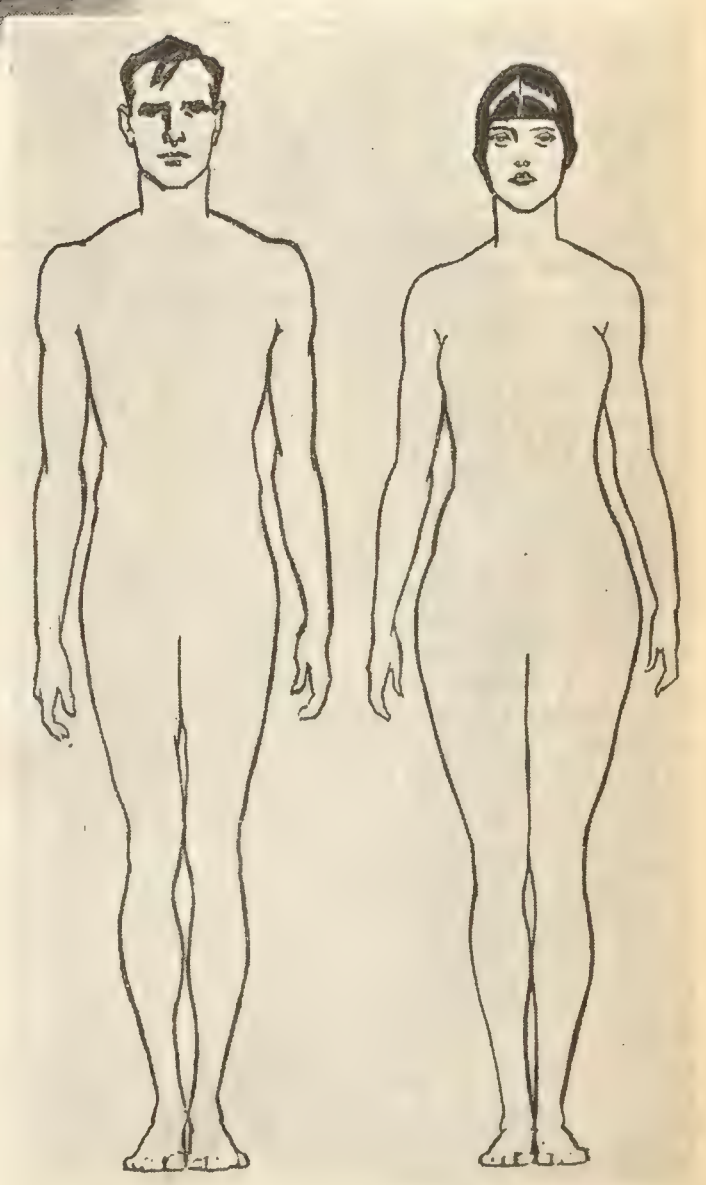
There were periods when women improved a bit more rapidly than men, but shortly matters were reversed. The difference in speed between the sexes has not varied to any great extent—since the introduction of modern methods, at least.

The only achievement, in fact, which affords strong material for argument in woman's favor is the epochal conquest of the English Channel by Gertrude Ederle of New York in August, 1926.

It will be recalled that, though battered throughout by the roughest seas ever encountered by a successful Channel swimmer, the nineteen-year-old American girl swam the twenty miles from France to England in 14 hours 31 minutes, shattering the record for the course.

True, her time subsequently was bettered, first by Ernst Vierkoetter of Germany, then by Georges Michel of France, who now holds the record at 11 hours 5 minutes.

However, both these men enjoyed perfectly smooth water, and to this day many claim that Miss Ederle would have beaten the latter's mark had she been favored with the same ideal conditions. Nor can this claim be disputed, as there is no doubt whatever that she is a faster swimmer than the Frenchman. Granting, however, that Miss Ederle's feat



ILLUSTRATING the difference between man's streamlined body and the female figure, whose curves create more resistance in the water.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MERMAIDS AND THEIR MASTERS
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

is the greatest ever achieved in Channel waters, it cannot be overlooked that there are men who materially exceed her in speed and who are qualified to carry their best pace, proportionately, over long routes.

Take, for instance, Andrew Charlton of Australia, Olympic champion and record holder at 1,500 meters, and George Young of Canada, winner of the Catalina Island race. Competitive results disclose that the former is about four minutes per mile faster than Miss Ederle; the latter no less than two minutes. And both are men of tested pluck and stamina.

It may logically be assumed that were Miss Ederle to meet either of these doughty watermen in a race from France to England the odds would be hopelessly against her.

I will mention here that it has been my good fortune, as volunteer coach of the contestants of the Women's Swimming Association, to pilot through their amateur racing careers quite a few of the girl champions developed in the past decade, including Miss Ederle, Claire Galligan, Charlotte Boyle, Ethelda Bleibtrey, Helen Wainwright, Aileen Riggin, Ethel McGary, Agnes Geraghty, and other record breakers.

Ethel Lackie, woman 100-yard world's champion.

It will be realized, therefore, that I am the last man in the world to wish to minimize women's exploits, or discount their potentialities. But every bit of available evidence points in the same direction too conclusively to permit the shadow of a doubt.

TWO all-important factors, in my estimation, insure the lasting perpetuation of man's leadership in swimming: first, body conformation which is much better adapted to the gaining and maintaining of speed in the water; second, greater average size and strength.

Broad of shoulders, flat of chest, and leaner of hips, men not only are able to more effectively take advantage of the hydroplaning principle, thereby causing relatively less displacement, but their tapering length offers proportionately less resistance.

Propelled by the up-to-date strokes, which afford constant forward impetus, men glide along with their greatest breadth, the shoulders, higher on the surface, while their narrower hips slip through the water more easily, without causing so much drag.

It follows, obviously, that in so reducing resistance men avoid a good part of the wastage of the propelling force incurred by women. As a result, they obtain from the same amount of energy more speed, or endurance, as the occasion may require.

It will be seen, then, that build alone would make men the faster swimmers, even were there no marked difference in the size and strength of the sexes.

But women as a class do not begin to approach men in stature or muscular power, which places them under another substantial handicap.

One must, of course, concede to women greater imperviousness to cold and more enduring muscles, two particularly valuable factors in long-distance swimming, at least.

In addition to possessing more subcutaneous fats, which prevent heat radiation and conserve the temperature of the body, they have more rapid heart action, and their blood is renovated with greater frequency at the surface. This helps to fight off more adequately the effects of chilling outward influences.

Women's muscles are of finer fiber than men's, and in action produce smaller amounts of the poisons which engender first fatigue, then exhaustion. This enables them, after due preparation and training, to undergo sustained muscular effort longer than men.

But while these assets make it reasonable to believe that properly trained mermaids would outlast watermen in a swimming trial to a finish, certainly they do not support the theory that women ever will be able to cope with men in aquatic tests depending for success on a combination of speed and endurance.

It is conceivable, no doubt, that some particular woman may prove the exception to the rule, and there is the possibility that a naiad of heroic mold, closely resembling man in general build, will attain sufficient speed to overcome all opposition.

P. & A. photos

Gertrude Ederle, first woman to conquer the English Channel.

But this will be a flash in the pan, if it ever takes place. Very soon man's superiority in size and strength must restore him to leadership, as it is not conceivable that the respective characteristics of the sexes, unaltered in thousands of years, will be subjected to complete transformation at any time hereafter.

In bygone days, before the art of natation had become universally popular, it was a favorite and plausible contention of feminists that women trailed behind men as swimmers because they lacked the latters' facilities, opportunities, and incentives. But this claim no longer is admissible. If anything, matters have changed the other way.

Girls now are taught to swim in childhood, often sooner than boys. Everywhere they have pools for practice and competent instructors. They are encouraged to gain proficiency and engage in water sports. There is sectional, national, and international competition aplenty for them. Above all, they have displayed greater progressiveness than mermen, and have been more willing to try out innovations, thereby taking earlier advantage of the revolutionary improvements made in swimming methods.

Mark, in fact, that Claire Galligan and Charlotte Boyle were the first successful exponents of the six-beat double-rhythm crawl, and Ethel McGary of the eight- and ten-beat varieties of the same stroke. It was due to their enterprise that these styles of swimming were generally adopted.

IT is distinctly significant, therefore, that notwithstanding the astonishing strides made by women in recent years, and despite their having had the start in taking up the more effective new strokes, they have not drawn any closer to the men's international records for the regulation events, except in a very few cases, and hardly noticeably in them.

Fanny Durack of Australia appears to have been the first of the feminine champions to convey the impression that women might have a chance eventually to vie with men as swimmers.

In her prime, some fifteen years ago, she achieved feats at which the world marveled. The world's records she established for the classic distances, especially, 66 seconds for 100 yards, and 26 minutes 8 seconds for one mile, stood out as truly extraordinary performances at the time.

Yet these very exploits were startling only because they completely eclipsed anything previously accomplished by women. By then Charles M. Daniels of the New York Athletic Club had brought down the men's record for the century to 55 4-5 seconds, and George Hodsgon of Canada had set the mark for one mile at 23 minutes 34 5-10 seconds. Therefore it is really surprising that anyone should have seen in Miss Durack's work even a faint ray of hope for the gentle sex.

Ethel McGary, a noted distance swimmer (above), and (right) Ethelda Bleibtrey.

But some critics made capital of the fact that the Australian champion had cut down the men's lead. They argued that if other mermaids of Miss Durack's caliber broke into the field and continued to better times at the same rate, they gradually would draw closer to men.

The argument was far-fetched. Miss Durack then was in a class by herself, overwhelmingly faster than other naiads of her day, and there was nothing to indicate that her achievements

portended a general leap forward on the part of women collectively. Moreover, men were advancing steadily also. What has taken place since makes clear the fallacy of the old-timers' reasoning.

The present world's records for women, those officially approved and registered, stand to the credit of Ethel Lackie of the Illinois Athletic Club, Chicago, at 60 9-10 seconds for 100 yards, and Edith Mayne of England, at 25 minutes 46 seconds for one mile.

The men's respective records have passed into the hands of John Weissmuller of the Illinois Athletic Club, at 52 seconds, and Arne Borg of Sweden, at 21 minutes 44 4-5 seconds.

It deserves mention that in our national one-mile championship last July, Martha Norelius, of the Women's Swimming Association, New York, was returned the winner in 25 minutes 13 2-5 seconds,

Agnes Geraghty set a 100-meter breast-stroke record.

P. & A. photo

Wide World photo

Claire Galligan pioneered the six-beat double-rhythm crawl.

while her clubmate, Ethel McGary, finished second in 25 minutes 15 seconds. Both beat the listed record.

From the foregoing figures, then, we ascertain that since the days of Miss Durack women have bettered their time for the sprint by 5 1-10 seconds and men by 3 4-5 seconds, but at the longer distance the women's record has dropped only 54 6-10 seconds and the men's 1 minute 49 7-10 seconds.

In other words, during the period of their greatest development, women have crept up on men to the extent of 1 3-10 seconds at 100 yards, but fallen back more than one minute at the mile. Not much encouragement there.

It seems superfluous to look into the rest of the individual free-style records, as there is approximately the same range between them. But the standards for relay racing are of particular interest, in that they are far more representative of class ability.

The classic relay fixture is the 880-yard swim for teams of four, 220 yards per swimmer, and the bracketed records are held by mermaids of the Women's Swimming Association at 11:45 3-5, and watermen of the Illinois Athletic Club at 9:43. These times show a 220-yard average of 2 minutes 56 2-5 seconds for women and 2 minutes 25 3-5 seconds for men.

For those unfamiliar with swimming competition, it may be clarifying to point out that the quoted figures denote that if the respective holders of the records for the three events in question were brought together in actual contest, the women would be beaten more than 15 yards at 100 yards, no less than 220 yards at one mile, and almost 200 yards in the relay race.

THE same wide margins are found to exist when one compares the marks for backstroke and breaststroke swimming.

The true gauge of respective backstroke rating is furnished by the present international records for the most popular distance, 150 yards, which are in possession of Miss Sybil Bauer at 1:58 1-5 and Walter Laufer of the Young Men's Christian Association, Cincinnati, at 1:43 3-5.

Coming next to the breast stroke, where the Olympic course is 200 meters, or 218.72 yards, we note that Marie Baron of Holland is credited with the women's record of 3 minutes 18 2-5 seconds, and Erich Rademacher of Germany with the men's of 2 minutes 48 seconds.

Men clearly have outclassed women throughout the modern era of standardized competition, and there is no hint in the world's records that men ever will relinquish the all-around leadership they have unbrokenly maintained.

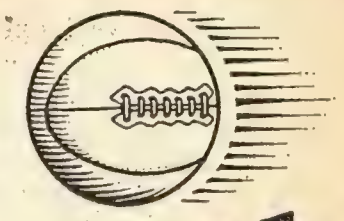
The representative international records have stood persistently and unyieldingly to the credit of man, sharply reflecting his greater natural resources in physique and watermanship.

Unless the future brings about a transformation in the sexes, a thing certainly not remotely in sight at present, women as a class never will gain natatorial precedence over men.

THE END

Don't miss the incredible story of the unknown American who amazed the fighting forces of the world gathered on the Western Front. It begins soon.

BOYS! basketball equipment FREE!



SWISH! Right into the basket! A speedy dribble or two and then you toss a long one that goes straight and true into the netting. Basketball days are here. A fast, exciting game every real fellow wants to enjoy. Here's your chance to get a dandy regulation basketball and all the other equipment like gym shoes, etc.—absolutely free. You don't have to envy the other fellow playing the game. You can play too—with your own equipment—at no cost to you.

FILL in the coupon and mail it at once. We'll send full details and our Big Catalog of Free Prizes. Besides basketball equipment, it illustrates radios, bicycles, cameras, musical instruments, all kinds of sporting equipment, sleds, skates, and many other things you've always wanted. You won't have to ask Mother or Dad to buy you that new sled or those radio parts you need. You can get them all from LIBERTY—and in addition earn money every week.

Earn Money Too

LET us show you how you can quickly start your own LIBERTY MAGAZINE route and make money, too, the very first week and every week thereafter. We have started thousands of boys. It's easy. No money, no experience needed. We supply everything. Work right in your own neighborhood, after school, Saturdays, full or spare time, just as you please. Let us send you the "LIBERTY Boy Salesman," a booklet which tells what other boys are doing. Just send the coupon. Start at once to be independent. Be a happy LIBERTY boy money-maker and prize-getter. Boys, don't wait any longer. Mail the coupon today.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, *Boy Sales Division,*
247 Park Avenue,
New York City.

Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Married Women Wanted
2 Hours Per Week
We pay liberally for about 2 hours per week of your spare time. The only requirement is absolute honesty. Estimated average earnings $4.50 per week. Do not reply if you are an agent or canvasser. Address: Mr. O'Connor, Dept. 35F, 111 West 42nd Street, N.Y. City.
Just say "Tell me about your spare time offer" and state how your home is lighted—Gas, Electricity or Oil

DEAFNESS IS MISERY
Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.
A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 201 70 5th Ave., New York

MONEY FOR YOU
Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

DANDRUFF
AND SCALP ECZEMA
Millions use Lucky Tiger. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks skin troubles. At Barbers and Druggists.
LUCKY TIGER

Just like giving a costly brand-new Radio

for Xmas

ARCHATRON
completely degasified
RADIO TUBES

3000 Hours of pleasure for a radio-loving friend

THOUSANDS and thousands of radio receivers would give better radio if equipped with completely degasified tubes—Archatrons. Freedom from gas increases filament life. In laboratory test a set from stock gave over 3000 hours of quality radio reception, equal to nearly 10 years' radio operation at the rate of an hour a day.

It also results in an uniformity of electrical characteristics. No matching necessary, every tube alike from start to finish. Archatrons promote radio economy. "The Secret's in the Arch."

Each Tube of a Type Exactly Alike

Tube of the famous 3000 Hour Test

Free Electron Flow

Another result of "no gas." It means greater sensitivity, selectivity, distance, and clarity. It means better radio reception from any receiver that has the slightest excuse for existing.

Double Guarantee

A single Archatron *must* live longer and satisfy completely. An entire set of 3, 4, 5, or 6 *must* improve any radio or money refunded. They do it. Try them and see.

Long, Long Life
Selectivity - Clarity
Distance - Volume
More Stations

Most good radio dealers carry Archatrons. Name of your nearest one on request. The name Archatron is on every tube.

The Ken-Rad Corp. Inc
Owensboro, Ky.

'Twas *the* Night Before Christmas

Excitement Supreme at the Morses'

A Yuletide Chapter in LIBERTY'S Fascinating Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

GLEAMING street lamps . . . shouts of children coasting . . . holly wreaths in candlelighted windows . . . glimpses of glittering Christmas trees . . . chimes . . . a three-lunged brass band tooting out The First Noel on the corner of Main Street and Elm . . .

'Twas the night before Christmas!

En route to Ma Morse's for the great holiday, Lil and Sandy went taxi-jouncing down the street.

"It's the first Christmas Eve since our wedding, dear," Lil was saying. She squeezed her husband's hand. Would he come across with one of those eighteen-dollar strings of pearls to which she'd made subtle reference ever since Election Day?

Sandy returned the sentimental squeeze with his one free hand. The other was occupied keeping his father-in-law's top-heavy smoking stand ($6.98) from colliding with his mother-in-law's earthenware flowerpot stand ($5.50). And he was using both feet to protect Lil's gift to Ma—a green glass salad set with scalloped plates (200 soap wrappers).

"Here we are!" he called, bouncing into the air and biting his tongue—due to snow ruts in front of the Morses' gate. He paid the fare ($1.15) and lifted all the packages from the cab to the curb; then he murmured a brief financial prayer: Would his boss' generous Christmas bonus check cover his heavy holiday expenses?

"Hey, Merry Christmas! Gimme a hand with the bundles," he yelled to Pop, who was sprinkling salt on the icy front steps.

"Hey, Merry Christmas to you!" Mr. Morse answered, adjusting his sealskin ear muffs. He kissed the newlyweds. Would he receive anything this Christmas to make him especially merry? The only thing he was counting upon was—bills; in fact, he'd composed a Cynic's Holiday Song. This was rendered down cellar during furnace-inspection trips.

Christmas Eve!

A soap box, wire, nails, a hammered thumb (Pop's)—and the tree was set up! Tinsel, lights, colored balls, cotton snow, and silver rain—the tree was trimmed! Mysterious queer-shaped packages sticking out from under couch cushions; mistletoe on chandeliers. And at midnight Pop handed a pot-cheese sandwich and coffee (in the worst cracked blue kitchen cup) to a beggar at the door!

When Sandy sneaked upstairs and started to hide Lil's eighteen-dollar gift pearls under his mattress in the guest room, he discovered her gift to him hidden in the same choice place. Gloom: Could it be another cigarette case? He already owned six.

Nearly 1 o'clock: Lil had been hopping around like a sparrow now for nearly three hours.

"Hang up your sock now, dear," she smiled, planning to set the alarm for 6 A. M. in order to fill her husband's cotton sock with Five-and-Ten baubles.

"Don't forget your own stocking, dear," Sandy said, although something told him she needed no invitation. Then he gasped. Had she mistaken the guest-room mantelpiece for a clothesline? Before he could wink, she'd hung up *two* long stockings!

"I wonder what Santa will bring me?" Lil whispered excitedly.

(*To be continued next week*)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Logical Edna

Five-year-old Edna, wishing to sympathize with her mother, says, "Muvver's got a headache. Poor old muvver!"

Mother says, "You must not call me old, dear child."

Edna: "I don't mean you're really old, muvver; but I've known you such a long time."—Mrs. M. L. Pettit, 1041 Claremont Drive, Pasadena, Calif.

She'd Seen It Before

My sister-in-law and I were sitting on the porch visiting, with my little daughter sitting by listening. My sister-in-law said something which I didn't quite hear, and I nodded my head sort of absent-mindedly. My daughter turned to her aunt and said, "Aunt Hazel, when mother looks dumb like that she doesn't hear you."—Mrs. F. S. King, 2517 Fourth Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

You can earn BIG MONEY!

with this handsome sample case filled with Rawleigh Good Health Food Products, Flavors, Spices, Toilet Preparations, etc. Hundreds of families will buy from you. No experience needed—we show you how. Low prices. Liberal terms. Good locations for 1500 men and women. Write

The W. T. RAWLEIGH Co.
DEPT. 9 LIB.
FREEPORT, ILL.

ASTHMA
Standard Remedy

For 58 years Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound has successfully and quickly relieved the distressing paroxysms of Asthma. Two sizes, $1 and 25c., also cigarettes (box of 24, 50c) at your druggist's or sent direct post paid for cash. FREE TRIAL box of 6 cigarettes with treatise on causes and treatment of Asthma, etc. sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dept. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant for the Kidneys) 60c. for package of 72 pills.

Cuticura Soap
Is Pure and Sweet
Ideal for Children

Sample Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass.

NIGHTHAWKS

A thrilling story of the War Birds who fought in the dark, by

A. Roy Brown

The man who killed Richthofen

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Foggy Impression of the Sights of London Town

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

"There goes Doyles head!" And Spike hollers out, "Keep yer eye on it, he has me pipe."

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

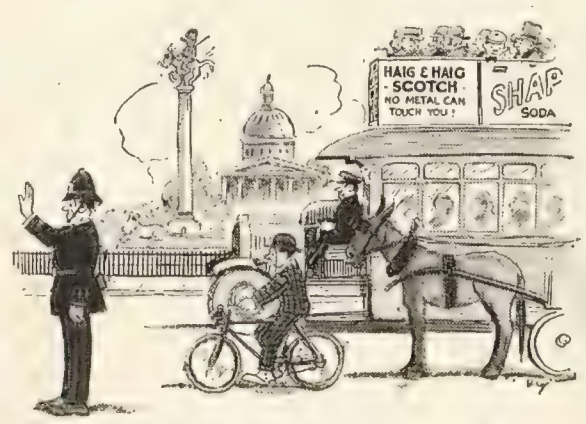
London, England.

DEER MARG,—

You wood have herd from me before but I got lost in the fog. If you ever go out in a London fog Marg, you might just as well kiss your parents goo-by. It gets so thick over here that you cant close the front door. In the middle of the day its nice and light like the inside of a cow. And at night! Its like bein in the subway when the fuse blows out.

Gee, what a awful workout a handful of Chicago yegs could give a place like this. It must be a great spot for a guy to land a plane in. You might just as well come down on a red hot stove. Pittsburgs a piker alongside of this place.

I wish you would save all of my letters because I'll tell you everything what happens. Its goin to be a edication to you. If we ever get married and go for the holy wedlock stuff youll be all smarted up and wont have to spend no money travelin. Them crackpots you go with wont know the differance anyhow. When we go on our funnymoon, we'll just take a run up to Canada, instead of goin abroad. While Im out with the boys on the boats arranging for shipments of light stuff, like Jin, scotch and rye, you can be sittin in the hotel goin over these letters wiseing yourself up. Leave it to me to be thinking about you.



THE Bobbies got a thing on there head what looks like a cross between a roastin pan and a gold fish globe.

Its brutal the way I think of you. I get myself all full of excema every time I take a slant at your foto. Its turrable! I get all excitement. Just like I was goin to bust all the buttons offer my vest.

Getting married is like goin to jail. Its easy to go for, but hard to get away from. You never can tell what kind of a blank youre goin to draw.

Dont think for a minit Marg that I think youre a blank. Youre just gorgeus, and soft like to me, just like a sponge. You mean more to me than probition does to the United States. I never will forget the foist time I met you. Hot Dog, it seems only yesterday that I saw you comin out of the salloon with a pail of beer for your old man. And that was long before the United States went wet.

Please dont mind me writin like this, but I love you so much I just get pathetic and full of sediment. Thats me all over.

Well, Im goin to lay offer this wipped cream stuff and tell you all about what goes on.

I was just over to the Savoy Hotel to see some of the bunch from the American Legon. Gee it was good to see some of the old gang. Remembur me tellin you about Spike Ryan who was in the same outfit with me over in France. Well, I met him! Never will I forget the time when me, Spike and Pat Doyle was in the trench together and a big dud came over and took off poor Doyles head. And a fello yelled out, "There goes Doyles head!" And Spike hollers out, "Keep yer eye on it, he has me pipe."

But that was Doyle all over. He was always coppin other peoples stuff.

You should pipe the French frail that Spikes runnin around with. And what I mean! Hot off the griddel. Talk about your steam heated mammas, shes a wow! She wouldnt love a man alone or let a guy alone. But Spike knows his Bermudas! He dont need any instruction book. He used to be a book agent for Oscar Wild when he was in jail.

Over here Marg, every body rides a bicycle. Laugh that off! Its a great site to go down to Traffalgar Square and watch all the fellos goin to work. Can you imagine seein J. P. Morgan and Herbert Hoover doin their bit on a bicycle? Every body rides on the left side when they should be on the right.

Cars, the size of a good size meat cake go flying past bicycles, busses and what not. Your life aint worth the price of a package of butts. And the motorcycles would run up under your shirt at the drop of a hat. Times Square and Fifth Avenue is a funeral along side of this place.

And you should see the cops. They call em Bobbies here. They got a thing on there head what looks like a cross between a roastin pan and a gold fish globe. It has a sort of chin strap tied to it. It kind of rests on there pan to stop there chin from fallin off.

And each one of em carries a thing under his arm what looks like a tube of liverwurst. You should get a peek at the thing when they put it on. Its a sort of rain coat affair. Looks somethin like a small tent or a motormens coat. When they put the gadget on, you cant tell em from a full grown toadstool.

THEN they have another piece of business. Folding rubber pants. But they really aint pants. They just look like em. Theyre nothin more than two pieces of stove pipe made out of rubber. It rains over here about every fifteen minutes, so they slide one leg in each one of these things and you cant tell em from a bag of baloney. Can you imagine Marg if you ever got a flee in a pair of pants like them?

And the way they murder the Kings english here is the nuts. Fur instence, when we talk on the phone *we* say Hello. But *they* say "Are you thar, old thing?" The first time a feller asted me that, I was about to dot his eye. Can you imagine a guy asting you if *youre there*. I didnt like the sound of it.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Spare Yourself Embarrassment

Use a salt you know will always pour

It's a serious problem of conduct for guests when the salt refuses to pour.

Usually they make a polite pretense of shaking the salt cellar . . . and then go saltless!

Embarrassing, isn't it? And so unnecessary. For Morton's Salt pours freely in *any* weather.

And such flavor! Zesty, snappy, *even*, because each tiny crystal dissolves separately. Ask your grocer for Morton's Salt . . . in the triple-wrapped package with the handy spout.

Morton Salt Co., Chicago

MORTON'S SALT

WHEN IT RAINS— IT POURS

10 to 18 is the danger period, the time of life when any child may easily contract simple goiter. Why needlessly risk your children's health when the regular use of Morton's Iodized Salt will protect it.

PLAIN OR IODIZED

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

Here another! I wanted to buy a package of tacks the other day and they sent me over to an ironmunger. Smile that off! Thats a fello what runs a hardware store. If you want to take the elevator they tell you to "take the lift." Oh, its a jolly fine place.

But there is one thing I will say, everybody is polite. Even the news boys, peddlers, taxi drivers. If one taxi driver asks another one a direction, he say Please and Sir. Can you imagine that! If you should ask a mouse trap driver in New York or Chicago a certain direction, he would reach down in a tool box for a rench and part your hair!

WHO do you think I saw today, Marg? No less than the Prince of Whales. Hes a jolly fine chap. He goes swell over here. I was down to the Hotel Cecil and he shook hands with all the boys from the American Legon.

You know here in all the theaters when the show is over the orkistra plays God Save the King and everybody stands up.

Well, I was out to a party the other night when the Prince of Whales dropped in. Everybody stopped dancing and the band started to play God Save the King and when they finished, the Prince says, "Now that we put the Old Man to bed, lets go on with the dance."—Reglar,—thats him.

Hes a good egg, Marg. You dont catch him settlin down to the holy wedlock stuff yet, because when he does, he knows that he'll have to go to a flock of high hat balls and parties and stuff like that and the guy *hates* the fried shirt and all that bunk. He loves the girls and the giggle soup and the jass and the nonsence, but hes afraid to bat an eye fur fear they put it on the front page and the Old Man lamps it.

The Prince of Whales is a Whale of a Prince, take it from me.

All they do over here Marg is drink tea! Ive drunk so much of the stuff that you cant tell me from Tom Lipton. Hes the guy that put England on the map. Every time they sign a contract or answer the fone they brew a bit of tea—comb that out of your whiskers!

Listen, Lovelips. You know that I came over here on business and also to attend the International Conventions of Interior Decorators to be held at the Haig and Haig. Well, Im goin to fly over to Paris some time next week and Ill tell you all about it if we dont krack up.

You should see the size of the crates they have. They hold 14 customers. They come for you at the hotel, take you to the field, fly you to France and deliver you at your Shattow all for Five Ginnies. Five ginnies in the USA aint worth a dime. They use em for polishin fruit. Ha. Ha.

Oh, what a swell car they call for you with. They ride you over to the Croydon Airdome and stick you in the plane and hop you over to Le Borget Airdome in France. Thats the joint where Lindberg borrowed the night shirt from Mr. Herring. Hes the only guy what wears them over there.

If you dont get any more letters from me youll know that the plain busted its suspenders and the waterwings I'll have tied on my back refused to open. If somethin like this happens get your old man to send over a sap to do a bit of grapelin in the Irish Channil or the Meeditterranian Sea as I'll have the key to my trunk in my inside coat pocket.

Theyre *some* ships, Marg, they got a buffit and serve hot muts and hamberger and a $TEWard gives you other wet things besides.

You know, they tell me that its kind of dangerous takin a bath in one of them Frog hotels. The french frails want to come in and scrub you. Blow that offer your bureau! But you know me Marg. I was always bashful about them things. I guess its the way I was dragged up. The dog I had could never get over wimin washin him. Thats me all over. Now you dont nead to get all steamed up thinkin that, because I'll have the hook on the door. I was ketched once, and that was enough.

I will continue this letter now because I was away on important business for a couple of weeks, I knew you wouldnt be in a hurry for it. You remember me tellin you about me runnin a night club in New York called the Elite Flower Shop. Well, I just shipped 5,000 cases of *flowers* to a place in South America. But I cant help it Marg if the boat breaks down and has to put into New York or Long Island on a dark night. That aint my fault. My partner, the revenoo agent hates to hear about ship wrecks. He nose his boiled Bermudas.

Its dangerous takin a bath in one of them Frog hotels. The french frails want to come in and scrub you.

Keep all this tecknickle stuff under your hare and dont tell a sole, or that flat iron shower the girls are goin to give you wont be worth a dime.

They dont have any steam in the houses in London. Everybody builds a bondfire in there room. Its the bugs eyebrows. When your adonoids begin to get a bit froze, they send you up an order of coal that looks like the stuff they pour on roofs. You break it up in small bits, put it in the great and tuch it off with a nice fresh match.

Then you keep backin up till you cant go any further. You have to do this for fear youll look like an order of wheat cakes. By the time the thing gets smokin good the room gets nice and light like a coal mine. You cant tell yourself from Al Jolson or the Gold Dust twins.

If you want to get a laugh, just go in and get measured for an English suit. Its the berries. The coat fits like somethin thrown over the kitchen sink. The pants fit a bit tight under the arms. And the legs look like the back end of a good old fashioned morris chair.

THE gardens over here, Marg are lovely. Everybody has a garden no matter how small. Tex Rickard aint the only one what raises colyflowers in Madison Square Garden. You should see em here. I was talkin to one of the Kings head gardners. Hes a sort of plant inventor. You know, one of those guys that makes peaches grow on pair trees and makes the rasberrys look like eggplants. Well, thats him!

He says hes tryin to cross up the strawberry with the milkweed pod, so we get strawberries and cream for breakfast. He says its only a question of time before theyll be mixin up the steel plant with the rubber plant and we'll be growin tires and rims.

I just got a nice letter from your girl friend with the crockery eye. She cent me a nice box of rightin paper. She told me not to tell you anything about it because you wouldnt understand. But I know you wouldnt go and squark to her because wimin understand them things.

Theres a broad in the next room to me here whats a widow. Shes tryin to build me up but I wont give her a tumble. She tries to be so sweet and bashful and all that bunk. Shes so artaficial that even her minds made up. Shes just one of them things thats so modest she'd blush at a tree if its lims were bear. Thats her.

Shes got a face that would make the iron deers walk off the lawn. And, you should see her shape! Chippindale shoulders and Queen Ann legs. I think she must have come from a spot in Grand Rapids.

Well, I got to go now and geta drink.

Remember me to your mother and the ash man and I hope your father's lumbago is better. I know just how he feels. We had a mule in the outfit what had one and we had to shoot him.

Wishing you the same.

Passionatily yours,

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. XXXXXXXXX Them are kisses. I love you so much you make me sick.

If the crate dont krack pretty soon we'll hear about them French frails in the Frog hotel in a couple of weeks or so.

Germany in arms feared this American kid. Yet he frequently disregarded military orders to play with French orphans. Read his story in LIBERTY.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

?

MOST important of all questions at this season is: "What shall I find in the Christmas stocking?"

Here's the hope that, for all, the reply will prove to be the fulfillment of every wish.

When your curiosity has been satisfied and you have recovered from the sudden joy of new possessions, you may find time to tackle the following questions.

Here are twenty interesting ones, and if some stump you, consult next week's LIBERTY for the correct answers.

The usual new group of queries to challenge your knowledge of a wide variety of subjects will accompany them.

1—What error was made in the first Lindbergh air-mail stamp?

2—What is a "Scotch verdict"?

3—How much out of the perpendicular is the Leaning Tower of Pisa?

4—What causes an echo?

5—What was the Gunpowder Plot?

6—When was cork first used for bottle stoppers?

7—What are known as electric fish?

8—What is the earliest known use, in English literature, of the expression, "I do not choose"?

9—What is the origin of the word "spinster"?

10—At what age are human beings almost entirely immune to diphtheria?

11—What is the longest unguarded frontier in the world?

12—Where was illuminating gas first used in the United States?

13—What States have women Representatives in Congress?

14—Were persons condemned as witches in early New England burned at the stake?

15—What is frankincense?

16—What was the seating capacity of the Colosseum in Rome?

17—What is specific gravity?

18—What is the normal temperature of the human body?

19—Who is the only man in American history who has held the offices of Chief Justice and President?

20—What is an infallible method of detecting paste diamonds?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What six States do not have capital punishment?

A.—Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Minnesota, Maine, and South Dakota.

2—What percentage of people in the United States work in factories?

A.—One out of every eleven.

3—Why was the first month of the year named January?

A.—After Janus, a Roman god who had two faces, one looking into the past and the other into the future.

4—How did side whiskers get the name of sideburns?

A.—They were named for General Ambrose E. Burnside of the Federal army, who wore them during the Civil War.

5—Did Woodrow Wilson sign the Volstead Act?

A.—No. It was passed over his veto.

6—From what is ermine named?

A.—Armenia, which was a great fur-trade center.

7—How long does it take light to reach the earth from the nearest star?

A.—The nearest star is Alpha Centauri. It takes 1,606 days for its light to travel to us.

8—How far can the homing pigeon fly in a day?

A.—From 500 to 700 miles.

9—How many keys on an ordinary piano?

A.—Eighty-eight.

10—How is Fascist pronounced?

A.—Fash'eest.

11—Who made the first waterproof cloth?

A.—Charles Macintosh, a Scotch chemist, in 1823. His name is still applied to some grades of the cloth.

12—What is the origin of the expression, "Not worth a tinker's dam"?

A.—A tinker's dam was a wall of mud, clay, or dough to retain melted solder against a joint and worthless after use.

13—How did artesian wells get their name?

A.—From the province of Artois, in France, where they have long been used.

14—How many people died in the sinking of the Lusitania?

A.—Eleven hundred and ninety-five, of whom 291 were women and nine were children.

15—Why are there thirty-six columns outside the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.?

A.—They represent the thirty-six States of the Union at the time of Lincoln's death.

16—Who have held the full and permanent rank of General in the United States army?

A.—Washington, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Pershing.

17—How did the porterhouse steak get its name?

A.—From porter house, an old name for a saloon, in one of which this cut was first served.

18—At what age did Charlie Chaplin begin to act?

A.—Chaplin went on the stage in England at the age of seven.

19—What is gutta-percha?

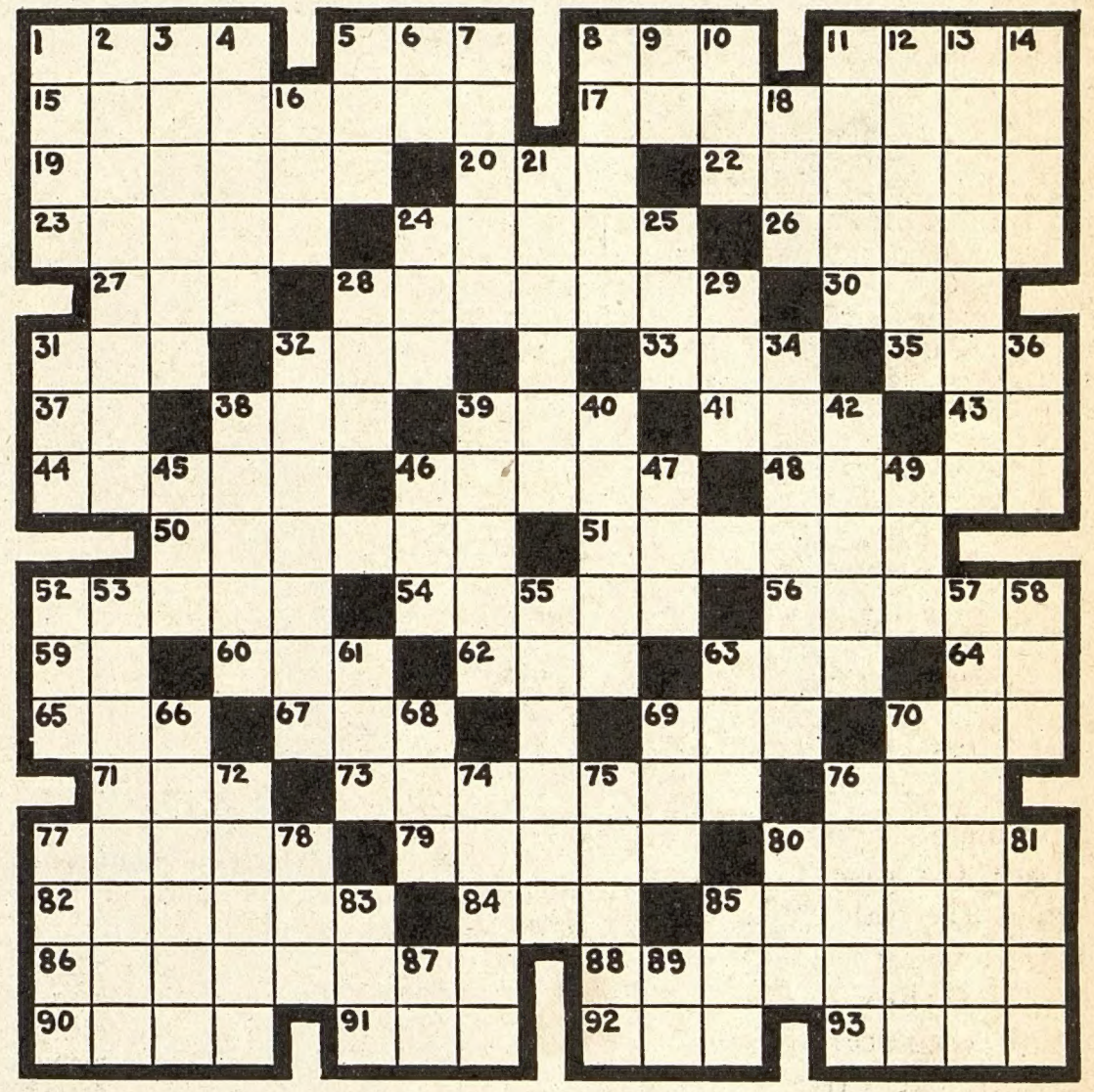
A.—A gum derived from trees found in the Malay Peninsula.

20—What is the origin of the word "bayonet"?

A.—It takes its name from Bayonne, in France, where it was invented in 1620.

LIBERTY'S Cross-Word Puzzle

FOR the benefit of those who are not aware of the announcement made in last week's LIBERTY, let us say again that the offer of prizes for original cross-word puzzle constructions has been withdrawn. LIBERTY ventures to hope that forthcoming puzzles, which will be the work of its own staff, will interest you, and we ask you to remember that there will be no prizes for the solution of these. Permit us once more to thank you for your very generous co-operation in the past in the matter of puzzle contributions.

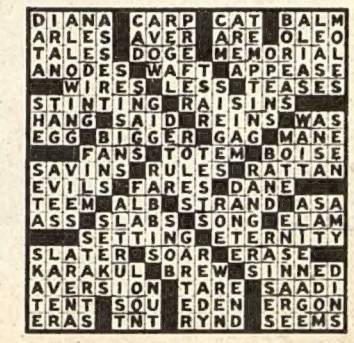


HORIZONTAL

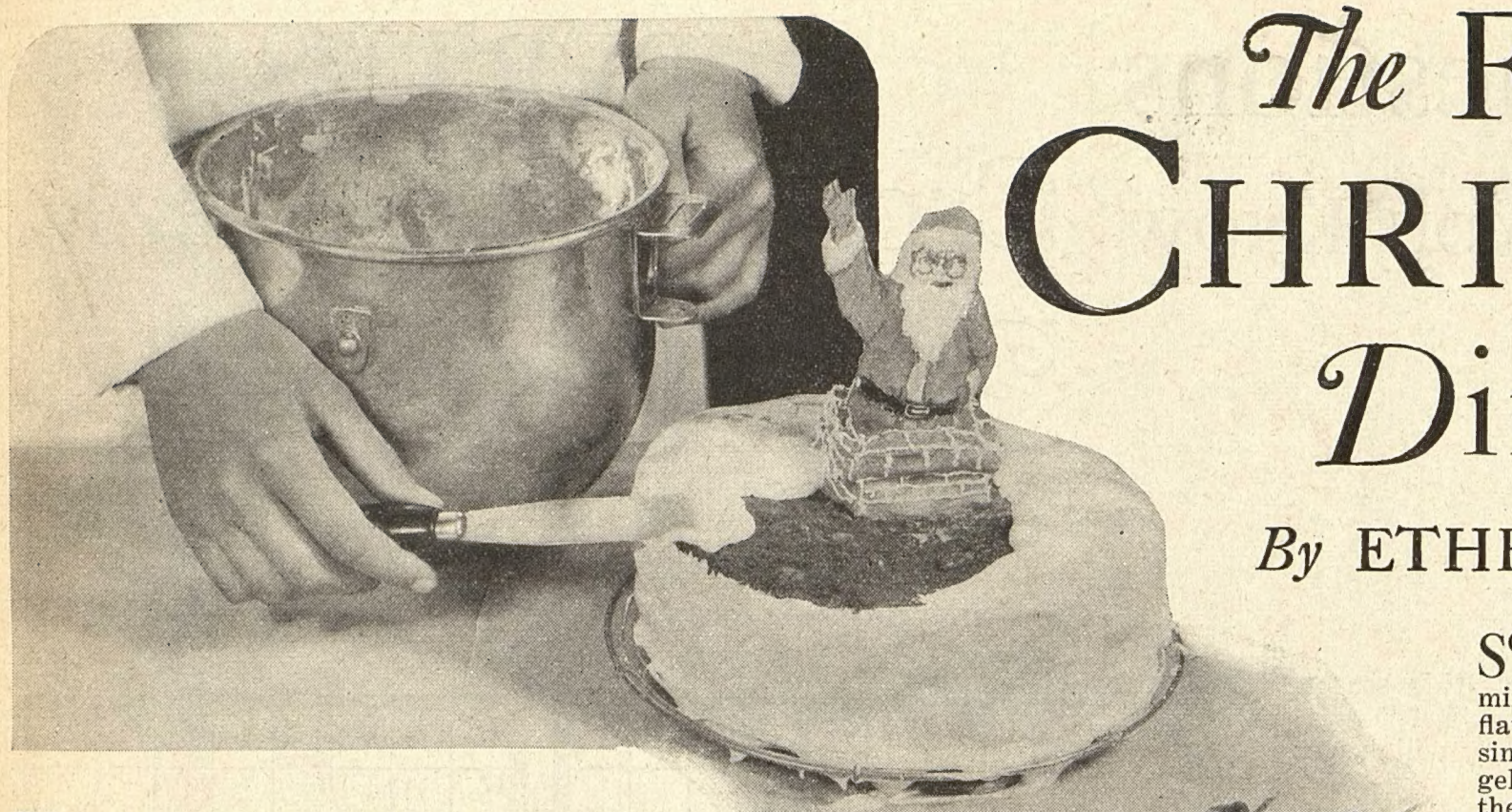
1 Plant used for medicinal purposes
5 Fen
8 Small mass of butter
11 Sleeveless garment
15 Formal proposition
17 Inflamed with love
19 Kind of firecracker
20 No
22 Pertaining to the nostrils
23 Silly
24 Pertaining to a wall
26 Shallow vessel
27 Titmouse
28 Sales at second hand
30 Permit
31 Firearm
32 Against
33 Fish of the pike kind
35 Modern
37 Scoriated lava
38 Pronoun
39 Upper part
41 Obstruct
43 Not
44 List of political candidates
46 Allured
48 Fasten with sticky substance
50 Instrument for perforating the skull
51 Contrivance
52 More recent
54 A nut
56 Remarked
59 Syllable denoting hesitation
60 Skin tumor
62 Salt
63 Fowl
64 Letter of the Greek alphabet
65 A limb
67 Small mark
69 Encore!
70 Hurried
71 Row
73 Irrigated
76 Comprehension
77 Heron
79 Fixed attention on
80 Province in the Philippines
82 Portion of a palm stem (plural)
84 Masculine proper name
85 Chide
86 Snoring sounds
88 Pacifies
90 Cardinal number (plural)
91 Saturate
92 Oriental sauce
93 Trial

VERTICAL

1 A Shoshonean Indian
2 Ultimate
3 Engage by a preliminary fee
4 Species of goose
5 To sprout
6 Either
7 Category or classification
8 Leaf of a corolla
9 One
10 Japanese measure of area
11 Shade of red
12 Ascended
13 Contrite
14 Paradise
16 Italian word for three
18 Fairy queen (Romeo and Juliet)
21 Declaimer
24 Mortals
25 Side of a triangle
28 Deer
29 Dejected
31 A fuel
32 Applauded
34 A plundering (plural)
36 Grief
38 Scatter
39 Melodies
40 Lever
42 City in Georgia
45 Siamese coin
46 One circuit of a race track
47 Lair
49 Firmly fixed
52 Meadow
53 Usurp
55 Pranks
57 Issues forth
58 Urge payment
61 Immediately
63 Obscured
66 Fur-bearing animal
68 Faucet
69 Small plot of cultivated land
70 Rematch
72 Brings to maturity
74 Warm thoroughly
75 Gathers a harvest
76 Unit of weight for gems (variant)
77 Formerly
78 An explosive
80 Dry; said of wines
81 Remainder
83 Plant by strewing
85 Arm of the sea
87 Note of the scale
89 Exclamation



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



The Family CHRISTMAS Dinner

By ETHEL SOMERS

IT is presumptuous to try to suggest anything new or different for the Christmas dinner. Menu plans must take into consideration energy and ability rather than ambition. Christmas being a day for children's fun, it is not fair to serve anything the children are not allowed to eat, so the meal plan must be balanced and sensible. The menu featured herein can be largely prepared the day before.

Menu for Christmas Dinner

Grapefruit Appetizer
Cream of Celery Soup
Roast Goose Mashed-Potato Stuffing Apple Garnish
Hot Biscuits Currant Jelly
Combination Vegetable Platter
Green Salad with Christmas Garnish
Cranberry Frappé Santa Claus Cake
Red and Green Mints
Nuts Coffee

Roast Goose

4-pound young goose
1 tablespoon baking soda
1 quart cold water
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon herbs
1 lemon
2 oranges
2 cups forcemeat stuffing

For Gravy (per cup)

2 tablespoons goose fat
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup hot water

SELECTION: In selecting, it is important to choose a young goose (not over one year old). Young geese have brittle pinkish-yellow rather than reddish beaks; soft, fat, whitish-yellow feet. The body should be plump and thick, the fat light and transparent, and the breastbone soft.

PREPARATION: Geese require special care in preparation, otherwise the flesh will be strong and the product undesirably greasy. After a thorough singeing, remove all fat which clings to the ventral opening. Scrub the goose thoroughly inside and out with hot soda water (1 tablespoon baking soda to 1 quart water). Dry thoroughly. Rub the inside with 2 teaspoons salt mixed with 1 teaspoon powdered herbs or poultry seasoning. Sprinkle the inside and outside with lemon juice for superior flavor in the product. Stuff with apple, prune-and-apple, or potato stuffing, using about 2 cups of forcemeat to a 4-pound goose.

TRUSSING: To truss a goose, tie the legs together at the ankles, leaving them about 1 inch apart. Push the legs up against the body and insert the meat skewer through the thighs. Skewer the wings tight to the body. With the ends of the string which is tied to the legs, draw the legs toward the back, crossing the strings under the back and fastening them to the skewer which holds the wings firm. Place on a rather high roasting rack in an open roaster. Rub with 3 tablespoons of butter blended with ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Do not dredge with flour.*

ROASTING: Roast in an open roaster in a very hot oven (550° F.) for the first 20 minutes, and then a hot oven (400° F.). Allow a total of 20 minutes a pound of dressed fowl for the entire roasting. After the first 30 minutes baste with 1 cup of orange juice. Baste every 20 minutes thereafter with plain hot water.

GRAVY: Care must be taken to use measured quantities of ingredients, using 2 tablespoons of the browned goose fat from the roaster to 2 tablespoons of flour to 1 cup of water for each cup of gravy desired. Brown the fat in the roaster directly over a flame. Stir in the flour and stir until well browned. Add the measured hot water, stirring with each addition. Boil and stir 3 minutes. Continue to cook for at least 15 minutes.

(Upper left) Bake the fruit cake in a cake pan with a removable bottom. Leave the cake on this base, building a powdered sugar chimney about the projecting tube. (Center) Green gumdrops on the cake make realistic Christmas trees.

Mashed-Potato Stuffing

2 cups mashed potatoes
1 teaspoon onion, minced
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup cream
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon sage or powdered poultry seasoning
2 egg yolks

PREPARE as for mashed potatoes, beating in the seasonings, eggs, and cream.

Combination Vegetable Platter

1 head cauliflower
12 onions
6 carrots
1½ pounds turnips

CLEAN the vegetables and soak in cold water.* Cook cauliflower, onions, fancy-cut carrots, and turnip balls according to the following timetable. Preferably steam them.

Vegetable	Boiled	Steamed
Cauliflower, whole	20 to 30 minutes	25 to 40 minutes
Sliced carrots	10 to 20 minutes	20 to 40 minutes
Onions, whole	30 to 60 minutes	40 to 90 minutes
Turnip balls (1 inch)	15 to 30 minutes	20 to 40 minutes

Green Salad with Christmas Garnish

2 medium sweet red peppers
2 medium sweet green peppers
2 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ tablespoon granulated gelatin
½ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt

Garnish

¼ cup finely shredded cabbage
1 pimento, chopped
6 stuffed olives, chopped
¼ cup celery, sliced fine
} Or any other vegetable combination

SOAK gelatin in cold water. Add boiling water and sugar and chill. Stir thoroughly until well mixed. Mix in the vinegar and lemon juice. (If flavored gelatin is used, select lemon flavoring and simply add boiling water, using ¼ of the powdered gelatin mixture in the package and adding ¼ of the quantity of water called for in the directions.) Set the gelatin mixture aside and when it *begins* to stiffen add the vegetables and pour into the red and green pepper cases. These meanwhile have been prepared by washing and removing their cores and seeds. Let these chill thoroughly; in fact, they can be kept on ice till the next day.* Slice gelatin in thin slices with a sharp knife dipped in hot water before each slicing. Lift carefully with a spatula and arrange the red and green pepper slices alternately in Christmas fashion on the salad greens. Dress with French dressing at the table.

Santa Claus Cake

Cake

¼ cup butter
⅞ cup brown sugar
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
⅞ teaspoon soda
1¾ cups flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup nut meats, chopped
1 cup raisins

Decorations

Boiled Icing
Red powdered sugar icing
Santa Claus
Green gumdrops
Coconut

RUB the brown sugar free of lumps. Cream the butter and gradually work in the brown sugar. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the nuts and raisins, and mix well. Alternately add the milk and dry ingredients to the creamed butter and sugar. When the whole is thoroughly mixed, beat 1 minute. Pour into a greased tube cake pan and bake 1 hour in a slow oven (325° F.). When the cake is cool, return it to the lower part of the cake pan. The tube will now project a bit above the cake top. Add hot water or milk to powdered sugar. Reserve ⅛ of this mixture and color the remainder red. Using a spatula, plaster this sugar icing about the center tube to represent a chimney. Apply the white mixture to represent lines of mortar between the bricks. Insert a Santa Claus into the chimney and frost the cake with white boiled icing and decorate with coconut.

* Complete the recipes to this point the day before Christmas.

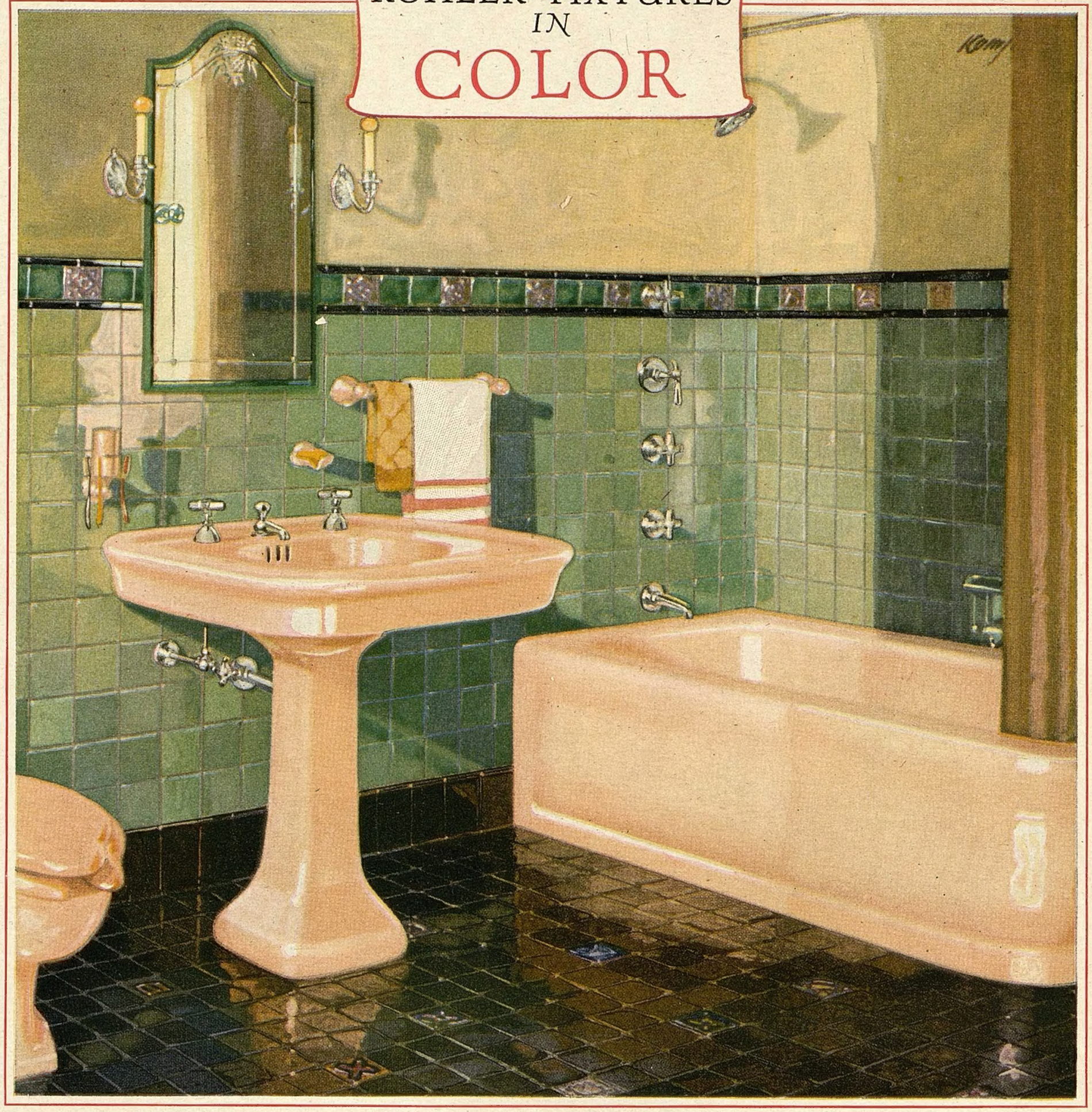
BREAKFAST, luncheon, dinner, supper—these three books tell you how to make them delicious and different: 100 Standard Recipes (you can always depend on this); Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks (a guide for parties, teas, luncheons); A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes (valuable suggestions for special occasions). Each book is 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
Street or R. F. D. .....
City ..... State .....
12-24-27

The Germans offered him honorable surrender, but he chose to shoot it out with an automatic in each hand. His thrilling story will begin soon in LIBERTY.

KOHLER FIXTURES *IN* COLOR



LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing

SHOWS HOW KOHLER & COLOR MAKE the IDEAL BATHROOM

COLOR—bright color—in motor-cars, roofs, interior decoration—and now color in Kohler Plumbing Fixtures. The changing times have made color popular and the populace color-conscious.

This picture printed in black would be a picture of —a bathroom. Done in LIBERTY'S four-color printing it visualizes the beauty of colored fixtures and the bathroom ensemble more eloquently than words.

Home builders preserve pictures like these to inspire the plans they dream over. Architects, interior decorators and builders file them for future reference. Thus the effectiveness of advertising in LIBERTY'S four-color printing endures beyond the current issue.

The advertiser's plates from the original Kohler ad in the December 17th LIBERTY were used for this reprint. The paper is identical. LIBERTY uses an exclusively-made *58-pound cover stock* for all four-color advertising—eleven pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper does make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

KOHLER OF KOHLER
Plumbing Fixtures

©

Switch to IPANA for a full month's trial

Good for your gums - splendid for your teeth!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB 127, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

© 1927

IT is an ancient and honorable custom to urge the trial of a tooth paste with a sample of small size and short use—and such a sample we offer in the coupon in the corner.

But at best, such a sample can prove only Ipana's delicious taste and its wonderful cleaning power, while a full-size tube, used faithfully for a month, will show you a decided improvement in the health of your gums.

Under our diet of soft modern food, the health of our gums is endangered. But, with Ipana and a light massage, you can restore to the gums the stimulation which soft food denies them.

The massage in itself is good—the massage with Ipana is better. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dentists.

So use Ipana every day for a month. Buy the large tube from your nearest druggist. It contains over a hundred brushings. You'll be pleased with its beneficial effects upon your gums, you'll be delighted with its cleaning power and you'll enjoy its pleasant flavor every time you use it.